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Old tales retold



Old Tales Retold

OR, PERILS AND ADVENTURES
OF TENNESSEE PIONEERS

BY OCTAVIA ZOLLICOFFER BOND

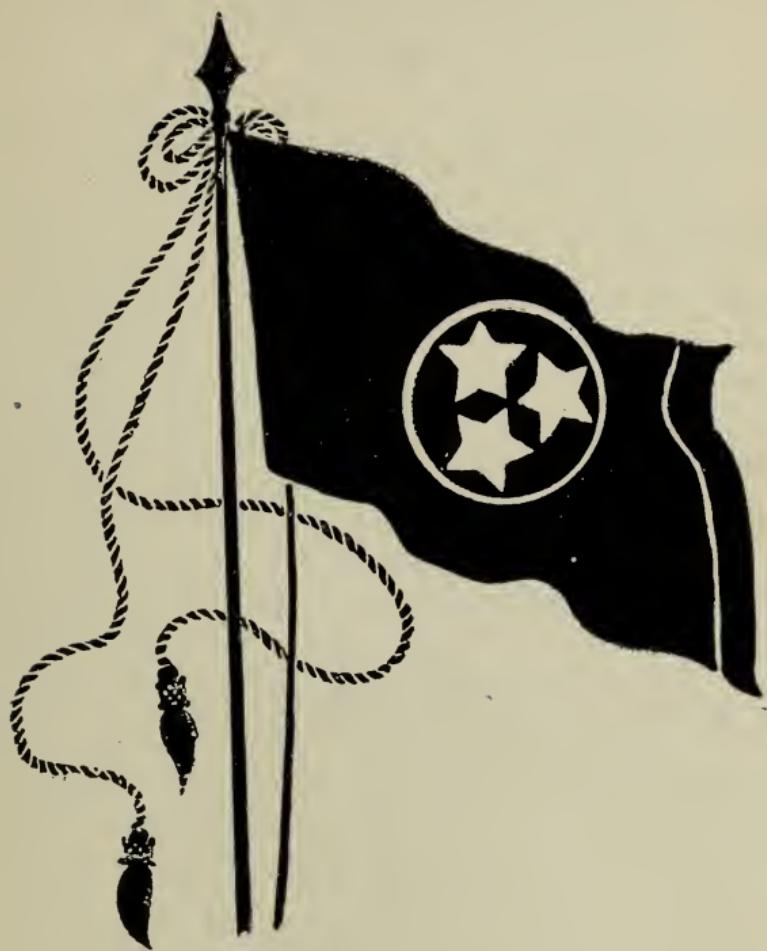


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TENNESSEE STATE FLAG.

ADOPTED APRIL 17, 1905.

(See description on page 4.)

TENNESSEE STATE FLAG.

(Designed by Capt. LeRoy Reeves, Johnson City, Tenn.)

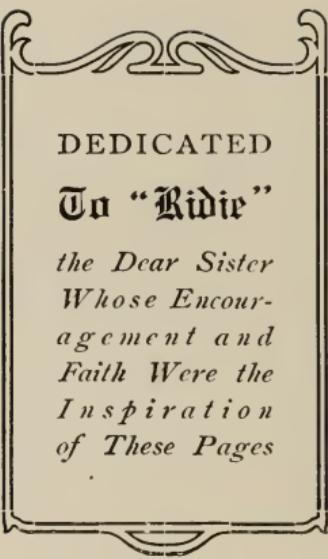
AN oblong flag or banner in length one and two-thirds its width, the large or principal field of the same to be of red color, but said flag or banner ending at its free end in a perpendicular bar of blue of uniform width, running from side to side—that is to say, from the top to the bottom of said flag or banner—and separated from the red field by a narrow stripe or margin of white of uniform width, the width of the white stripe to be one-fifth that of the blue bar, and the total width of the bar and stripe together to be one-eighth of the width of the flag. In the center of the red field shall be a smaller circular field of blue, separated from the surrounding red field by a circular margin or stripe of white of a uniform width and of the same width as the straight margin or stripe first mentioned. The breadth or diameter of the circular blue field, exclusive of the white margin, shall be equal to one-half of the width of the flag.

Inside the circular blue field shall be three five-pointed stars of white distributed at equal intervals around a point, the center of the blue field, and of such size and arrangement that one point of each star shall approach as nearly as practicable without actually touching one point of each of the other two around the center point of the blue field, and the two outer points of each star shall approach as nearly as possible without actually touching the periphery of the blue field. The arrangement of the three stars shall be such that the centers of no two stars shall be in a line parallel with either the end or the side of the flag, but intermediate between the same, and the highest star shall be the one nearest the upper confined corner of the flag.
(Chapter 498, Acts of 1905.)

PREFACE.

THE aim of this little book is to cause inquiry into the facts which it relates. To enjoy the whole story one must read the writings of the historians Haywood, Ramsay, Imlay, Bartram, Monette, Parton, Reid, Eaton, Roosevelt, Guild, Phelan, Gilmore, Paschal, Colyar, and many others from which these fragments have been gathered and set in order. It is not expected that "Old Tales Retold" will take the place of textbooks. That, as finger posts, they may point the way to the delights of Tennessee history is the simple intent of

THE AUTHOR.



DEDICATED
To "Ridie"

*the Dear Sister
Whose Encour-
agement and
Faith Were the
Inspiration
of These Pages*

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INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE just read with unusual pleasure Mrs. Zollicoffer Bond's charming new book entitled "Old Tales Retold," a series of stories of early Tennessee life and history. They are not fiction. Mrs. Bond has woven into these entertaining stories the substantial historical facts that form the basis of each of her retold tales. One is often surprised at her strict fidelity to the details of history.

She has followed the annals of Ramsay and Putnam and the later historical chronicles with faithful and painstaking exactness, yet she has succeeded in selecting the most interesting incidents in the pioneer life of Tennessee, and has narrated them in a way so full of interest that they are sure to entertain and instruct all classes of readers, and especially our younger students, more than any history of Tennessee yet written. No schoolbook can fill the place of these "Retold Tales." The author has successfully ventured into a new and fruitful literary field. She tells the story of Ferdinand De Soto in a few brief pages that give the young reader the charm of the real romance of this brilliant but ill-fated Spanish adventurer. The pathos and tragedy of the surrender of Fort Loudon will leave a lasting impression of the historic facts upon the mind of the reader.

The savage attack on the fort at Watauga, the escape of bonny Kate Sherrill, the thrilling story of King's Mountain, the assault upon Buchanan's Sta-

Old Tales Retold.

tion, the "Battle of the Bluffs" at Nashville, are all told in such an engaging way that these stirring events in the early history of the State will be long remembered. In an incidental way these stories also give us a lifelike picture of the noble and rugged character of James Robertson, the father and founder of Nashville, and of our brilliant and magnetic soldier-governor John Sevier, and of the intrepid heroism of Andrew Jackson. The author also carries us along the famous "Natchez Trace," and weaves into her story the tragic fate of the lamented young hero of American history, Meriwether Lewis.

But these entertaining stories must be read to be appreciated. They are elevating and instructive. They will give the rising generation of Tennesseans more admiration and respect for the hardy and intelligent pioneers who invaded the wilderness and built up our Western civilization.

G. P. THRUXTON.

Nashville, December, 1905.

OLD TALES RETOLD.

I.

THE GREAT CHIEF CHISCA ON THE MOUND.

THERE was a time, long ago, when the Chickasaw Indians lived in a vast forest on the Mississippi River where Memphis, Tenn., now stands. The Chickasaws were ruled for many years by the famous warrior Chisca, whose lodge was on top of an ancient mound near the village called Chisca. The lodge was surrounded by a stout wall of logs, and could be reached only by climbing two long ladders placed one above the other against the steep side of the mound. The great chief had not been seen by his people since the days of his youth. He had shut himself in his lodge, which was guarded by chosen warriors night and day, and none but his nearest of kin, his counselors, and the mystery man of the nation were allowed to ascend the two long ladders. Chisca had hidden himself from public view for so many years that only those who attended him knew what he looked like, though he was believed to be a man of marvelous strength, whose powers and youthful appearance would never leave him, no matter how old he might be.

In the village the young braves boasted of their king, saying: "Chisca is a tall sycamore tree. His strong arm is a bough of oak." The older warriors,

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who obeyed the slightest command received from him through his counselors, declared their belief that "The word of our chief is the voice of the Great Spirit." And so far did the fame of his deeds extend that the boldest of unfriendly tribes dared not molest him. It was agreed among the neighboring chiefs that it would be unwise to attack the Chickasaws. "For," they asked, "who is strong enough to overcome Chisca in battle? What arrow is sharp enough to pierce the great chief of the Chickasaws, who bears a charmed life?"

Safe under the protection of their chieftain's name, the Chickasaws would have feared nothing from outside foes had it not been that an evil prophecy had come down to them through many generations of mystery men. Time out of mind, a great calamity had been foretold by each prophet of the nation. And now came Chisca's mystery man, also, beating his sacred drum in the village street, shaking the rattles on his arms, and crying dolefully: "Out of the land of the rising sun will come an army of pale-faced strangers who will kill all the red men and utterly destroy our nation."

Eclipses of the sun or moon, violent storms, and other convulsions of nature were accepted as warnings that the evil day was near. When, early one spring, the *Miche Sepe* (Great River, or Father of Waters) swelled to a flood, burst its banks, and rolled its yellow tide westward as far as the eye could see, the mystery man, streaked with paint and decked with buffalo horns and tails, danced up and down between the wigwams as he cried aloud: "A sign! The Father of Waters is angry with his children. A flood

Great Chief Chisca on the Mound.

of pale warriors is rolling to overwhelm us from the east."

What more terrifying than the prospect of an invasion of white men in a land where none but red men were known? The stoutest-hearted brave, in awe of the dire prophecy, could only answer him with a dejected "Ugh;" while the weaker squaws wept and wailed in fear.

About this time there was a rich king of Spain far to the eastward, beyond the "big water" of the Atlantic Ocean, who sat dissatisfied on his gilded throne because he did not own quite all the earth. King Charles I. of Spain (and V. of Germany) had vast possessions in Europe, besides principalities in Mexico and Peru, and he owned the island of Cuba, yet he coveted the rest of the red men's country in America. So he ordered his skillful general, Fernando De Soto, to pick and choose the bravest and youngest of the Spanish soldiers, and go forth with them to conquer the great part of the North American continent, which in those days was called Florida. De Soto was appointed by his sovereign to be commander of the army, governor of Cuba, and adelantado of Florida. There were wonderful stories afloat about treasures of gold and silver and cities paved with gold in the unknown Indian country. Sailors from those strange shores told "yarns" of marvelous birds that flitted through perfumed groves and of a fountain of perpetual youth which flowed from the earth somewhere in the land of Florida. The Spanish cavaliers who flocked to join De Soto, in shining armor, on prancing steeds, were of the proudest families of Spain. They were eager to follow him to a land where, as they were told, "the

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sun ever shines and flowers ever bloom," in search of the treasure and the fountain. Although others of their countrymen had searched for them long and thoroughly without success, under Ponce de Leon and Narvaez, yet De Soto's cavaliers counted on better luck. In their overconfidence many of them sold all their possessions for means with which to buy armor, horses, and accouterments of war. The highborn ladies of Spain also parted freely with castles, lands, and jewels in order either to help the men to prepare for the expedition or to go themselves. For they were as eager for the treasure as the cavaliers, and more keen, perhaps, than they to sip the magic water that had power to keep them young forever. When the glittering array of plumed knights marched, with banners flying, on board ships for the voyage, their wives and sweethearts, for the most part, were with them. Amid sounds of laughter, merry songs, and bursts of martial music they sailed away for Cuba.

After reaching Havana the knights and ladies spent a full year in the leisurely enjoyment of balls, tournaments, and bullfights, while the final preparations to conquer Florida were being made. At last everything was ready. Interpreters to speak the Indian language, bloodhounds to track the natives, and heavy iron chains to bind them when caught were all on board the ships. Then the cavaliers, about to sail for the shores of the mainland, bade the ladies good-by for a short while, saying: "Have no fear but that we will quickly conquer the ignorant savages. Wait here until we return to lead you to the fountain of youth."

The fair señoritas smiled contentedly as they watched the vessels move out upon the summer sea,

Great Chief Chisca on the Mound.

bound for the land of gold and silver, and never-ending youth. It was in May, 1539, that De Soto's fleet, sailing along the western coast of the peninsula of Florida, entered the bay of Tampa. Scarcely had they weighed anchor when the knights sprang ashore and planted a Spanish banner on the beach in token that they claimed the country for King Charles. Immediately a smiling party of Indians appeared. Not guessing the meaning of the white men's actions, they came forward in the most friendly way to meet them, making every sign of welcome to reassure the strangers. Whereupon the simple savages were seized by the invaders, loaded with chains, and brought before De Soto. The commander, through his interpreters, sternly ordered the unlucky captives to lead him at once to the gold-paved cities, and show him the way to the fountain of youth. This was the adelantado's first mistake. It changed the friendly Indians instantly into bitter enemies. Every red man in the forests learned from this and other cruelties practiced on them by the white army to hate the Spaniards. They missed no chance to do the strangers harm. By cunning design the captured guides led them astray, enticing them far from the coast into the depths of the forest, decoying them into miry swamps, or leading them into ambush, where dark warriors crouched behind rocks, trees, or shrubs, waiting to shoot poisoned arrows into the white host as they passed.

On their part, De Soto's men drew the Indians into open battle whenever they could, and killed great numbers of them with their superior European weapons; yet there were still red men in the woods to fight, still poisoned arrows to encounter, no matter which

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way the Spaniards turned. Moreover, they did not know how to conduct their search through the trackless woods, and there was no one on whom they could rely to show them the right direction. Although De Soto tried many different guides, they all alike deceived and misled him.

Month after month the covetous cavaliers were drawn by false reports through tangled thickets, across rushing rivers, and over steep mountains. Now far to the north, now east, now west, and again south they roamed, until their ideas of distance and direction were in confusion. With all their marching they saw nothing of the fine cities, nothing of the rich kings they had come to this distant land to find. The only towns they came across were straggling villages of rude wigwams, and the kings, or "caciques," of the country were merely half-naked savages, with no treasures more valuable than their weapons of war, unless one was found possessed of a marvelously colored "match coat" of bird plumage as brilliantly variegated as mottled silk, or perhaps a royal mantle enriched with pearls by the patient fingers of the squaws. And these their simple owners preferred to keep for themselves.

They also objected to having strangers come into their ancient hunting grounds and claim them for an unknown king. Looking upon the Spaniards as robbers and tyrants, they fought them persistently all along their route.

Two years of vain search and weary marching passed in this way, and the Spanish knights were no nearer than at first to the objects of their search. As far as ever from the fabled fountain and the treasure,

Great Chief Chisca on the Mound.

they were still being tolled on by beguiling natives, who said, "Only three days' journey to the north is a rich king who has untold treasure," or "You have but to cross yonder mountain to reach a city that is paved with gold." Time and again they were told of a fountain of magic water not far away; but after toiling over tiresome miles to reach the spot, they invariably found only an ordinary spring at their journey's end. Thus the adventurers were enticed month after month through the depths of the forest. Numbers of them died on the march. Of the few hundreds who were left at the end of two years, many were sick from being drenched with rain, and all were travel-worn and bedraggled with the mud of the quagmires through which they had been led. The forlorn wanderers would scarcely have been recognized by their friends as the gay cavaliers who had left Havana with the assurance of victory on their lips. The most hopeful among them were discouraged, and they might have all turned back without another effort to find the treasure and the fountain had they not been so ragged and soiled that they were not fit to be seen by the fair ladies they had left behind. They were about to despair, when hope was once more held out to them. An Indian in whom they had some confidence assured them that they were almost within reach of their aim. "A little way off toward the setting sun," said the Indian, "flows the Father of Waters through the land of silver and gold. It is the land where lives the great chief Chisca on the mound. Arrows cannot kill the great chief of the Chickasaws. He bears a charmed life. Chisca grows not old with years." His words made De Soto's heart glad. "Surely," he thought, "a chief

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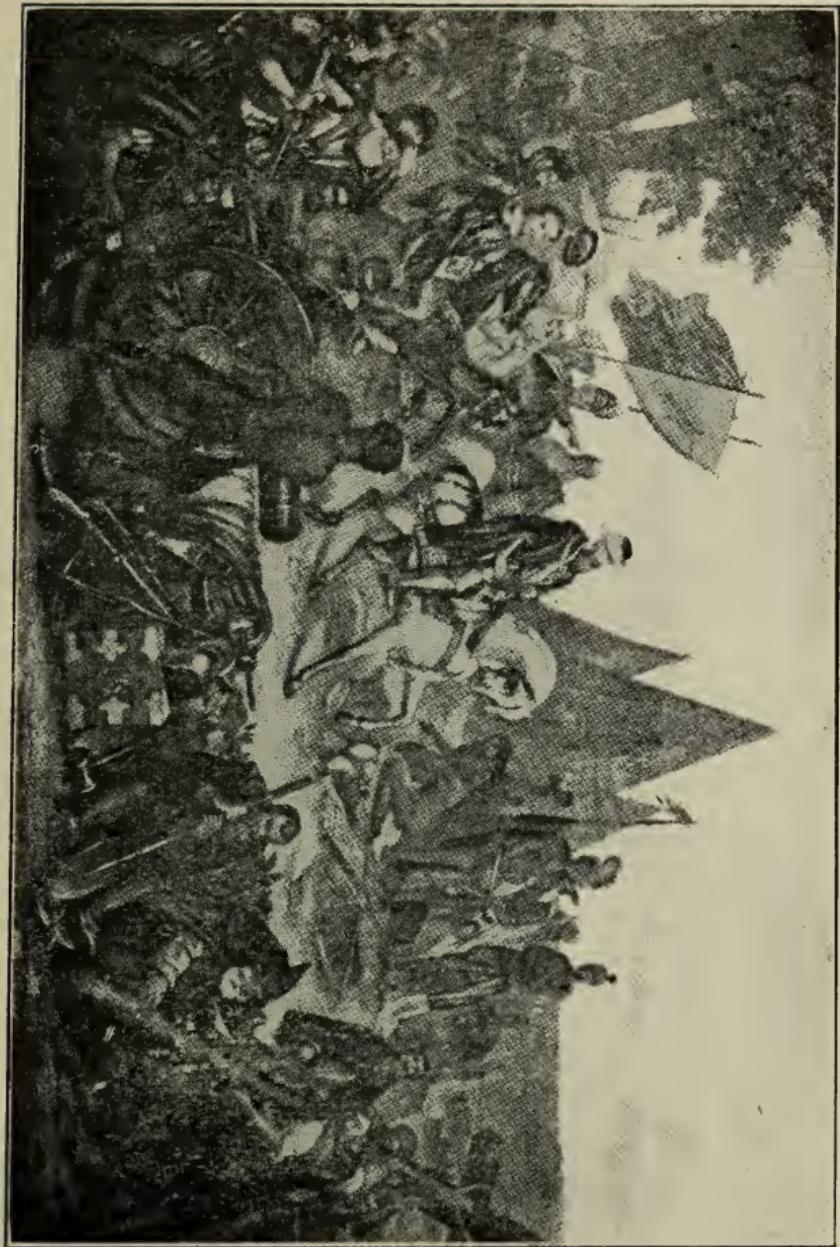
who grows not old has drunk of the fountain of youth."

With renewed courage he and his band turned westward, and before long they did indeed hear the roar of a mighty stream, and presently they saw the Father of Waters, the great Mississippi, which no white man before them had ever seen. Yelling and whooping with delight, the troops spurred their horses forward toward the swollen river, shouting as they dashed into the little town on its eastern bank: "Now for the land of gold and silver! Now for the fountain of youth!"

As they clattered through the village on steel-mailed horses, up and down the street, around and between the wigwams, the terror of the Chickasaws was great indeed. Never in all their lives had they seen a horse, and never before had they heard the noise of a gun. In their surprise they were easily taken prisoners. All were captured, men, women, and children, with the exception of a few swift runners who escaped and raised the alarm at the foot of the mound on which Chisca lived. "The palefaces have taken the village," they said in gasps, at which the mystery man groaned and cried: "Who can keep off the evil that is to be? It has come to pass as our fathers foretold."

With doleful face he bore the news to Chisca. While he was clambering up the ladders on his unhappy errand, warriors came hastening in from all directions. Four thousand of them armed with bows and arrows, stone hatchets, and scalping knives crowded around the foot of the mound to protect their king, and runners were sent to distant parts to summon still other fighting men. At the same time the councilors were assembling in the presence of King Chisca. The chief

DE SOTO'S DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI



Great Chief Chisca on the Mound.

lay sick upon his buffalo robe ; but when he heard what had happened, he forgot if he were sick or well, weak or strong. His anger burned so hotly against the foreigners who had dared to enter his town and take his people prisoners that he rose from bed, snatched his war hatchet, many a year unused, and rushed out of doors, calling aloud : "Come all and drive away the invaders."

The councilors followed close behind, praying him to have patience, and begging him to listen to their "talk" before risking all in battle.

"You do not know," argued the councilors, "how many of these strange beings are hidden in the woods. Their numbers may be as great as the leaves on the trees. Think how mysteriously they came. Others may follow."

"Think also," added the mystery man, "on the ancient prophecy which declares that 'The palefaces will not fail to destroy utterly the whole race of red men.' It is useless to oppose those who are destined to succeed."

At this advice the king's rage knew no bounds. He stamped his foot and exclaimed : "Weak and cowardly is he who fights not for his country!"

But the cautious councilors persisted in saying : "These strangers are unlike other foes. Our father the king should wait until all his braves are gathered together before he gives battle to creatures who ride on unknown sort of beasts and who carry war clubs that roar like the thunder of the Great Spirit."

At last, by dint of persuasion, the chief was led back to bed, but later he sent a messenger to the Spaniards, who said to them for the king, through an interpreter :

Old Tales Retold.

"Insolent intruders! We mean to fall on you and destroy you utterly. You rob the poor, you oppress the defenseless, and have not the courage of men."

The fury of the sick chief did not lessen with time. He rose from bed in a few days and tottered to the wall that surmounted the mound. His kinsmen were clinging to him, begging him not to endanger his sacred person, but already he had started down the ladder. His foot was on the first round. In vain the women wept and lamented and the men tried to hold him back. He was beginning to descend, when a loud shout was heard from a party of Spaniards at some distance, who were calling and signaling to the warriors around the mound. "We are messengers," they said, "from the great Fernando De Soto, Governor of Cuba and Adelantado of Florida, who wishes to beg pardon of King Chisca. The Governor is sorry for what he has done; and if the Chickasaws will forgive him, he will promise to go away and do them no more harm."

Chisca was unmoved by the apology. "I want none of their promises!" he exclaimed angrily. "Bring me their heads and I will receive them joyfully."

Hot words from the furious chief and friendly messages from the Spanish general went back and forth in quick succession. The councilors again persuaded Chisca to his bed, while they urged him to make peace, saying: "If we insult De Soto, he will burn the town and kill the prisoners outright." The Chickasaw chief answered: "As for me and my people, we choose death before the loss of our country."

But De Soto was one not to be refused. Plainly seeing that he had gained nothing by bad behavior,

Great Chief Chisca on the Mound.

and knowing that he had not enough soldiers to fight the thousands of braves he saw surrounding the mound, he determined, if possible, to pacify the chief of the Chickasaws by fair words. In truth, nearly all of his men were sick with the fever of the country, and were at that moment lying stretched on the rude beds in the wigwams of Chisca. They were also suffering from hunger, having some time since eaten all the food they had found packed in a number of earthen jars in the village. They had not only seized on what they needed to eat, but had taken possession on sight of all the rich furs and all the pretty mats, mantles, and moccasins which pleased their fancy.

It was hard in the beginning to bring the chief on the mound to terms, but De Soto's flattering speeches and the councilors' advice finally prevailed. Chisca consented to let the Spaniards go in peace, but he insisted that they must first free all the prisoners and restore every piece of stolen goods. He required the governor's messengers to promise also that not one of the white men should venture to climb the ladders to look on the great chief's face. This being agreed to, peace was declared. Then Chisca generously sent bearers carrying baskets of provisions to the famishing strangers, accompanied by a messenger, who said: "I am come in the name of the king to offer you all the comforts we can give."

This unexpected kindness encouraged De Soto to hope for still other favors. He felt sure that Chisca's reason for hiding himself was that he was marvelously young and handsome through having used the water from the fountain of youth. The Spaniard believed that he might be able to induce the Indian chief,

Old Tales Retold.

if he could only get an interview with him, to tell where the fabled fountain was concealed, and to direct him where to find the mines of gold and silver he was seeking. So he began to beg to see the king. "Let me stand in great Chisca's presence only for a moment to thank him for his gifts," he pleaded, hoping to get at least a glimpse of the perpetually young warrior. But he was told that it was contrary to the custom of the king to receive strangers. Refusal only whetted De Soto's curiosity. He continued, during the six days in which his soldiers were getting well enough to move, to plead for an audience with the king. On the last day of the six his petition was granted. The guards at the mound were ordered to let the adelantado pass. With a show of barbaric ceremony he was escorted to the foot of the lower ladder. How quickly it was mounted! The upper ladder next trembled under De Soto's excited grasp as he climbed to the highest round. He leaped over the wall that topped the mound and hastened to the royal lodge, impatient to see for himself an example of perpetual youth and strength. For it was well known that Chisca was still a mighty man, and had he not been a famous chief long before the oldest warriors were infants swinging in papoose cases under the trees? Surely it was true that he had drunk of the wonderful fountain. On tiptoe with expectation, De Soto pushed aside the deer-hide door curtain, eager to behold the great chief on the mound, the marvel of all the ages. He lifted up his eyes and saw lying before him on a couch of wild beasts' skins only a miserable, little, old Indian, the most shriveled figure of a man he had ever seen in all his journeyings. De Soto shuddered at sight of

Great Chief Chisca on the Mound.

the living skeleton whose flesh was quite dried up with age, and on whose cheeks the skin hung loose like wrinkled red leather. The adelantado was so shocked by this shrunken, mummied creature that he knew not what to say. He could barely stammer out thanks for the hospitality he had received. Then, without a question as to the fountain of youth, without a word concerning the treasures of gold and silver, he turned and went down the ladders to join his men who were waiting to resume their march. How much or how little he told them of his visit is not known. It is only certain that with them he crossed the Mississippi, and wandered for a year west of the river, still looking for the treasure and the fountain.

Finding neither, he came back to the Mississippi, where the remnant of his army built rafts and embarked with their leader to float down the stream to the Gulf of Mexico. Nothing had been accomplished by the expedition. The result of three years of toil and privation, sickness and death was merely an idle claim for Spain to all the land and the waters the cavaliers had crossed in their journey. At the end of that time their commander fell ill with the fever of the country. On the voyage down the Mississippi, in the year 1542, De Soto died, and was buried at midnight in the great river which he had discovered.

Only a few of the travel-stained soldiers at last reached Cuba; but a handful of weary, disappointed cavaliers rejoined the ladies who, waiting on the island, had grown heartsick for the return of De Soto and his glittering band.

More than a hundred years passed before another white man saw the Father of Waters. It was not un-

Old Tales Retold.

til the year 1682 that the Mississippi Valley was again claimed for a white nation. In that year La Salle, a French explorer, planted the banner of France on the old site of Chisca and built there a cabin and a fort which he called *Prud'homme*. La Salle claimed for France all the land from the gulf to the sources of the Mississippi, the Alleghany, the Monongahela, the Kanawha, and the Tennessee, and named the country Louisiana, in honor of his sovereign, Louis the Fourteenth.

II.

A GENTLE SAVAGE.

A LONG time ago, in the days of George II., Fort Loudon was built by Englishmen right in the heart of the wild Indian country, on the Little Tennessee River. The garrison of two hundred soldiers and the few families who built cabins near by were the only white people who lived within many hundreds of miles in any direction of this fort in the untouched wilderness. But the strong stone walls of the fortress, surmounted by twelve brass cannon, gave the people a feeling of safety. Moreover, they had a powerful friend among the savages in the Cherokee vice king, Atta Culla-Culla, who lived in Echota, scarcely ten miles away. Echota, the "Sacred" or "Beloved Town" of his race, was also the home of Oconostota, the king of the Cherokees, who held sway over all the tribes living in the eastern part of Tennessee.

It was the silver-tongued Atta Culla-Culla who had induced Oconostota to let the white people build in his country. At the persuasion of the vice king the Cherokee head men had smoked the pipe of peace in solemn treaty with the palefaces. This gentle-hearted chief desired to introduce among his own people the arts and industries known to the whites. He wished to make friends of all the English, and he was particularly fond of Capt. John Stuart, of the British garrison at Fort Loudon, whom he often visited in the barracks.

Old Tales Retold.

It was at the close of one of these visits that he lingered in the great gateway of Fort Loudon, saying cheerfully to his white friend: "I rejoice in the day of peace. Oconostota loves his white brothers. The red hatchet is buried between his people and the pale-faces."

While he was still speaking, a troop of mounted warriors came galloping out of the surrounding woods toward the fort. The tall king Oconostota was in front. John Stuart saw at a glance that he was in a bad humor. The glitter of the chief's restless black eyes, the grim mouth, and the feathered head held high left him no room for doubt. The plumed band swept by the gate like a flight of arrows. Oconostota did not speak as he swiftly passed. He did not so much as nod to the English captain. To the vice king he merely waved a haughty signal to bid him follow.

Captain Stuart looked in astonishment to his friend for explanation. Whereupon, Culla-Culla, gazing sincerely back into his face, simply said: "Should danger come near my white brother, let him call on Atta Culla-Culla. The heart of John Stuart is straight. I have eaten of my white brother's salt. I will give my life to save him." Without waiting for reply he sprang lightly to his horse and sped after the troop.

If the white people could have followed the vice king to Echiota and seen there the excited Indians awaiting him in the "Beloved Square," they would have been alarmed. If they could have heard the warriors applauding their huge king, who towered above them all, swearing vengeance against the white race, they would not have felt secure even behind the

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solid walls of the fort; for Indians, as they knew, were cunning to surprise and patient to lurk around forts and starve out garrisons. Had they heard Oconostota exclaim passionately, "The palefaces have betrayed us. Trusty French messengers have brought word that a number of our young warriors who had been helping the English fight the French at Fort Duquesne were murdered for no cause by men of the nation they were helping, as they passed on their way home through Virginia. This calls for vengeance on every one in whose veins flows English blood;" and had the white men witnessed the war dance in front of the great council house of upright poles—they would have trembled for the safety of their families. Having been persuaded by secret emissaries of the French that the English had broken faith with them, the Cherokees believed, according to the teachings of their heathen religion, that they owed it to the ghosts of their slain tribesmen to massacre all the people of the same nation within their reach.

In Fort Loudon no one dreamed of what was going on except John Stuart. He alone suspected that danger might be near. And not until several days had passed, during which he noticed that the chiefs kept strictly away from the fort and that the Indian boys and girls no longer came to play with the white children, did Stuart feel uneasy enough to say to his fellow-officers: "Mischief is brewing in Echota. Look out for an Indian uprising." About this time he also observed that his friend, Culla-Culla, was avoiding him, and finally when he forced a meeting the vice king in silence turned coldly away from him. In place of his old, confiding manner was a sullen dis-

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trust which convinced Captain Stuart that it was time to act.

As quickly as they could be assembled the families outside were brought inside the walls, and the gates were shut fast. Messengers were dispatched secretly through the woods to Virginia and Carolina for help, and everything was put in a state of defense. None too soon. Oconostota's war club was already speeding among his tribes. Carried by a runner from Echota, the principal over-hill town of the Ottari Cherokees, it was rapidly borne southward to the Erati of the middle towns in the valleys between the Blue Ridge and the Smoky Mountains, and still on to the lower towns of the Chickamaugas near Lookout Mountain, summoning all the Cherokee warriors of every tribe to rally around their king. Presently the fort was encircled by concealed red men. On all sides they crouched behind rocks and trees waiting a chance to shoot the palefaces. Let the gates be opened but a crack, and whiz! flew an arrow straight to the chink. No head dared show above the walls. Food became scarce in the fort, yet it was not possible to send a man out into the forest for game, even at night. The people went hungry most of the time, and were saved from actual starvation only by the mercy of some squaws who crept under the walls to give the soldiers a quantity of beans, while they hurriedly whispered to them: "Do not surrender. The warriors will show no quarter."

Later on, when every path was watched, the friendly squaws could find no chance to smuggle food to the suffering soldiers, who grew desperately impatient to rush outside and have an open fight. They said: "Of

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what use to us are guns, swords, or courage, shut up as we are behind walls? We cannot turn our cannon on redskins who are nowhere in sight."

But Stuart and the other officers wisely opposed the idea of opening the gates to make a sally, saying, "The savages outnumber us fifty to one. They will push their way in and massacre the women and children," an argument which quieted the soldiers only for a short while. A few more days of deprivation brought them back with still others of the hunger-weakened men begging to be allowed to surrender. "Why, in surrendering now," answered the discreet captain, "you would throw away your last chance of life;" but the men retorted gloomily, "We would rather die under the tomahawk than see our families starve to death before our eyes."

Stuart still urged patience. "The troops that are coming to help us are on their way," he said. "The messengers we sent on the first alarm to the Governors of Virginia and North Carolina cannot fail to bring relief in time. Yet week after week went by, and no troops came. The army of savages grew larger and larger, and each day the supply of food in the fort was less and less. The starving time came at last when the valued horses of the officers, which were loved as friends, had to be killed for food. After them the faithful dogs which had followed their masters hundreds of miles into the wilderness were slaughtered. After the last lean cur had been eaten and there was no more meat, the people grew frantic with hunger. "Let us at least have a parley with the Indians," they demanded, "for we can hold out no longer." The women joined their wails to the murmurs of the men,

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and wrung their hands, crying: "Our little ones are perishing. They must have food at once."

Such entreaties could not be withstood, and a parley with the Indians was finally agreed upon. This was all very well, until the question was asked: "Who shall go outside to treat with the Cherokees?" They all knew in their hearts that among them John Stuart alone had the tact and daring to deal successfully with the enemy. He was the man above all others whom the red men admired and feared. Quite naturally, therefore, he was unanimously chosen for the task which no one else cared to undertake; and quite naturally, being a brave, good man, he consented to risk his life for his fellow-men.

Only a few days were spent in watching his chance to slip through the Indian lines before he stood in the presence of Oconostota and his head men. The Indian leaders were amazed when he, their chief enemy, put himself, unarmed, completely in their power. Touched by his trust in them, they allowed admiration for his courage to overcome their anger, and readily gave him leave to speak for his people. The fate of the garrison depended on what he should say. Fortunately, his well-chosen words and the captivating manner of his speech made a good impression on the savages. Scarcely was he through talking before Oconostota, completely won over, smiled and said frankly: "We will let the white people go free. They may march out of the fort with drums and flags, each soldier carrying his gun. The rest of the people may take whatever baggage they choose to carry." He also agreed that a chosen guard of warriors should escort the palefaces out of the Cherokee country along

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the great warpath which led from Virginia to Georgia, conducting them safely to Fort Prince George, where there was another English garrison a few hundred miles southward. These were better terms than Stuart had any reason to expect. The only condition which Oconostota had exacted was that the twelve brass cannon, with all the spare arms and ammunition stored in Fort Loudon, should be left behind. The chief looked searchingly at Captain Stuart as he added sharply: "Take care. No cheating."

With a light heart the peacemaker hurried back to tell the good news. "We have only to do faithfully our part," he said, "and all will be well."

Although every one seemed satisfied with the terms granted, there were several soldiers in the fort who, thinking it manly to cheat an Indian on all occasions, determined secretly to defraud Oconostota in spite of Stuart's pledge. For this purpose they arose at midnight when the garrison were asleep and took all the powder and balls from the magazines where they were stored, and buried them under the fort. Then they crept to the walls overlooking the river and lowered every spare gun and six of the cannon into the depths of the Little Tennessee. So quickly and quietly was it done that nobody waked to find out the mischief they were doing.

Oconostota, rising from his camp at peep of day, glanced toward the fort and missed the cannon from its walls. Rubbing his eyes, he looked again. There were only six brass pieces, be they counted backward or forward. The chief was greatly vexed, but no word of displeasure passed his lips, as he silently prepared to carry out his plans for the day. Indian men

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were compelled to learn self-control at an early age. With them a hasty word was often punished with blows or death.

It was still early when the Cherokee king at the head of his escort entered the fort. There was a look on his face which Stuart did not understand. Without doubt evil gleams shot from Oconostota's eyes as he went rummaging through armories and magazines to satisfy himself that the guns and ammunition as well as the cannon were missing. Yet he showed not the least bit of anger. On the contrary, he ordered food to be brought for the starving people. Their hunger being satisfied, he and his guards filed slowly out of the principal gate. Behind them followed a sorrowful-looking procession of emaciated men, women, and children, all on foot and all burdened with bundles in their arms and baggage on their backs.

A tiresome march of many miles brought the garrison and their escort at close of day to a broad, level opening in the forest, one of those treeless spaces which were reverenced by the Indians as the "old fields" of a prehistoric race which, they said, had occupied the country before them. Here they struck camp for the night. Worn out with walking, the famine-wasted people fell asleep almost as soon as their pallets were spread upon the ground. Captain Stuart alone forced himself to keep awake; for he had noticed suspicious movements among the guards, and he resolved to watch. For a long time he lay quite still, feigning sleep; but although he once in a while peeped through half-closed lids, he saw only the guards lying motionless as logs, rolled in their blankets, in their own camp. Nine o'clock came; not an Indian had stirred. Ten

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o'clock; still nothing had happened. It was not until midnight that Stuart, barely parting his eyelashes, saw Oconostota rise stealthily from his buffalo robe. Softly the tall form glided away and melted into the shadows of the forest. Minutes passed. He did not return. Another warrior stole into the woods. Neither did he come back. Then another and still another followed, until every Indian was gone. "They have gone for an army, and will come back and murder us," was Stuart's first thought, as he sprang to his feet to arouse a number of soldiers, whom he stationed some distance out, to watch, as a precaution against surprise.

A night of anxiety was passed by the sentinels, who expected every moment to hear the Indians returning. At last came morning, and the camp had not been disturbed. With the first streak of dawn Captain Stuart drew a free breath, believing that all danger was over. That instant his ear caught a smothered cry. A soldier came running in at full speed. Almost out of breath, he said, between gasps: "They are on us—thousands of redskins—creeping on their hands and knees—through the bushes!"

There was hardly time to alarm the camp before war whoops were heard close at hand on all sides. An army of Indians was breaking into the opening everywhere. They fell upon the whites while some were still rising from their pallets. With guns, clubs, and tomahawks they took swift vengeance on all for the injury which had been done them by a few. Within an hour only nine white persons were left alive. Five men had escaped into the woods during the first onset. Stuart and three others had been taken prisoners in

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the course of the fight. The rest of the people had all been killed. After the massacre was over, while the warrior who had overpowered Stuart was leading him away, fearful thoughts were passing through the unfortunate Captain's mind. He knew that his life had not been spared through mercy. As he was saying within himself, "I have only escaped so far to be tortured later at the stake," he heard a familiar voice at his side shouting the command, "Let go the white man!" and saw Culla-Culla clutching the wrist of his captor. But the warrior shook off the strong grasp of the vice king, and, holding fast to his prize, retorted angrily: "He is mine. Oconostota himself cannot deny to the poorest Cherokee in the nation the right to his own prisoner." This was the beginning of a quarrel between the two Indians which came near ending in bloodshed. Culla-Culla threatened, commanded, and persuaded by turns. For a long while the lesser warrior was obstinate and defiant, refusing to give up his prisoner. At last, however, he consented, after sharp bargaining, to give his captive in exchange for the vice king's most valued strings of wampum, his strong bow which had never missed its mark, and his handsomest clothing of dressed doeskin richly ornamented with quill work.

The prisoner now belonged to Culla-Culla. What was to become of him, Stuart could not guess. His old friend beckoned him to follow. In silence he was led back through the forest to Fort Loudon. Without a word he was conducted to a comfortable room in the barracks and presently refreshments were set before him. It was not until he had eaten of the sodden venison and hot corn cakes and rested his weary limbs

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that his old friend came to him with outstretched hand, saying: "My white brother lives in Atta Culla-Culla's heart."

"How can that be," asked John Stuart reproachfully, "when you are fresh from slaughtering my people?"

The red man straightened his lithe form as he replied with dignity: "There is no white man's blood on Atta Culla-Culla's hands."

Then followed a full explanation of the peace-loving chief's conduct. He told at length what he had done to avert the war in the beginning, and ended with the assertion: "I spoke for peace in the council, but my words were swept away by the angry breath of the warriors like leaves blown before the storm." Stuart became satisfied that the vice king had had no hand either in the uprising or in the massacre, and in his turn he convinced the Cherokee that he had been in no wise to blame for the fraud that had been practiced on Oconostota by the white soldiers. Once more the two trusted each other as friends, and the vice king assured Stuart that he would protect him from all danger.

And safe enough he was from the common Indians, though they wished to kill him. For when they came in a crowd and beat on his door, clamoring to have him out, Culla-Culla had only to speak to them sternly, when they went away in a hurry.

But the case was different when, a few days later, the Englishman was sent for to appear before Oconostota in Echota. Culla-Culla at once suspected a trap set for his prisoner, and Stuart, realizing that he was in real danger, went with a heavy heart into the

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presence of the king and his head men in the great round council house. He was surprised when Oconostota spoke gently to him, saying in a coaxing voice: "Friend and brother, we have spared your life. Listen. There is a way for you to return our kindness." The chief looked at the prisoner narrowly, and after a short pause continued: "My warriors are ready to go on the warpath to Fort Prince George. They can drag the six brass cannon through the forest, but they do not know how to shoot the big guns." There was another pause and a still more searching look as he asked: "Will my white brother go with his red brothers and show them how to use the cannon? Listen. Will my white brother put on paper what I tell him to write, in his own name, to the commander of the fort to cause the garrison to surrender?" In wheedling tones, with many inducements offered, the shrewd chief further unfolded his plan to surround Fort Prince George, and with the aid of Stuart to capture the garrison. But he did not know the character of the man with whom he was dealing. Stuart refused to betray his countrymen under any circumstances. The chief's disappointment was so great that he cried out in anger: "Willingly or not, you shall go. If you choose not to help us, your fellow-prisoners will be tortured before your eyes. Before the sun has traveled his yellow road in the sky three times, we will be on the warpath. You have till then to choose."

There seemed little hope left for Captain Stuart. There was, in his opinion, but one chance for life. He resolved to seek help from the gentle Culla-Culla. In a private interview he threw himself on the mercy of his friend, crying: "Help me to escape, noble vice

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king. Think how a man's heart must turn from betraying his own people. Imagine, on the other hand, what would be my suffering (if I should refuse) in seeing the torture of my fellow-captives."

The kind Cherokee scarcely allowed the Englishman to finish before he grasped his hand and said: "The Great Spirit made us brothers. We will escape together. No one will dare question if I take my own prisoner into the forest with me to hunt. It is enough for me to say that there is no meat in Culla-Culla's lodge. Come!"

Together the red man and the white man stole into the woods. They were far on their way to the settlements in Virginia before they were missed in Echota. For fear of pursuers they avoided the great war trail and took winding paths known to the wild beasts and to Culla-Culla. Not a leaf rustled beneath the Cherokee's moccasins as he led the British officer northward through the unbroken forest, up steep mountain sides, and across yawning chasms. Not a twig snapped as he crept through thickets and canebrakes. Nine nights they had shaped their course by the stars of the Great Bear. Nine days they had crouched in hollow trees or hidden in caves for fear of being seen by chance hunters. On the tenth morning they reached the southern boundary of Virginia. At a point called Steep Rock on the Holston they had passed over the line which began "at a white oak stake on the Atlantic Coast at 39.20 degrees north and thence west to the South Seas" (Pacific Ocean). A little farther on their safety was assured when they came upon a camp of British soldiers—the very same Virginia troops who were marching (too late) to the relief

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of Fort Loudon. Stuart was soon in the tent of the commander, Colonel Byrd, telling him and his officers the dreadful news of the massacre. In finishing his story the rescued captive said with deep emotion as he laid his hand on Culla-Culla's shoulder: "But for this gentle savage, I should not be alive to tell the tale."

The grateful Virginians, moved by admiration for the untutored son of the forest, crowded about him and overwhelmed him with praise and thanks. He was escorted to Williamsburg, the capital town of the colony, where he was rewarded with honors and loaded with costly gifts by the Royal Governor before he was permitted to return to his native wilds. In memory of the kindness then shown him Atta Culla-Culla afterwards induced the head men in council to set free the remaining three white prisoners.

III.

LOST ON THE MOUNTAIN.

THERE was once a young farmer named James Robertson, in Wake County, North Carolina, who was so wise and so truthful that all who knew him trusted him fully and went to him for advice. The country in which he lived belonged at that time to King George III. of England, who allowed it to be tyrannically ruled by the Royal Governor Tryon. The downtrodden people hated Tryon for his cruelties, and called him the "Old Wolf of Carolina." He treated them so badly that at last they could bear it no longer. In their desperation a number of them said to their trusted neighbor, James Robertson: "Lead us away to some distant land, where we may hide in the forest from Tryon the Wolf, and live peaceably with our families."

Pitying them, Robertson answered: "As for myself, I would gladly go, but I cannot find it in my heart to advise my neighbors, who have suffered so much already, to risk the dangers of wild beasts and Indians in the wilderness." His head was bowed thoughtfully for a moment before he added: "Yet I verily believe that sooner or later tyranny will drive the people into the woods."

The condition of the inhabitants throughout North Carolina continued to grow worse and worse. Tryon required them to take an oath of allegiance which did violence to their conscience, and sent his officers among them to hunt them out and offer them the choice be-

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tween taking the oath and being outlawed if they refused.

During all their trials Robertson carried the troubles of his countrymen in his heart. He had not forgotten their cherished desire. One winter night he called his neighbors and friends together in his house to hear his guest, the mighty hunter, Daniel Boone, tell of a beautiful, wild valley he had visited on his last expedition to the wilderness. He explained that he had been sent thither by Colonel Richard Henderson and other men of wealth to explore the unknown country west of the Unaka Mountains. The description he gave of that uninhabited land held his listeners spellbound. With bated breath they heard him tell of the wide, green Watauga Valley, through which flowed Watauga (the river of Sparkling Water) for many a mile under broad, spreading trees "between banks of flowers more beautiful than could be found anywhere else in the world."

"Not a soul lives in the valley," said Boone. "The land cries aloud for people to come and take possession of its forests full of singing birds and its clear streams which are alive with silvery fish. No one will disturb you or oppress you in that land which is cut off by the mountains from all others. There is no danger in it from Indians. The Six Nations on the north gave up their just claim to those hunting grounds two years ago in the treaty with the English at Stanwix. The nearest Cherokee town is Echota, fully a hundred and fifty miles to the south. The whole country is uninhabited. I stayed and hunted there for eight months to a day, and never saw the face of man. If you would be free and happy, you

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must up and across the mountains to the land that is flowing with milk and honey."

With one accord, when Daniel Boone had ceased speaking, the farmers of Wake County begged their neighbor, James Robertson, to cross the mountains and spy out the land for them, saying: "We will trust your account of the country as if we had seen it for ourselves."

They had full confidence in the man whose honesty of purpose, quickness of mind, and hardy, well-set form fitted him peculiarly to be a pioneer leader, and they were rejoiced when he with grave and modest speech accepted their trust. When Daniel Boone, the hunter and explorer, started on his next trip Robertson rode beside him, intending to go with him as far as the Watauga Valley.

The explorers wore hunting shirts of dark cloth, fringed around the bottom and belted in at the waist with stout leather belts in which were stuck their long hunting knives. The flowing fringes on their buck-skin leggings and the coon tails dangling at the back of their heads from caps of hairy coon skin gave them a wild and rough appearance. Across the saddle in front of each rider rested a long-barreled Deckerd rifle, and behind was strapped a folded blanket. Each carried a sack of parched corn and a package of salt, which they expected to eat with the game they should kill on their way. While making the journey it was their practice to halt at nightfall and kindle a fire by striking sparks from flint. A piece of punk was ignited from the sparks. Then the glowing punk was inclosed in a wisp of dried grass and whirled rapidly through the air until a blaze was started with which to

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light the fire of brushwood, and when the fire had burned low the travelers roasted their meat in the hot embers. Around the camp fire Boone, who had a great knack at telling stories, entertained his companion with accounts of what he had seen and done in the Western wilds. Among other incidents, he told of a close fight he had once had with a large bear on Watauga. He said that he had finally killed the beast on a beech tree, and to mark the spot he had carved on the tree the inscription "D. Boone Cilled Bar on Tree, 1760." The hunter's opportunities for education had been few and his spelling was bad, but he was a man of fine natural intelligence. His religious training had also been limited, yet his heart was kind and his soul was honest. He was often heard to say: "All the religion I have is to love and fear God, believe in Jesus Christ, do all the good I can to my neighbor and myself, do as little harm as I can help, and trust God for the rest."

A long way from Wake County, out toward the west, the explorers rode many days before they reached the lofty Unaka Range. At last they were at the foot of Stone Mountain. Here they camped for the night, and the next day was spent in climbing to the top. It was sunset when Daniel Boone stood with Robertson on one of the highest peaks and pointed beyond its western slopes to the Watauga sparkling along its own green valley in the distance. Robertson caught his breath at the beauty of the scene. "Behold," said his friend, the noted hunter, waving his hand in the direction of a broad opening in the forest where countless numbers of buffaloes were grazing, "the settler in this country shall be richer than the

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man in the Bible who owned the cattle on a thousand hills. His trusty rifle will give him the title to the herds in a thousand valleys such as the one we see. Look how the beasts darken the earth. They hardly lift their coal-black beards from the ground all day long munching the tall, thick grass."

Viewing the valley, which was tinged by the last rays of golden May sunshine with the colors of a dream, James Robertson exclaimed joyfully: "Here, indeed, is the promised land where the oppressed people may hide behind a mountain wall from the oppressor."

The explorers descended the western side of the mountain the following day. They next went through a wide, dense forest with no path leading in any direction, after which they came to a swift creek (since called Boone's Creek) which flowed into the Watauga. On its banks they were astonished to find a neat little cabin. It was the home of William Bean, who had moved with his wife from Virginia to "the backwoods" since Boone had last been there. In this cabin the travelers saw the baby, Russell Bean, who was the first white child born in the land now called Tennessee. Farther down the valley they found the huts of several traders and trappers. It was evident that people were already beginning to come into the new country from other parts. The explorers were kindly entertained by William Bean and his good wife. "Remember," said their host, with the hospitality of a pioneer, "that I desire you to make my house your home so long as convenient to yourselves. From this moment you are members of my family, and on my part I shall try to make it agreeable." In a few days, after showing him

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over the country, Daniel Boone left Robertson with his new-found friends and went on himself, as he said, "in quest of the country of Kentucky," upon which he wished to report to Colonel Henderson.

In the hunting lodges of Thomas Cartwright and John Greer Robertson also met with a warm welcome. He often enjoyed with them a feast of tender buffalo steak and mountain trout, and he was received with equally good will into the hut of one Honeycut, who said cordially to him: "Stranger, you are welcome under my roof until you have a cabin of your own." Accordingly Robertson stayed with him several weeks, while Honeycut helped him to build a log dwelling house on the Watauga, opposite a beautiful, green island. The pleasant home when finished was called by the owner "Traveler's Rest."

The next work was to clear a field near the house and plant it in corn, so that the young farmer might see for himself the productiveness of the land. In a short while the grains sprouted and peeped above the ground. Robertson was astonished to see how fast and how tall the stalks grew. In course of time so many ears formed upon the stalks that his wonder was greater still, and finally when the large, heavy ears ripened to hard grain he had to build several spacious cribs in which to harvest his abundant crop. James Robertson had never seen anything to equal it on the poor soil of Wake County. He grew impatient to go back and tell his neighbors of the rich land he had found. So he mounted his horse one fine September morning and started, all alone, for North Carolina. As long as his route followed the windings of the river he could not miss the way, but when he came to

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the wide woods through which no path led in any direction, he became confused. In that part of their journey he and Boone had neglected to blaze the trees along the way, and now he could not find any place that he remembered seeing when they were coming to the valley. He had only the sun and stars for guides to keep him in the right course. The farther he rode the more bewildered he became. It was almost dark when he drew rein, looked wearily about him, and said within himself: "A man might easily perish in this trackless wilderness. I will rest here to-night, but in the morning I will turn back and start anew." With this intention the traveler dismounted, hobbled his horse to keep him from straying, and turned him loose to graze, then ate his own supper of parched corn and jerked venison, and lay down on his blanket to rest until morning. But when he awoke at daylight the sky was dark with lowering gray clouds, which later hid the sun from sight. He could not tell east from west. He knew no more how to go back than forward. With a sigh the good man said: "Man proposes, but God disposes."

For several days he wandered about, not knowing in what direction he traveled. One day he reached the base of the mountain at a point where he thought he might be able to ascend to the top. By toilsome clambering his horse carried him slowly upward. In his winding way he sometimes had to go along the slippery beds of streams that dashed through narrow ravines. At other times there was no way to pass great jutting rocks that overhung deep abysses except to follow the narrow trails left by wild animals. Days passed, and with all his climbing Robertson

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seemed no nearer the top than ever. After a while his corn gave out, and he had nothing to eat but the game he killed with his rifle.

On the sixth day, to add to his misery, a cold rain fell in torrents. Poor Robertson was deluged with sheets of water that wet him to the skin through the heavy blanket that wrapped his shoulders. The rain even leaked into his powder horn and dampened the powder. Without dry powder his flintlock rifle would be worthless. Greatly downcast, he felt that "nothing worse could have happened." At that moment the horse stopped short on the edge of a precipice. Not a step farther could they go. The baffled traveler could only turn round and in the pelting rain seek another way. But try as he might, he could not surmount the difficulties he met. He either came to chasms too wide to cross, or drew up against cliffs too steep to climb.

Discouraged at last, the poor man cried aloud: "I am lost on this desolate mountain." For some time past he had managed to live on nuts and berries and the roots of certain shrubs, but now he was on a barren part of the range where nothing grew, not even herbage for his horse. In mercy to the famishing beast, he turned him loose to shift for himself, and continued his journey on foot. By this time Robertson was very hungry. It had ceased to rain, and he hoped to keep off starvation by shooting a deer which he saw within close range of his gun. He imagined that he might dry his powder sufficiently to fire by pressing it against his bare flesh to get the warmth of his body. There were only a few precious grains left. These he carefully poured into his palm and thrust his hand into his bosom, pressing the powder against

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his heart a long time, while the deer stood watching him curiously. At last, with trembling eagerness, he drew forth the powder, carefully loaded the rifle, and pulled the triggers. Click! click! went the hammers. There was no other noise. The gun had not gone off. Patiently it was tried all over again, and again there was failure. Over and over this was done, until it was useless to try longer. The powder was ruined. Exhausted and in despair, Robertson sank to the ground. Gaining courage again, he roused himself for one more effort, rose, and staggered forward, only to fall again. "It is all over," he groaned, and gave himself up to die. "Here am I," was his despondent thought, "about to perish miserably and alone—I, who had set out to lead others to a land of plenty; I, who had planned to make 'the wilderness blossom as a rose.'"

Growing weaker every moment, his brain began to reel, and he was tortured by thirst to such a degree that he could not think clearly. He said to himself, "It is only the delirium of fever," when presently the musical blast of a horn echoing among the crags came to his ears. Then followed the baying of dogs, which sounded more real, and the tramp of horses coming unmistakably nearer and nearer. Louder and clearer grew the sounds, until he both heard and saw two huntsmen emerging from behind a large boulder. Robertson was too weak to call aloud. Though he made the effort, his whispered cry for help was not heard. The men were passing him by, when one of them, who, as it chanced, was John Greer, happened to turn aside, and stumbled over Robertson's almost lifeless body. "Ah!" he exclaimed in amazement, "here is the stranger from North Carolina, dead."

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But when he and his companion, Thomas Cartwright, got down and examined closely they found signs of life in the thin, wasted body. Very tenderly the rough backwoodsmen held him sitting upright in their arms, very gently they pressed morsels of food between his lips and gave him sparingly of water until he regained a little strength. After a while they placed him on one of their horses and journeyed with him across the mountain, not leaving him until they had carried him almost all the way to his North Carolina home. Ten years later it chanced that the three men met again and became fast friends.

When James Robertson reached his farmhouse in Wake County he looked like the ghost of his former self. Seeing his forlorn appearance, his neighbors said among themselves: "Surely he found only a land of famine beyond the mountains." They could hardly believe, even from his truthful lips, that the Watauga Valley was a "paradise on earth" before he explained that he had wandered, starving, fourteen days on the mountain after he had left the fertile valley. But when they were made to understand how bountiful was the country and were told that the Governor of Virginia, claiming the land for Virginia, offered to give a grant of four hundred acres to every man who would move there and build a home, they were eager to move to the valley at once. In ending his talk to them Robertson said: "My life has been spared for a special purpose. An all-wise Providence sent Cartwright and Greer to preserve my life for the sake of those whom it is intended I shall lead from bondage into freedom." Now the farmers of Wake County desired liberty above all things. A longing to cross the

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mountains and be free took hold of them, a desire which grew stronger with each unjust act of Governor Tryon, until at last, as Robertson had foretold, tyranny drove the people into the woods. They with others had before this risen in arms against the colonial government and had fought the battle of the Alamance (which was in reality the first battle in the struggle for American independence), but had been defeated in the fight.

So it came about that in the spring of 1771 sixteen families, consisting of eighty men, women, and children, crossed the Unakas, fleeing from the tyranny of George III. and his creature, Governor Tryon. The journey was made on horseback, as no wheeled vehicle could climb the rough mountains. At the heels of the horses trotted the faithful dogs, and in the rear of the procession came the milch cows driven by the older children, many of whom trudged on foot all the way to their new home. At the head of the party rode James Robertson beside his young wife, Charlotte Reeves, who held their infant son in her arms. Others of the women carried a child behind as well as a babe in the lap. Few articles of comfort, and no luxuries, could be transported over the rugged trail. The necessary clothing, bedding, and kitchen utensils were strapped on pack horses. All else was left behind. The pioneers bade good-by at once to oppression and to the conveniences of civilized life. On arriving at their destination the men built comfortable houses of logs. While waiting for these many of the immigrants were sheltered in Traveler's Rest. Then, and for many years afterwards, it was the usual stopping place for all newcomers into the Watauga settlement.

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Under its ample roof James Robertson and his wife kept open house for any who chose to enter. In winter their hearth and in summer their broad porch was the gathering place of the community. The evenings were often spent by Robertson in reading aloud to the people from the Bible. That and a few other books, such as "Pilgrim's Progress" and Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," which had been brought across the mountains along with the necessities of life, were greatly prized; but Robertson's favorite was the Bible, from which it was his habit to quote frequently. For several years the pioneer families lived their simple lives shut off from the outside world, happy in the thought that they were free from the persecutions of Tryon, and at ease in the belief that they were safe from trouble with Indians. With the latter they were on the most friendly terms. It was common for the Cherokee braves to visit them through friendly curiosity to see their way of living, but none came to do them harm. Their settlement had been made, as they believed, north of the line running "from the Atlantic Ocean west to the South Seas," in latitude 36.30, which the Treaty of Stanwix had fixed as the just boundary between the white people and the Cherokee Nation, and there was no question in dispute between them at that time.

The emigration of these lovers of freedom to the Watauga Valley was the beginning of the free State of Tennessee. As William E. Gladstone has said: "The greatest calamity that can befall a State is for its people to forget its origin." It is well, therefore, to observe some of the traits which distinguished the first settlers west of the Unakas. To begin with, they were truly democratic. Among them there was no

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separation of caste or class. On the Watauga all citizens were equal. A man or woman was esteemed according to his or her virtues. Being a quiet, home-loving people, their community was almost free from crime. A moral offender in the early days of the West was "hated from society." A bad man could not stay among people given over to honesty and fair dealing. It was not until some years later, when evildoers came among them in larger numbers, that they found need of laws to punish vice. In their social life the Wataugans were gay and light of heart, and passed much of their leisure time in cheerful amusements. Such were the founders of the commonwealth of Tennessee.

IV.

THE INTERRUPTED FEAST.

At last the chief of all the Cherokees had fallen out with the white people who lived in the beautiful Watauga Valley. One day, with six hundred of his warriors, he came galloping into the settlement to talk over the matter in dispute between them. The eagle feathers that stood straight up around the heads of the tall Indians made them look still taller, and long, furry tails of animals dangling down their backs gave them the appearance of wild beasts. Their leader was a man of large frame, who was taller than all the rest. His bare breast equally with his face was seamed with scars, and he was so crippled from other wounds he had received in battle that the Watauga boys called him "Old Hop" (behind his back, mind you), though his real name was Oconostota, the king of the Cherokees.

When the men of Watauga saw the warriors coming they went out to meet them under the shade of the great oaks in the edge of the Watauga Old Fields, where Elizabethton, in Carter County, was afterwards built.

Having dismounted, the savage king limped forward and said gruffly: "The white people must leave this valley. Time out of mind it has belonged to the Men of Fire.* The Cherokees have built no wigwams

*The meaning of the word "Cherokee" in English is "Men of Fire."

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in the valley, yet the land is ours, as all the world knows."

Then a chief named "The Raven," because of his keen scent for war, said: "These were the ancient hunting grounds of our forefathers. Dear to us are the waters of the Watauga, Hogohogee [Holston], Pellissippi [Clinch], Aguiqua [French Broad], and the wide Kalamuchee [Tennessee]. Their valleys are ours, and we do not mean to give them up."

There was a great deal more talking, and the white people were troubled what to say in reply, until James Robertson, the head man of Watauga, spoke out for them and said: "We moved to this valley innocently. We were told that it had been given to Virginia by the Six Nations at the Treaty of Stanwix. In truth we thought we were settling on Virginia soil until Colonel John Donaldson recently surveyed the line which divides Virginia from the Cherokee hunting grounds, and we learned that we are south of the line instead of north of it, as we had supposed. But now we do not claim the land. We only ask you to lease it to us for a few years, so that we may enjoy for a while the homes we have built and cultivate the fields we have fenced."

Oconostota answered in a surly tone, saying: "If we let you rob us of these lands to-day, you will ask for more next year, still more the next, and so on year after year till you drive us into the ocean of the setting sun. White men are greedy for the red man's land. Whole nations have melted away in their presence like balls of snow before the sun, and scarcely left their names behind."

Robertson wisely kept his temper, and said per-

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suasively: "We do not wish to take your possessions without paying for them. Some bad white men sent by the British king have been telling you false tales about us. We are your friends. We wish to deal fairly. Lease the valley to us for ten years, and we will pay you down for it on the spot all the colored glass beads you want, a great quantity of fishhooks, a number of bales of scarlet cloth, and enough gunpowder to satisfy you."

By this proposition the Wataugans were offering to pay a hundred per cent higher for a lease of their lands than the price at which William Penn had bought Pennsylvania. Robertson paused between the mention of one article and the next, and at each pause the chieftain's face grew brighter; seeing which, Atta Culla-Culla, the vice king of the Cherokees, who was friendly to the settlers, hastened to say to Oconostota: "The Wataugans are our brothers. Our braves love to visit them. No hungry Indian has ever been refused food in this valley, nor the cold and weary hunter denied a shelter." Glancing at the king for assent, he then turned to the white people and said: "To-day we freely surrender a part of our lands to our white brothers, but only for a term of eight years. My speech is at an end. It is the voice of the Cherokee Nation."

With this concession the Wataugans were forced to be satisfied. In token of good faith Culla-Culla advanced to Robertson's side and placed a string of wampum in his hand. Then the peace pipe, four feet long, sheathed in a speckled snake skin, was brought to Oconostota, who smoked a few whiffs, puffing the smoke first toward the sun, next to the four points of the compass, and then over the breast of James Rob-

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ertson before handing it to him to be smoked and passed on in turn by him and all the leading white men and Indian chiefs present. The treaty was celebrated by a great feast, and whole oxen were barbecued by the negro cooks. There was famous racing and dancing and ball-playing in the grassy "old fields." The merrymaking was kept up for several days, and all the while the pioneer fiddlers made lively music which mingled with the noise of the little Indian drums. Every one seemed to think that there would never be any more trouble in the valley, except Oconostota, who said grimly to one of the Wataugans: "Brother, we have given you a fine land, but I believe you will have trouble in settling it."

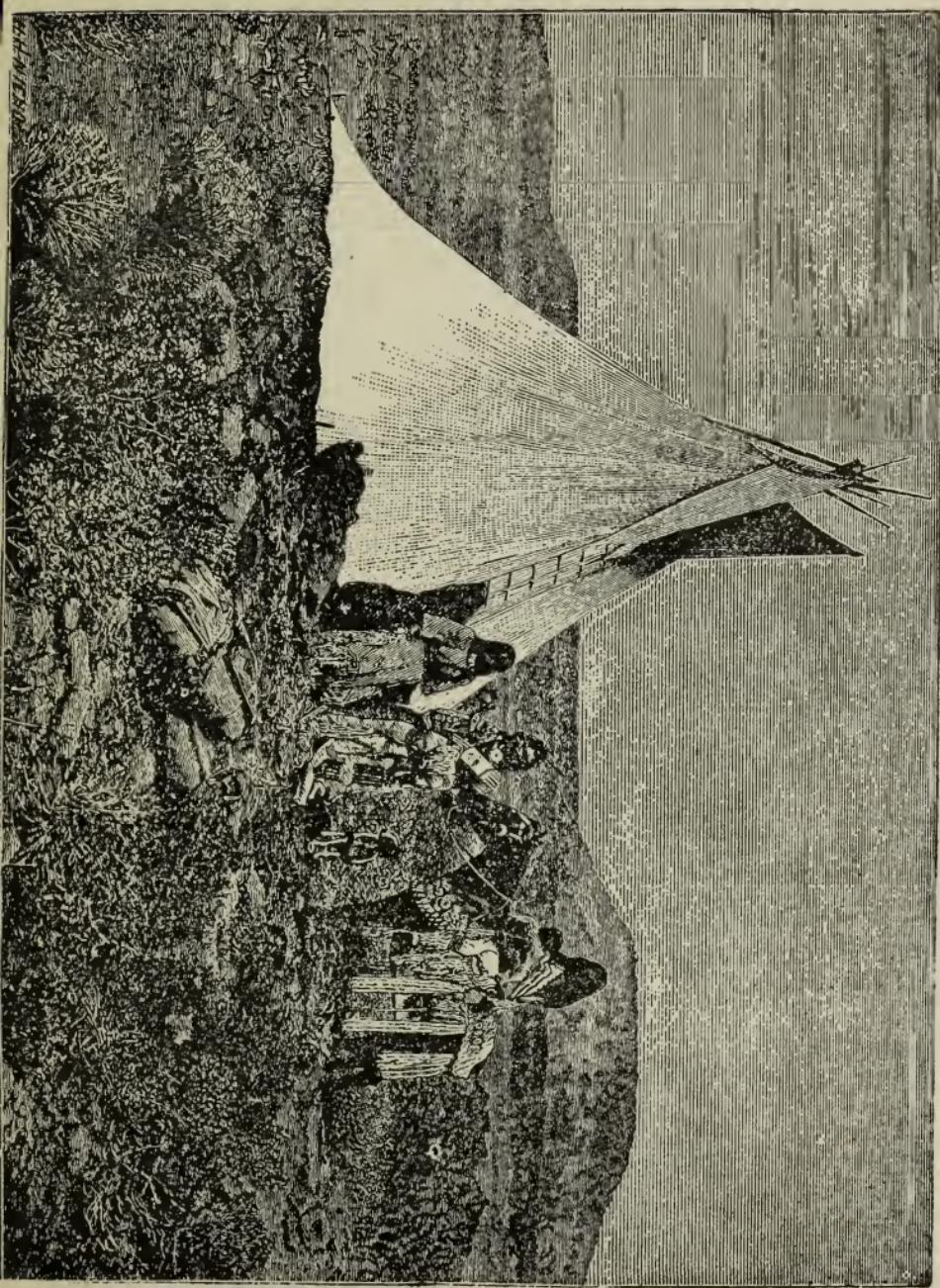
Altogether the feast was progressing happily. Not an offensive word had been said, not an unkind glance given, until a rowdy named Crabtree, who had ridden down from the Wolf Hills of Virginia to see the sports, wantonly picked a quarrel with a bright young Cherokee chief who was a general favorite with the white people. Everywhere else on the grounds the settlers were in the highest spirits, pleased that they had been able so far to keep the Indians in a good humor. In every place the white men and the red were innocently enjoying themselves together, when bang! went a rifle from the edge of the forest that bordered the "old fields." For a moment Indians and whites stood still. Then, with one accord, all rushed to the spot where lay the harmless young chief stretched dead upon the ground. His murderer, Crabtree, had escaped into the woods. The Wataugans were distressed at the cruel deed. As to the Cherokees, they were too angry to speak. Oconostota and his warriors, all silent and

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sullen, stood looking on the dead Indian. Words were not needed to tell that they were deeply offended. Their faces said plainly enough what was in their thoughts: "We trusted these Watauga people. We traded with them and ate of their feast; and because our weapons were left behind in our wigwams on the Tellico and the Hiwassee, they have dared to insult us."

The Cherokees believed that unless they avenged the death of one of their tribe they would themselves forfeit the right to enter the happy hunting grounds after death. Robertson knew that their first idea would be to retaliate. His thick crown of dark hair was bent low while he pondered what to say to appease the savages. Then his candid blue eyes were lifted appealingly to Oconostota's face as he tried to explain that his people had nothing to do with the murder. But the Cherokee leader turned a deaf ear to all apologies. Neither he nor his followers made any reply to Robertson's explanations. Frowning and sulking, the six hundred warriors mounted in haste, taking care, however, to gather up every bale of red calico, every strand of Stroud beads, and all the other goods and ammunition they had gained in the trade before they left in a huff. Without a gesture of farewell, the angry host filed into a buffalo path that led to the Great War Trail, and away they galloped, as hard as they could go, southward to the Cherokee over-hill towns.

"What shall we do?" asked the people in dismay as they heard the last hoof beat die away in the distance. "The savages have gone to arm themselves. They will return in great numbers and murder us outright. James Robertson's only answer was to say calmly:



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"God is on our side. We will not fear. Mightier is he that is for us than all who can come against us."

But the settlers refused to be comforted. In their fear and excitement all sorts of plans for safety were made. Some were for moving at once to Virginia. Others suggested the building of a log fort at once in Watauga. In the midst of these discussions James Robertson surprised them all by saying: "I will go myself to Echota, the sacred or beloved town of the Cherokees, and treat for peace." At which there was great rejoicing among the people, who believed that he could do whatever he undertook. But the good man's best friends were shocked at his resolve. "It is madness!" they cried. "Echota is one hundred and fifty miles away. You will surely never come out of the town alive, even if you are not murdered in going through the forest and reach Echota in safety."

Robertson, who had made up his mind to go, answered firmly: "Peril to my one life is nothing compared to the danger to five hundred men, women, and children."

In a few days, while John Sevier and others had set to work to build a fort, Robertson was off on the great trail, traveling southward. Many tracks of unshod horses and prints of moccasined feet showed where the angry warriors had lately passed along. While following their trail he thought how easily an enemy lurking in the bushes might send an arrow through his heart. That moment he heard hoof beats on the soft path ahead. Riding cautiously to the next turn in the road, he halted, for there rode a tall, wiry-looking horseman in Indian costume, strong and well-armed, coming toward him. The stranger stopped

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short, and the two glared at each other with hands on their guns. Then the tall, wiry man galloped forward as with a soft laugh he exclaimed: "The head man of Watauga, by all that's lucky!" The weather-beaten, sunburned white man Robertson had mistaken for an Indian was his good friend, Isaac Thomas, the trader who carried skins and merchandise to and fro between the Indian towns and Williamsburg, Va.

"I bear a message to you from the niece of the vice king, Atta Culla-Culla, who is the beloved woman of the Cherokees," said the trader. Explaining further, he said that Nancy Ward, the beloved or beautiful woman, was the Cherokee prophetess, through whose lips the nation believed their guardian spirit spoke to them. He described her as a handsome, half-breed Indian princess, about thirty-five years of age, with a majestic appearance and great benevolence of heart. "When the chiefs came back from Watauga Old Fields bent on war," proceeded the trader, "the beloved woman spoke for peace. But in their fury the warriors refused to obey the Voice. Then the prophetess sent me to you, saying: 'Go warn the head men of Watauga. The braves will soon be on the warpath to slay all who are in their way.'" Having delivered this message, Isaac Thomas begged Robertson to turn round and go back; "for," said he, "you will be killed on sight."

The brave pioneer, unmoved by this appeal, was as determined as ever to see Oconostota and try to appease his anger. "Then I will go with you," said Thomas, "for without me you will surely be killed." Assuring Robertson that a trader was a person of importance among Indians, he said: "I live safely in

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Echota even in time of war. No Cherokee would be foolish enough to harm the man who brings them all kinds of merchandise in exchange for peltries."

As they journeyed together, Isaac Thomas informed Robertson of many interesting facts concerning the Cherokees and their customs which it was well for him to know. Among other things, he said that in the hands of the half-breed princess-prophet Nancy Ward lay the power of life or death over prisoners or condemned criminals. One evening at nightfall the travelers saw the fires of Echota, far off, scattered along both banks of the Little Tennessee River. A little nearer, and they met an Indian whom Thomas sent ahead as a messenger to ask permission for Robertson to enter the "Sacred Town." Here they waited until the messenger returned, saying: "Oconostota is willing for the head man of Watauga to come in."

James Robertson, sitting in the doorway of the trader's cabin next morning, counted eleven hundred chiefs under the oaks and elms that shaded the long street. War paint of blue, black, and yellow streaked the vermillion dye on their faces, newly sharpened knives were in their belts, and quivers full of arrows hung at their backs, showing that they were ready to start on the warpath.

About noon the white man was ordered to appear in the council house. With many misgivings Isaac Thomas watched him go along the avenue to meet his enemies alone. As for James Robertson, he was only thinking of what he should say to secure peace for his people. Without a tremor he lifted the buffalo hide which curtained the doorway. Letting it fall behind him, he stood in the great, gloomy round building.

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There were no windows in the walls ; there was merely a hole in the center of the roof to show him where the king sat on a raised seat near the middle of the apartment. The war robe of buff-colored buffalo skin, embroidered with brightly dyed porcupine quills, reached to Oconostota's feet. Wisps of red horsehair were tied above his elbows, and tails of small animals were at the heels of his moccasins. Beside him sat the beloved woman and Culla-Culla, the vice king, surrounded by a few chosen chiefs. A dim circle of less noted warriors could be seen in the dusky outskirts of the room, on low benches around the walls. The man from Watauga looked on them steadfastly without a sign of fear.

For a while there was dead silence. Without speaking a word, the lesser chiefs came gliding from the outer circle and crowded about the visitor. They peeped curiously into his face, as if to read the thoughts of the brave soul. He showed not a trace of alarm, nor could they find out the secret of his courage. Robertson waited calmly until the baffled chiefs had all gone back to their places. Then he said quietly : "The people of Watauga are sorry for what has happened. They view the horrid deed with keenest indignation. Your warrior was not killed by one of our people. The murderer has escaped, but the men of Watauga will surely catch him and punish him as he deserves."

This and much more Robertson said in his quiet, persuasive voice, while the warriors listened silently. To them it was a strange thing that he was saying, for Indians never punished members of their tribe who committed outrages on whites. At first they heard

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him with incredulous lines around their set lips, but the more he talked the gentler their faces grew, until at last many of them were actually smiling, and the beloved woman ventured to say softly: "The Good Spirit is on our white brother's side."

Then Oconostota also began to relent. Appealing to his braves, he said: "What say my brothers; are not the white man's words good?" Lifting their voices as if under the influence of a spell, all the braves answered at once: "They are good."

Only a few moments before and the savages had been ready to tear Robertson to pieces where he stood, but now they flocked around him and begged him to stay a few days in Echota and make them a friendly visit. The children of the forest had actually fallen in love with the civilized man from the settlement. Oconostota, no less than the others, felt the charm of Robertson's manner, and condescended to say of him: "He has winning ways, and tells no lies."

Advised by Isaac Thomas, James Robertson agreed to remain a few days longer in Echota. He was treated with distinction by Oconostota, and secured from the chief a confirmation of the lease of eight years to the Watauga lands. During his stay with the Cherokees their visitor learned to respect them for their rectitude in regard to social and moral conduct, and to like them as a cheerful, happy people when not engaged in war.

On the other hand, in his interviews with the princess-prophetess, Nancy Ward, he impressed her that he belonged to a superior race of beings who were under the protection of the "Great Good Spirit," and so fully won her confidence that she made him a sol-

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emn promise always in the future to befriend him and his people. Having thus saved the Watauga settlement from attack and secured its safety for some time to come, the good head man returned to his people in peace.

V.

A SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

It was a dark night in July, 1776. The inhabitants of the Indian village on the Little Tennessee River were sound asleep. There was no sign of any one stirring. The one straggling street of Echota was absolutely quiet until near midnight, when a muffled figure stole cautiously out of a wigwam unlike the rest, built of upright poles curiously wound with skins of wild beasts. It was the mystery lodge of the beloved woman, the princess-prophetess of the Cherokees. The silent form, blanketed from head to foot, paused outside the curious lodge and stood for a moment beside the great totem pole listening attentively. Not the slightest noise could be heard up and down the double row of wigwams. Again the figure moved; this time gliding swiftly through the blackness of the night straight to the cabin of Isaac Thomas, the white trader who brought merchandise to the Indians from Williamsburg, Va., and carried back peltries on his pack horses to the Virginia markets. There was a gentle tap upon his door. Though the sound was faint and he was asleep, the alert frontiersman was aroused. Instantly he was on his feet asking: "Who is there?"

He could scarcely hear the whispered answer, "It is the white man's friend;" yet he knew the voice. It was his faithful friend, Nancy Ward. He hastened

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to unlatch the door, divining at once that some danger to the white settlements had brought her to him at that hour; for the beloved woman had never yet broken her promise to befriend the white people who lived west of the Unaka Mountains—a promise she had made to James Robertson, and had kept for his sake and the sake of John Sevier, both of whom she respected and admired above all other men. Isaac Thomas was not surprised, then, to hear her say: "I bring my white brother evil news. The braves are preparing to go on the warpath. The women are beating corn into meal for the march. The warriors intend to kill every white man, woman, and child in their path. They will destroy every house, burn all the corn, carry off negroes and horses, and kill all the cattle on the Watauga and Nollichucky Rivers and in Carter's Valley." The prophetess stopped to listen, with her finger on her lip, before she ventured to continue: "The Raven is bringing his Ayrati braves from the middle towns and Dragging Canoe is on the way with his Chickamaugas from the lower towns of the nation."

This was startling news, for the trader did not doubt that the prophetess was correctly informed. She was always admitted to the secret councils of the chiefs of the tribe, and nothing was done without her knowledge. Yet, Thomas knew of no cause for anger between the Cherokees and the whites who lived west of the mountains. The Wataugans, especially, had never been known to wrong an Indian. Oconostota himself had never accused James Robertson or John Sevier of cheating. The trader could not understand the reason for these sudden preparations for war until the beloved woman informed him that King George's In-

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dian agent, Alexander Cameron, was in Echota in secret consultation with the principal chiefs, trying to stir up the savages against the frontier people, who had taken sides against England in the war for independence.

On questioning the prophetess more closely, Thomas learned that the plan of the warriors was to march out of Echota all together, and go for some distance along the great war trail which led from the lower Indian towns up through what we now call East Tennessee to Virginia. Then they were to separate into three divisions, to spread out like a fan in several directions, and winnow the whole country. One division was to be led by the Raven, another by Dragging Canoe, and still another by Oconostota himself, the king of all the Cherokees. The army under Oconostota was selected to storm Fort Lee, on the Watauga, which had been built by John Sevier, and which was commanded by James Robertson.

"Tell my white brothers to be vigilant," said the beloved woman. "Go warn James Robertson, the head man of Watauga. Tell him to be well prepared. The bolt will fall soon, and at midnight. Tell him that Oconostota's army will come secretly. It will crawl like a snake in the grass, and suddenly it will strike."

Isaac Thomas realized that no time was to be lost. Promising to start on his mission as soon as he could get away unobserved, he begged the prophetess to keep watch in the meantime and listen closely. "Report to me every word you hear," he said, "before I go to warn the head man of Watauga." He made an excuse to leave the Indian country at once, and was

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soon among his white friends. The news he brought aroused the whole country. The various settlements being promptly notified, the leaders met together to plan their defense. Hurried preparations were made to meet the Indians in battle. Men rode in haste in every direction to warn farmers who were scattered along the rivers and in Carter's Valley. As soon as the danger was known, many families took their cattle and their servants and fled along the great trail up to their kindred and friends in Southern Virginia. Others sought refuge in the stockades, rude fortresses that had been built here and there by the pioneers of East Tennessee as a protection against Indian raids. The stockade or log fort in Watauga, called Fort Lee, was soon full to overflowing with women, children, and household goods, whereas there were only about forty soldiers to defend the place. Its heavy double gates were kept chained and barred day and night, and the people stayed strictly inside for fear of an attack. They could not feel safe elsewhere than behind the tall picket fences which, by connecting a number of log houses in the form of a hollow square, formed the walls of the fort.

No man was more earnest in urging the people to seek shelter in the stockade than Captain William Bean, the same William Bean who had been the earliest settler in Watauga. He went everywhere advising heads of families to lose no time in getting their children within the palisades; and he had not much trouble in persuading them, except in the case of his own wife. All seemed eager to have the protection of the fort except Mrs. Bean. She could not be induced to leave her home. The good woman saw no

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necessity for such a move. In the kindness of her heart, Mrs. Bean thought all the world as just as herself. She refused to believe that even an Indian would do her an unprovoked injury. They had many times been to her house and tasted of her nice butter and cheese, for which she was famous. She had always been the wayfarer's friend. Neither white man nor red had ever been turned away hungry from her door. It was hard for her to realize that any one would wish to harm her. So the kind soul made up her mind to stay in her house and take care of her simple possessions. She saw terrified people pass her gate from day to day leading pack horses piled with a confusion of household goods, and driving their cattle before them, yet she was unmoved in her resolution to stay at home. Quite undisturbed, she calmly attended, as usual, to her cows and poultry while others were crowding into the fort.

In the meantime, the Indian army was crawling like a snake in the grass toward Watauga, though it was creeping very, very slowly. Many days of suspense passed over the heads of the people in the fort. Some began to doubt if the savages were coming at all. One day the good news reached Fort Lee that a battle had been fought between the Indians under Dragging Canoe and the white settlers at a place called Island Flats, in which the savages had been completely routed. It was now thought that all danger was over, especially as the Chickamauga chief, who was noted for ferocity, had been severely wounded in the fight. On hearing of the success of the whites, John Sevier exclaimed exultantly, "A great day's work in the woods!" and his soldiers joined in demonstrations of joy.

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At that moment Oconostota's warriors from the over-hill towns were moving northward. Trooping along the war trail, they were killing and burning as they went. Directly in their path lay William Bean's cabin. Inside was Mrs. Bean attending to her domestic duties. A band of Indian scouts in advance of the army, looking in, saw her, and walked through the open doorway. Mrs. Bean felt no fear at finding herself suddenly surrounded by savages. It was the custom of the red men, as she knew, to enter the settlers' homes without knocking, whenever it pleased them to do so. She was not at all alarmed when they first crowded about; but when her hands were roughly jerked backward and tied behind her with a stout leather thong, the unhappy creature fully realized her danger. Placed between two warriors, she was dragged back to the Indian camp and brought before Oconostota. The chief scowled forbiddingly at the prisoner. "O, why do you mistreat me?" she cried pitifully; "have I not often fed your famished warriors and given them shelter from the storm?" A speech which only angered an Indian standing near the king, who leveled his gun and rushed toward her to fire. But Oconostota, wishing to question the captive, stepped between them and with his sinewy arm threw up the warrior's weapon. Through his interpreter the Cherokee king then asked Mrs. Bean the question: "How many forts have the white people?" "More than can be remembered," was the quick-witted reply.

"How many soldiers are in each of them?"

"Their number is as the number of the leaves of the trees," answered Mrs. Bean.

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"Can they be starved out?" she was asked next.

"They have corn enough to last a long time," she said; and added significantly, "Four moons ago Captain Sevier received a large supply of ammunition from Virginia."

Something in the brave woman's answers, or else his own plans, determined Oconostota not to have Mrs. Bean killed at once. He preferred to take her to Echota and have her teach the squaws how to make butter and cheese and other good things to eat. With this intention the prisoner was kept unharmed, though she was strictly guarded in camp while the army pushed on to attack Fort Lee. On nearing the place the army paused. The serpent was now coiling ready to strike.

At this critical time the white people, grown careless with long waiting, were somewhat off their guard. Quite early the next morning a party of women and maidens ventured outside the walls to the milking place. Among them was Catherine Sherrill, a beautiful girl, who had been tempted by the wild flowers to go farther into the woods than the rest. All were care-free and happy in breathing the morning air, without a thought of danger near, until a loud war-whoop resounded through the forest. At once they knew that Oconostota's army was upon them. With startled screams the women rushed back into the fort and pulled the gates to behind them. Bars and chains quickly made them secure. All were safe inside—all but one. Catherine Sherrill had been left behind. At a glance she saw that several Indians were already between her and the closed gates. Quick as thought she darted aside toward another part of the fort. Un-

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fortunately, the savages spied her and gave chase. Hundreds of warriors in the edge of the woods were yelling as they watched the race. Terror lent wings to Catherine's nimble feet. She must depend for safety upon her speed alone. The forty defenders of the fort were too few to risk a sally in her favor, though they looked on anxiously while the girl ran for her life, until finally John Sevier, unable longer to withstand his impulse, sprang to the gate. Drawing his sword, he called to his comrades: "Out to the rescue. Follow me!"

A moment more and the daring men would have dashed through the gates in face of the great number of Indians to save the young woman, had not James Robertson, the cautious commander, placed a hand upon the rash young officer's sword arm, crying: "Stop! The lives of all must not be risked for the sake of one." Turning to the men, he sternly ordered them: "Back to the portholes."

In obedience to Robertson's wise commands the garrison was forced to be inactive witnesses of Catherine Sherrill's danger. Now they see her near to the stockade, with the Indians pursuing close behind. Now their hearts quicken as she touches the palisades and begins to clamber up the tall pickets. The athletic savages are making long strides to reach the girl. One is almost close enough to grasp her skirts as she climbs. The people in the fort hold their breath until, with the lightness of a fawn, she bounds over the sharp-pointed top and falls on the inner side into the extended arms of John Sevier. "My brave girl! My bonny Kate!" he impulsively cries, while the others shout aloud their delight and applause. They possi-

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bly saw in their mind's eye the wedding that was to take place later between the gallant soldier and his "Bonny Kate."

After this the battle began in earnest. Arrows rattled like hail upon the roof. Bullets rained around the portholes. Hundreds of savages were swarming around the stockade on all sides at once, hoping to find some weak point in the defense. But the thickness of the walls, the height of the palisades, and Robertson's watchful eyes served to keep Oconostota's warriors out, no matter where or how they attacked Fort Lee. Again and again, for six successive days, the Cherokees tried to enter. Still the fort held out, and still, owing to Robertson's prudent instructions to his followers, not a white person had been hurt. "Reserve your fire," he repeatedly said. "Don't waste your powder. Wait till you are sure of your man each time before you shoot." By this means it happened that no rifle was fired from the ports without either wounding or killing one of the assailants.

The Indians were at last forced to take to the timber for safety. From their sheltered position they pelted the stockade with arrows and bullets, but Oconostota began to see that he could not take the fort by storm. About the time that he was forming this conclusion a spy sent by Robertson brought word to the Cherokee camp that Virginia troops were coming at once to help the Wataugans, which determined the Indian chief to turn back and give up the siege. He began at once to retrace his steps over the warpath, leading his warriors toward Echota, on the Little Tennessee River. Like a serpent in danger of its life, the Indian army trailed back to its hiding place in the forest, only

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pausing on the way to take up Mrs. Bean and her guards.

The captive was still kept unhurt. Oconostota did not desire her death. But no sooner had they reached Echota than Dragging Canoe began to insist that she should die. He declared that the woman ought to be burned at the stake. Oconostota argued against such a course. But Dragging Canoe was in a bad temper over his defeat at Island Flats, and insisted upon the sacrifice of Mrs. Bean. As Oconostota dared not oppose too violently the will of the wounded chief, who was a man of power in the nation, he finally consented to the death of the captive. The time was fixed for her to be burned, and the day was set aside as an Indian holiday.

Mrs. Bean had but one hope of being spared. If Nancy Ward, the prophetess of the Cherokees, who exercised the final power of sparing life or condemning to death, would only lift her hand, she would be saved. But that hope failed. Her appeal to the beloved woman was made in vain. No sign of mercy was shown.

On the appointed day the captive was led to the center of the beloved square in the beloved town of Echota, where she was bound hand and foot to the stake. Dry sticks and fagots were piled around her limbs, and all was in readiness for the torch. But it was the custom of the Indians before the fire was lighted to torment the victims with clubs and stones and knives. The first stage of Mrs. Bean's sufferings began amid a din of yells and gibes, as her tormentors circled around her, when suddenly the noise ceased. A hush had fallen on the crowd. With one accord

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they moved back and left the captive in the center of the square alone, except for the beloved woman, who had suddenly appeared at Mrs. Bean's side—they knew not how. The presence of her stately form among them at that moment seemed to the Indians as mysterious as if she had been a visitor from the spirit world. No one had seen her coming, yet there she stood with rebuke in her clear, dark eyes. In strange, inhaled tones, she spoke to them, commanding them, with uplifted hands, to unbind the captive in the name of the Great Good Spirit.

The most reckless among them ventured not to disobey the prophetess, through whom they believed they heard the will of the Guardian Spirit of the Cherokees. Mrs. Bean was unbound without delay. She was conducted by her deliverer to the sacred mystery lodge, where she was kindly sheltered until she was sent back to Watauga, several weeks later, under escort of a band of trusted warriors.

Again the prophetess had redeemed her promise to James Robertson that she would always befriend the settlers of Watauga. Once more she had proved herself worthy of the title which has been given her by grateful historians, and earned the right to be remembered by us as the "Pocahontas of the West."

VI.

INCIDENTS OF EARLY TIMES.

IN olden times, around Tennessee firesides, many tales of pioneer life were told which have since been forgotten. We seldom hear nowadays of the man who gave his name to Spencer's tree; and the story of Nancy Ward, the beloved woman of the Cherokee nation, is almost unknown among us. Few of us realize the importance of Charlotte Robertson's ride when she saved the fort at the Bluff, and we are unfamiliar with the anecdotes which our forefathers loved to relate of Castleman, the marvelous marksman, who never fired his trusty rifle "Betsy" without bringing down game. Neither do we hear now of the pioneers Mansco and Bledsoe, nor of Capt. John Rains, the noted hunter who supplied the settlement with meat by killing thirty-two bears in one winter, within seven miles of Nashville; nor do we repeat the tales, once well known, concerning Timothy De Monbreun, who lived in a cave high up on the bank of the Cumberland River.

Of De Monbreun it is said that long ago, as early as 1760, when the Cumberland country was an uninhabited wilderness, he came from Kaskaskia, Ill., by water, to the Salt Lick which is now called the Nashville Sulphur Spring. Floating down the Ohio with two boatmen to row his little French Canadian trading boat, loaded with trinkets and blankets, he came cau-

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tiously toward the unknown country in search of savage customers for his trade. Upon reaching the mouth of the Cumberland, so the story runs, the adventurers entered its water and rowed upstream as far as the Bluff, where they found the sulphur spring branch flowing into the Cumberland. They paddled up the small stream as far as the boat could go, and then paused to look about them. The crew were thirsty and began to dip out water to drink. The first mouthfuls caused them surprise. "Salt as Lot's wife," cried one boatman in English, making a wry mouth; "Sulphur," said the other in Portuguese, while De Monbreun made the same announcement in French. Sipping and tasting again, they began to debate as to whether or not this was a good place for a trading post. After much consideration they concluded that "where there is salt there are buffaloes, and where there are buffaloes Indians are sure to come." This opinion was confirmed when they had examined the broad, untimbered bottom land around the spring from which the stream issued. A thick growth of cane covered the open space, and through it were numerous paths leading to the lick. These paths and the thousands of buffalo hoof prints in the mud close about the spring made them feel sure that big game was plentiful. From this they argued that Indian hunters would come often to a place so favorable for hunting, and they began to look about for a good situation for the camp. Between the spring and the river they found an artificial mound of earth about sixty feet high and very large around the base. They selected it as a safe site for the camp, considering that from its great height they would be able to see en-

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emies at a distance if any should approach. It was also a good place from which to keep a sharp lookout for customers. Some one before them had evidently been of the same mind, for they found there the remains of a hut of upright poles, and upon the old site they built their own lodge.

At the close of the day's labor the men camped for the night near the spring, but bright and early next morning they climbed the mound with packs of merchandise on their shoulders. In a short while the bales were opened, and soon afterwards the bushes and shrubs on the mound seemed to blossom with gaudy wares. Strands of beads were hung from limb to limb, tin cups and little pocket mirrors glistened in the morning sunlight, and yards of red cloth billowed with the breeze. The flaunting color and glittering trinkets were as attractive to savage eyes as candle-light to moths.

It was not long before the canes in the spring bottom began to tremble in a certain place as though a living creature were concealed in the thicket. De Monbreun's eyes were fastened on the spot in evident satisfaction. Being an experienced frontiersman, he had known what to expect. The bait had been skillfully prepared. He had only to wait and watch for his human game. He was not surprised to see the canes shake again. This time they were cautiously parted and a red man peeped forth from his hiding place. Presently the red man rose to his full height. By degrees he drew nearer to the mound. The white man made no sign. He only smiled while the savage came slowly forward, stopping short now and then as if doubtful whether or not the palefaced strangers

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were friends or foes. Something in De Monbreun's appearance reassured him, and he continued to advance until he was within speaking distance of the trader.

Although De Monbreun was a tall, muscular man, with an expression of daring about the mouth and the bold glance of an eagle in his black eyes, there was an attractive expression in his face which induced confidence. Altogether odd-looking, from his large head (covered with a fox skin cap with the brush left on) to his remarkably slender legs, wrapped in deerskin leggings, his picturesque appearance was completed by a dull blue shirt, over which he wore a scarlet vest—the same in which he had fought as a French soldier at the storming of Quebec. The trader made the red man understand that he was ready to exchange the goods displayed on the mound for buffalo hides and pelts of other kinds. Thereupon the savage vanished, and again De Monbreun waited. Several days later he returned with several others of his tribe, bringing peltries for trade.

In a short time the Frenchman was doing such a thriving business that he was led to make his home in the Cumberland wilderness. Seeking a safe dwelling place for himself and his wife, he chose for that purpose a cave in the cliffs of the river bank, a short distance above the site of Nashville. This was his home for many years afterwards. He and his wife used a ladder to climb to the entrance, and drew it up after them, lest beasts or men might find the way to their cave.

De Monbreun learned from the Indians with whom he dealt that long before his time another Frenchman

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had traded with their forefathers on top of the same mound on which he had built his first lodge. In the Frenchman's employ, they said, was one Carleville or Charleville, a mere boy, who grew up in the business and afterwards (when the older man came no more) succeeded to the trade, which he carried on for many years. As De Monbreun, who next came to the spring, was also a Frenchman, the place came to be called the French Salt Lick.

De Monbreun made a great deal of money through bartering with the Indians. In fact, his business increased year by year until, in order to bring enough goods to the post and carry back to Kaskaskia the bales of peltries he had ready every few months, it became necessary for him to man a fleet of boats. He made frequent journeyings to Illinois himself for the purpose of selecting his wares. To keep pace with his large trade, he had to station hunters throughout the wildest parts of the Cumberland country to add to the stock of furs carried north by his boats.

In 1778, twelve months before Robertson came to the Bluffs, one of De Monbreun's hunters had fixed his camp on Stone's River near where the Hermitage is now situated. Being a hardy, courageous fellow, used to fighting wild beasts and Indians, he was not one to be easily frightened by any creature of flesh or blood; but he was full of superstition, and had a terror of whatever was mysterious. He believed in ghosts, goblins, dragons, and giants, so it is not strange that he should be alarmed at a sight which met his eyes one day when he had returned from the hunt. There, near the door of his hut, impressed in the soft mud, he saw a number of footprints of a size which amazed

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him. They were larger than any human track he had ever seen. The hunter was used to the sight of Indians of great height, but he had never seen one who left a track as large as the print in the mud at which he now gazed in astonishment. He examined it narrowly, stooping to measure its length and breadth while he figured in his mind the height and strength of the man who had left it there that very day. In nervous dread of seeing its owner at his elbow, he arose and looked nervously about him. "Surely," said he, in a half whisper, "I have come into a land of giants. One of them has already visited my cabin. If he finds me here, I am a doomed man." Stricken with fear, he turned his back on his lodge and ran as if he were pursued to the river bank. With never a look behind, he plunged into the stream and swam across to the other shore, where he fled as fast as he could go into the woods. For days he roamed the forest, not knowing what direction to take. By chance he came to the Ohio River. From there he hastened on without stopping, and finally reached Kaskaskia, where he told about the giants who lived in the Cumberland country—marvelous tales, which made the people open their eyes in wonder.

It was not known until long afterwards that the large tracks had been made by a harmless pioneer named Thomas Sharpe Spencer, who had accidentally passed near the lodge in hunting. Spencer was indeed a man of extraordinary size, but there was nothing ferocious about him. On the contrary, he was remarkably kind and gentle-hearted. Among the earliest of pioneers, he had visited the Cumberland country in 1776 in company with John Halliday to

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explore and hunt in the unknown forests. In his wanderings he happened to go some distance from his own lodge, which was near to Bledsoe's Lick, not far from where Gallatin was afterwards built, and in passing the hut of De Monbreun's hunter he had left there his footprints in the mud.

On this and all other expeditions along the Cumberland Spencer was impressed with the variety and large size of the forest trees, as well as the richness of the soil and the abundance of long grass for pasture which he found throughout the country. He resolved to stay and plant a field in corn in the new country, instead of going back to the Holston settlement, as he had intended.

Halliday, his companion, did not care to stay; and when he found he could not persuade him, Spencer went with him as far as the border of Kentucky to put him safely that far on his way home. Kind and thoughtful to the last, the big man with the big heart broke in two pieces his long hunting knife and gave one-half to Halliday, who had unfortunately lost his own blade as he was about to take the perilous homeward journey through Kentucky.

With only half a knife and his rifle, Spencer turned back into the forest and began to look out for a site for his lonely home. He was fortunate in finding not only a suitable place for a field, but there also he found ready to hand a large dwelling, vacant of a tenant. The foundations of the structure were fastened deep in the earth, the walls were tinted silver gray, the lofty roof was lichen green, and its fretted pinnacles towered toward the sky. The dwelling had a tall opening in one side, through which Spencer

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walked into the hollow of the great sycamore tree which was to be his home, and took possession of a spacious chamber which measured nearly eleven feet across and thirty feet or more around. The new proprietor stood his gun against the wall, hung powder horn and drinking cup upon projections of the wood, and was ready for housekeeping. At nightfall he spread down a furry bearskin, rolled his blanket into a pillow, and lay down to sleep as serenely as if on a bed of down, in a house made with hands.

Spencer lived in his tree through the varying seasons of a full year, caring nothing for wind nor rain, and minding neither heat nor cold in his snug retreat. The tall sycamore known as Spencer's Tree stood many years after its tenant had passed away, and was long pointed out as an example of the magnificent growth found by the pioneers in our primeval forests.

Heroines as well as heroes of frontier life should have a place in our memory. There was Mrs. McEwen (afterwards the wife of the Rev. Samuel Doak), whose courageous spirit was shown at the siege of Houston Station (six miles from where Maryville stands). There was a garrison of only twelve white men to defend the place against the attack of more than a hundred Indians. At the first alarm the white men sprang to the portholes, while the women helped in various ways. "Give me the bullet molds," cried Mrs. McEwen. "We can surely mold the bullets while you men do the fighting." The next moment found her bending over the hearth of flagstones melting lead and pouring it into the molds. As they were finished she dealt them out rapidly to one and

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another of the soldiers. While she was thus engaged, "ping!" came a bullet from without, leaping through a crack where the chinking had been shot out of the wall, and striking near where she knelt. With perfect composure, Mrs. McEwen lifted her eyes to watch it rebound from the hard log wall and roll upon the floor; then, snatching the flattened missile she quickly melted it and molded it into a new bullet, which she gave to her husband with the remark: "Here is a ball run out of the Indians' lead. Send it back to them as quickly as possible. It is their own; let them have it and welcome."

Of the same fearless type was Mrs. Gillespie in the Holston country. Her husband was leaving home one morning to be gone several days on business. She had gone outside with him to see him off, and did not turn to reenter the house until he was out of hearing distance. As she entered the door a band of Indians, who had been watching from a canebrake near the house, rose from their hiding place and trooped in after her.

Whatever might have been her feelings, the heroic woman's manner was calm as she bade the intruders welcome. Knowing full well that savages, like bad dogs, attack those who show fear of them, she hoped by being self-possessed to avoid danger. She took no notice when one of the warriors began, with a threatening glance at her, to draw his knife back and forth across his sleeve with a movement as if he were sharpening the blade. All the while he was walking nearer by degrees to the baby's cradle in the chimney corner. His eyes were still fixed on the helpless moth-

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er as he leaned over the child and made a sign with his finger of his intention to scalp the babe.

If Mrs. Gillespie had been weak at this moment, her child would have been speedily murdered. With naturally quick wit she realized that strategy alone could save him. Rushing to the open door, she began calling with all her might, as if help was close at hand: "White men, come home! Indians! Indians!"

Completely deceived by her false alarm, the savages dashed out of the house in genuine fright, and fled pellmell down the hill toward the spring, where they scattered through the canebrake on the farther side of the branch and disappeared. But their escape was not for long. When Captain Gillespie returned and heard of their misconduct, he gathered his neighbors together, and, going out in pursuit of the band, he overtook them and punished them to his satisfaction.

George Mann's cabin was in the woods, twelve miles from the present situation of Knoxville. It was his first winter in "the new world west of the Alleghanies," and he did not know to what danger his little family might be exposed in the wilderness. He dreaded to leave home at any time lest wild beasts should attack them in his absence. To insure them some protection he loaded a gun and taught his wife how to fire it at a mark he had fastened to a tree. He then took great pains to show her how to load the weapon and how to set the double triggers, so that in case anything should happen while he was gone she might defend herself and their small children. This done, he placed the gun in its rack on the wall and, shouldering his

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other rifle, started off on a hunt to provide meat for the family table.

Mrs. Mann saw nothing of him all that day. Toward evening she heard firing in the forest beyond their stable, and went outside the house expecting to meet her husband returning from the hunt. But though she waited long, he did not appear. Night came on and still he had not returned. She had made the house as secure as she could by closing the door and letting the wooden latch fall to its place. Her little ones had been put to bed, and she was still waiting for her husband's coming when she heard voices outside laughing and talking. She sprang toward the door, feeling sure it was her husband with some neighbors. Her hand was on the latch when she stopped to listen. She could tell by this time that the words were spoken neither in English nor German nor French. There was only one other tongue in that country. The isolated woman realized that without a doubt Indians were almost at her threshold. She darted back into the room. With unnatural strength she dragged forward tables, benches, and other heavy furniture to barricade the door. For fear the children should cry or call, she piled pillows, quilts, and blankets on their bed to stifle their voices. Then she snatched the gun from its rack and placed herself to meet the danger. By this time the savages were beating on the door. The woman inside stood quite still. Her gun was pointed toward the door, which the assailants were pounding with fists and tomahawks. The noise was appalling. Prizing with gun stocks and fence rails, they were trying with might and main to enter. No shriek or word came from the pioneer

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heroine. Only by being calm and quiet could she hope to save her children. The door began to give way, yet she did not utter a sound. She merely took a step forward and watched the crack widen. An opening was made almost wide enough for an Indian to squeeze through. Against the faint moonlight Mrs. Mann could see a struggling form in the crack with others pushing hard behind him. Seizing her opportunity, she advanced and placed the muzzle of her gun almost against the foremost savage. The double triggers were set. There was an explosion, and three Indians fell outward, one upon another. The bullet had pierced the three in quick succession. Its deadly work and the perfect silence inside caused the assailants to imagine that the cabin was full of armed men. In this belief they took to their heels and fled—twenty-five warriors of them—from the fire of one lone woman.

George Mann never came back to his home. On returning late in the afternoon to his cabin he had been cut off by the same party of Indians, who afterwards tried to enter the house. It was the noise of the Indians' guns while they were killing her husband which Mrs. Mann had heard just before dark.

VII.

THE VOYAGE OF THE ADVENTURE.

AFTER a while, the people of Watauga, tired of strife, began to talk of a country still farther west, where it was thought there would be no trouble with Indians. Hunters who visited it spoke highly of a region surrounding a fine salt sulphur spring, called the French Salt Lick, near the "Bluffs," on the lower Cumberland, where there had formerly been a French trading post. They described the immediate vicinity of the spring as an opening surrounded by grand timber. The opening, they said, was covered with luxuriant grass and cane, and was frequented by buffalo and other game which came to lick the salt deposit around the spring. So great, they declared, were their numbers that "the bellowings of buffalo fell upon their ears before they came in view, like the roar of a cataract or the lumberings of a thunderstorm." The hunters also reported that the country was entirely free from Indians. There were, they said, no wigwams within hundreds of miles in any direction, and the vast hunting grounds lying between the Ohio and Cumberland Rivers had lately been peaceably purchased from the Cherokees. Colonel Henderson (the treaty maker) had bought it with the aid of Daniel Boone in a treaty with the Indians at Sycamore Shoals (Watauga), paying for the whole purchase fifty thousand dollars in blankets and trinkets. Colonel Henderson was now ready to

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sell portions of the land to any persons who applied. There were many who were anxious to go to a spot which was distant on all sides from Indians. This was the chief object of the earliest emigrants to the Cumberland country in moving farther into the wilderness. Peace, not war, was the desire of their hearts. This was the spirit in which the settlement at the French Salt Lick, where Nashville was later built, was first begun.

Among those who caught the western fever were Col. John Donelson, a noted frontier surveyor, and James Robertson, the head man of Watauga. A plan was set on foot by them to move with their own families and others to the new country. There were two ways by which to get there. One was to go five hundred miles overland through the dangerous ground of Kentucky; the other way was to take boat on the Holston, follow the current of that river and of the Tennessee, into which it flows, to the Ohio; then up to the mouth of the Cumberland and proceed up that stream to the "Big Salt Lick," making a course of two thousand miles by water. It was hard to say which route would be most hazardous. Finally, it was agreed that James Robertson should go in advance, by way of Kentucky, taking with him his good friends George Freeland, William Neely, Edward Swanson, James Handly, and William Overall, who were men of tried faithfulness and courage. The rest of the men, with all the women and children, were to follow by water with Donelson on a fleet of thirty or more boats of various shapes and sizes, led by the good boat Adventure. Robertson's wife, Charlotte Reeves Robertson, with her five children, as well as

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the families of Donelson and others, were on board the flagship Adventure, which carried a sail.

The fleet of house boats, flatboats, dugouts, and canoes left Fort Patrick Henry, on the Holston, on the 22d day of December, 1779, bound for the lower Cumberland. It would be a mistake to suppose that the pioneer families were gloomy or fearful at thought of the dangers of their long voyage. On the contrary, except when they were in immediate peril, they were remarkably gay and hopeful, perhaps a little reckless. During the four months they were on the way the emigrants beguiled the time with songs and tales and jests, besides many a dance on deck. Colonel Donelson's handsome daughter Rachel (who afterwards married the renowned Andrew Jackson) was said to have had, above the rest, "a light foot in the dance." Rachel Donelson has been elsewhere described as a young woman "with that magnetic personality that sways and controls hearts," and whose "sparkling black eyes" were the admiration of all. Diversion was otherwise found in providing game for the table. The men would often stop to fish or shoot along the banks. Among various exploits of the kind, a member of the party shot a swan on the Cumberland, which "was delicious," according to the record of Colonel Donelson in the journal which he kept of the events of the voyage. This is an interesting entry, showing that there were feathered creatures found by the early settlers now unknown in Tennessee. Still earlier travelers in the eastern part of the State have written of paroquets and other semi-tropical birds seen in its forests. Though the voyagers were as a rule buoyant and care free, the journey was not made without

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danger, suffering, and loss. One boat's crew which became infected with smallpox was necessarily allowed to drop behind, and perished at the hands of the Indians. John Cotton's boat was capsized in the "Narrows" of the Tennessee, in the swirling waters called the "Boiling Pot." Mr. Gower's boat was fired on from the heights on both sides of the "Narrows." It was then that his daughter Nancy distinguished herself for courage and presence of mind. While the men were dazed with alarm, she took the helm and steered the boat to safety, though she had been wounded by a bullet. As she uttered no groan or word of complaint, it was not suspected by those she saved that she was hurt until all danger was over, and it was found that she had been shot through the thigh.

The party who went in advance by land reached their destination long before Donelson's fleet arrived. On the cold Christmas day of 1779 they found themselves on the eastern bank of the frozen Cumberland, and crossed on ice to the Bluffs.

On May 24, 1780, the travelers by boat reached the same point on the river. They were rejoiced on landing to see that a number of snug log cabins had been built for them by Robertson and his companions. Otherwise, the prospect was rather dreary. Cane-brakes, cedars, and unbroken woods only were to be seen anywhere except in the small space about the spring, which the men had planted in corn. The light-hearted people made the best of their situation. They neatly arranged in their cabins the few articles of furniture they had brought, and turned their cattle out to graze, with bells on their necks and hobbles on their feet, until fences could be built to keep them

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from straying too far. The pioneers were then ready to cultivate the fields which had been planted by the first comers. They worked hard, and looked forward cheerfully to the time when the grain should be harvested. The brightest hopes of the new settlers were later realized. In the end their dreams of peace and plenty were fulfilled. But there was a period of fourteen years of danger from Indians, and even a short time of distress for food ahead of them in their new home before they fully reaped the reward of their courage and patient endurance of hardships.

It is true that Oconostota's warriors on the east no longer disturbed them; and that their nearest red neighbor on the west, the peace-loving Piomingo (the "Mountain Leader," who was chief of the Chickasaws) boasted that he had never shed a white man's blood in anger; yet they had dangerous enemies in the Chickamaugas, the same tribe near Lookout Mountain who had attacked their boats in the "Narrows" of the Tennessee. These and the almost equally fierce Creeks from Alabama often came, by way of a trail known to themselves, across the country to threaten the settlers on the Cumberland. Added to harassment from the savages, the pioneers, during their second winter at the Bluffs, had also to contend with scarcity of food. The cold winter of 1779-80 had killed so many of the creatures of the woods that there was but little meat to eat. And as the river that year overflowed the sulphur spring bottom in June and swept away the settlers' first crop of corn when it was knee-high, too late to replant, the people suffered equally for lack of bread. The price of the grain rose to a dollar and sixty cents a bushel, and could only be

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procured at all by sending occasional pack horses for it to Kentucky. Meal was so scarce that it was cooked in small quantities only for the aged, the sick, or the very young. Exceptions to the rule were rare occasions, such as wedding feasts, at which the bride's cake was a large loaf or "pone" of eggbread; or the arrival of strangers, before whom was invariably set the best food that could be had. Newcomers were welcome in every home, and there was no bill to pay when they left. It was the custom to give merrymakings in their honor, usually in the front yard, which was swept and strewn with wild flowers for the festival. Manufactured articles were, of course, rare on the frontiers. The only ink in use was made, as needed, from gunpowder. Horse collars of corn shucks and traces of rawhide were common. Seats were often only homemade stools, round or square. Gourds of all shapes and sizes, up to the "punger gourd," which held four or five gallons, were used for storing salt, soap, lard, and other supplies. Not a few families ate their meals with pieces of sharpened cane instead of forks, and all beat corn into meal by hand, there being no gristmills in the country. The only sugar in use was made from the boiled sap of maple trees. As the population of the settlement on the Cumberland increased, some began to grow tired of the hardships they had to endure and the dangers they had to encounter in pioneer life. In their discontent they openly declared that they were sorry they had ever come into the wilderness.

At last, when affairs grew desperate, the malcontents publicly proposed that they should all abandon the place and move away in a body. They were for

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going at once. Others were for staying, and still others frankly said they would be guided in the matter by the advice of James Robertson, who had not yet spoken his views on the subject. He knew the difficulties and perils. He had weighed the matter well and, being urged, he called the men to meet in council and said to them: "I do not deny the great danger we are in, both from starvation and from savages. Whether we go or whether we stay, we may all be destroyed, either here in our homes or on our way back through Kentucky. Yet you all, each one of you, must decide for yourselves. As for me and mine, we will stay."

Only a few of the men decided to leave. The remainder, encouraged by his steadfast example, said they would stand by their leader and share his fate. From that time they gave up thoughts of seeking ease in older communities and went earnestly to work to make their own situation what they desired it to be. By hard labor and brave resistance they laid the foundation of Middle Tennessee with the rifle and the ax. By their courage and fortitude Robertson's journey by land was turned to good account; and as a result of their determination the voyage of the "good boat Adventure" was saved from being a futile enterprise.

VIII.

THE HORNETS' NEST.

THERE was a time during the Revolutionary War when the British army overran North Carolina. The veteran royal troops under Cruger and Ferguson and Tarleton went about throughout the country just east of the Unaka Mountains burning houses, robbing and abusing the owners, and driving from their homes all who loved liberty. Whole families roamed from place to place, not having where to lay their heads. Women and children fled across the mountains for safety. Some on horseback, some on foot, they toiled over the Unakas to seek refuge among the free-spirited backwoods settlers who had never yet bowed the neck to an English king. Into their simple pioneer homes the wanderers were kindly welcomed. No door in the Watauga settlement was closed against the homeless. In Carter's Valley and on the Nollichucky River they were welcomed. There was scarcely a cabin in the border country without its refugee Carolina guests.

The families of Colonel Clarke, Colonel McDowell, and other Carolinians who were out fighting against the British were comfortably housed in the home of Captain John Sevier on the Nollichucky.

Wherever the refugees told their story of the hardships they had suffered, the frontiersmen were stirred to more active resistance to the English. They wanted to mount their fleet horses and dash across the border, as they had done at Thickety Fort, and punish the

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offenders at once. If only Nollichucky Jack (as they called their beloved Captain Sevier) would be their leader, they felt sure of success, for the British feared him as they would a **human** hornet, and called the borderland through which he ranged the "Hornets' Nest."

While the backwoodsmen were in this restless humor, Col. Patrick Ferguson recklessly insulted every patriot on the western frontier anew. He was foolhardy enough to send a special messenger from his camp near Gilbert Town, east of the Blue Ridge, direct to "King's Meadows," Col. Isaac Shelby's cattle ranch (near the present site of Bristol), with an insolent message to Shelby himself, as well as to Sevier and other border leaders and their followers. Said Ferguson to his courier, in the blindness of his folly: "Tell that set of banditti to stay at home and keep quiet, or I will cross the mountain and have their hornets' nest burned out."

If the British colonel had disturbed an actual nest of hornets, he could not have caused a greater uproar. In hot haste Colonel Shelby mounted his horse to take the important news to John Sevier, "the efficient commander of Washington County," and concert with him for measures of defense. The hardy Shelby, a man of grand size and great endurance, traveled fully fifty miles southward from his ranch before he rode under the crossbeam of the gateway into Sevier's picketed yard. In the log house on the Nollichucky the two soldierly men talked long and anxiously about the affairs of their country. Firmly resolved never to be ruled by prince or king or royal governor, they determined to defend their over-mountain land against

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the British army to the last. Though the revolutionary cause seemed to be lost, General Washington himself having lately said, "I have almost ceased to hope," they made up their minds to remain unconquered. With the spirit which afterwards gained for their land the title of the "Young Switzerland of America," the resolute leaders agreed that, though New England and all the other colonies might be forced to yield to the tyranny of England, they would keep one spot in America free, or die in the attempt.

In considering their plans, Sevier's advice, in accordance with his usual rule of warfare, was to "take the war into the enemy's country." With their mountain men (the border soldiers who could stay in the saddle a week at a time), he believed it would be possible to hunt out the British colonel and bring him to account for his arrogance.

Their course being decided upon, the two commanders called a meeting of officers and set to work to collect troops from all parts of the country. Before separating they appointed Sycamore Shoals (Watauga Old Fields) as the place of meeting, and named a day for the march over the mountains.

Colonel Shelby went back to King's Meadows to rouse the backwater men on the Virginia border, while Sevier called around him his own confidential followers. His eyes were full of determination as he said to them: "Go tell my men to come and help me thrash Ferguson."

Without delay each trusty courier sprang to the saddle and sped away to rally the patriots of the frontier country. There was not a cove or valley which they did not penetrate with the message. Nor

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was there a mountain height on which a cabin might be perched where they did not tell the news. "The Redcoats are coming!" they shouted aloud; "rally for 'Chucky Jack and freedom!'" And on they went through all the thinly settled region, only pausing long enough at each "clearing" to cry: "Ferguson is not far off, making his boasts that he will come and burn out our hornets' nest and hang our leaders. Rally for 'Chucky Jack! The Redcoats are coming!'"

The refugee women and children trembled at the thought of being hunted out again by the ruthless "regulars" of Ferguson's army. But when they saw how eagerly each frontiersman took his rifle from the deer horn rack and flung himself across his horse to answer the summons, they could not but feel secure again. There was swift mounting and there were hurried partings, at the stirring call to arms. The spirit of the backwoods was on fire. Like hornets, indeed, the men were darting out to sting the enemy who threatened their homes, their liberties, and their lives. Sevier had called to them: "Come and help me thrash Ferguson." What more was needed to bring every true man to his side?

Volunteers came promptly from mountain and cove. Captain Robert Sevier brought his light horsemen to his brother's aid, and the "Tall Watauga Boys," whose old leader, James Robertson, had lately moved with a number of families still farther westward, were eager to follow Sevier.

Colonel Shelby and the two valiant Campbells had already collected a considerable force of Virginians to join in the quick, sharp raid Sevier proposed to make

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across the mountains to whip Ferguson in his camp at Gilbert Town. At the same time McDowell, Hampton, and Cleveland, from North Carolina, readily agreed to unite with him in carrying out his plan. For some days the various leaders were actively engaged in preparation; and their evenings, far into the night, were spent together in consultation over the details of the campaign.

Those were busy days for John Sevier as well as for the young mistress of his home, formerly the "Bonny Kate" Sherrill, whose heart and hands were full with ministering to the refugees who had come to them for shelter. The many rooms in Sevier's residence (which was a collection of log buildings added from time to time as they had been needed) were all required for the company now under his rambling roofs. Yet notwithstanding the unusual stress of household duties Catherine Sherrill found time for numerous acts of charity. Among those to whom she gave daily help was poor Nancy Dyke, who came regularly for a "measure of meal and a flitch of bacon." Nancy's worthless husband, a despised Tory, had left her and her small children in their hut in the forest the year before; and but for Mrs. Sevier's charity, they would have starved.

One morning, preparing to supply the wants of the abandoned family, Mrs. Sevier had turned the great iron key in the smokehouse door, when she was startled by a sob from the poor creature at her side. "What ails you, Nancy?" was asked so compassionately that tears started to Nancy's eyes, and with an outcry she threw herself at the kind lady's feet.

"You are so good to me," she said between sobs,

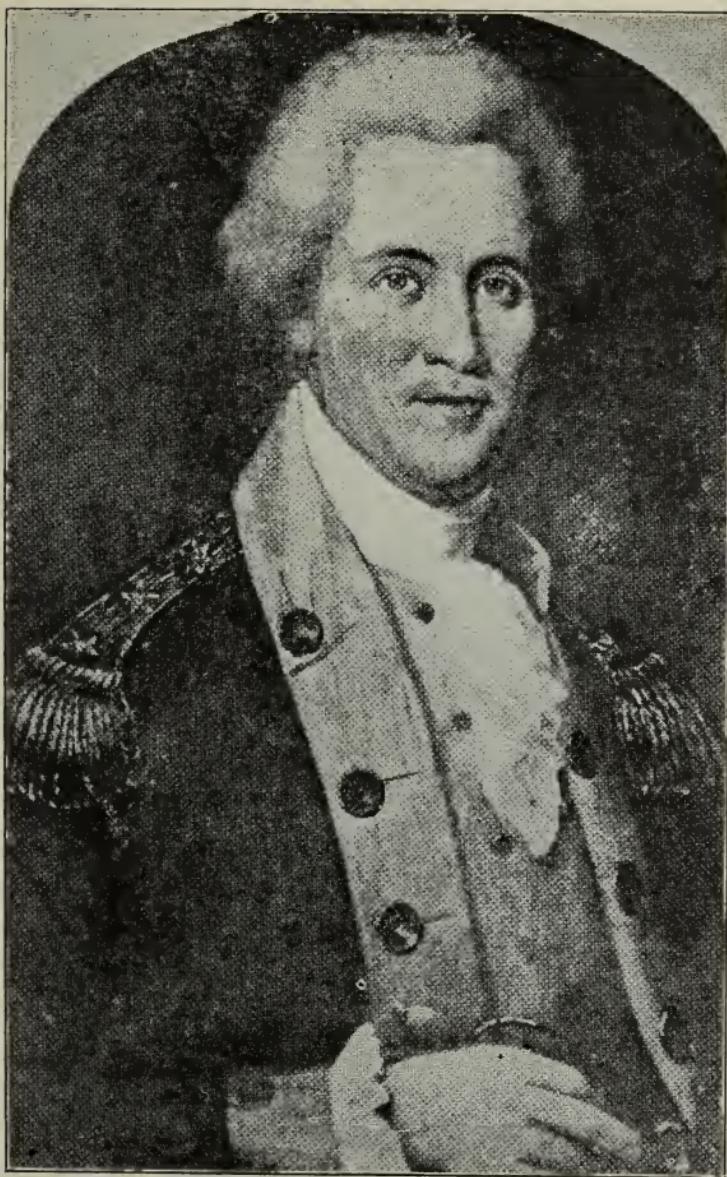
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"that I cannot see danger come nigh your husband and not tell you what I know."

"Danger to my husband?" cried Mrs. Sevier in alarm. "What can you mean? Speak!"

The woman hesitated, but the truth was forced from her lips. "Why, ma'am," she faltered, "he's come back to me, Dyke has. Last night there were some bad 'king's men' talking with him outside the door. I heard them through the chink say: 'Nollichucky Jack does not bar his doors at night. It will be easy work while he sleeps to rid the country of him and do the king a service.' They mean to kill Captain Sevier this very night." Then, frightened at what she had said, Nancy began to beg for mercy for her husband. "Don't let him be hurt," she pleaded. "He was not always the 'Traitor Bill Dyke' they call him now. He used to treat me well."

Her pitiful prayer would have been heard and the culprit would have been spared for the sake of his wife if the matter had rested with Captain Sevier. But the men of Nollichucky were excited to indignation when they heard of this Tory plot to take the life of their commander. Indeed, they could scarcely wait an hour to get their hands on Bill Dyke. Yet, when they caught him that night, they were merciful enough not to hang the criminal. They only stripped him of his clothing and gave him, in its place, an ample coat of tar and feathers. Turned loose in this sorry plight, the wretched man went flying across the mountain like an evil bird, as straight as he could go to Ferguson's camp. There he told of the gathering of the back-woodsmen, and offered to guide the British troops into the heart of the frontier country by an easy route.



JOHN SEVIER.

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But when Ferguson heard what a stir his threats had caused he backed quickly, as far as he could, toward the interior of North Carolina. Having reached what he thought was a safe position, he stopped and made the boastful declaration that, "as to those barbarians from the backwoods," he did not fear them. With blasphemous oaths he defied any power in heaven or earth to overcome him. Colonel Ferguson did not then know the lesson that was afterwards taught him: that men who are fighting for their homes are always to be feared, no matter how few their numbers.

On the 25th day of September, 1780, men, women, and children, black and white, all who could walk or ride, poured into the camp at Watauga Old Fields, the rendezvous of the border troops. Never before in the Western wilds had there been such a gathering of people as met there near the old fort where Elizabethton now stands. Under the shade of the oaks that fringed the old field the volunteers were grouped, surrounded by friends who cheered, comforted, and advised while they waited for the order to march. Pride flashed in Nollichucky Jack's eyes as he rode up and down the field reviewing his men. His were soldiers of whom a commander might well be proud, though they were dressed in homespun hunting shirts and leggings (fringed and tasseled), with buck's tails in their hats for plumes, and had only rations of parched corn in the deer hide knapsacks on their backs. To a man, they were remarkable for height and strength of body; and each one of them was a sure marksman with his flintlock gun, as well as skillful in the use of the knife or tomahawk in his belt.

Sevier's erect figure, wherever it appeared, was the

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signal for hearty cheers and greetings. Every man in the ranks was his devoted friend. He had something to say to each, with special, personal kindness. To all alike he said in the quiet, magnetic voice which made his lightest word a command: "We must whip Ferguson." The cry was caught up from man to man, spreading from rank to rank, and gathering force as it went, till the Watauga hills resounded with the shout: "We must whip Ferguson!"

The ardor of Sevier's own spirit was ablaze in every heart. It seemed a propitious moment to begin the march. Yet there was a pause and a few moments of waiting for something of importance which was first to be done. Not until the blessing of God had been asked for their undertaking would the patriot band be ready to sweep out on the trail after Ferguson.

The Rev. Samuel Doak had been in camp all day, preparing the soldiers' souls for the dangers they were so soon to meet. It was the same "Parson Doak" who had brought the first collection of books worthy to be called a library to the wilderness of the southwest. On leaving his *Alma Mater*, the college of Princeton, as a young man, he had packed his books upon his horse and had driven the laden beast across the Alleghanies and across Virginia, himself walking behind, to the new settlement on Watauga. There he had founded a college and a church in which he eloquently exhorted his hearers to "Cease to do evil and learn to do well." And now his people called upon the good man, "whose smile was a benediction in itself," to offer for them and their cause a final prayer.

Making a wide circle, the backwoodsmen surrounded the parson in his black skullcap, long cloak,

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knee breeches, and buckled shoes. Reverently, with bared heads they bowed in silence while Father Doak placed them in care of the "Giver of all victories." The prayer ended, he spoke to the patriots, as only he could, burning words that sent the blood tingling through their veins. When at the last he raised his voice in the command, "Go forth, my brave men, go forth with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" he was answered by a shout that seemed to shake the earth.

With one impulse the men sprang to their saddles and started up the stony mountain path, calling back again: "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" In long Indian file they toiled on and upward, still shouting, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" The sound, mingling with the other cry, "We must whip Ferguson," was borne to the people in the camp grounds below, who still stood, with prayers and blessings on their lips, straining ears and eyes after the departing sons, husbands, fathers, brothers until the last soldier was out of view. The men from the Hornets' Nest were off in a swarm after Ferguson. How they stung his army and silenced his wicked boasts in the battle of King's Mountain is a story to be told hereafter.

IX.

ON TO KING'S MOUNTAIN.

THE over-mountain men rushed down the eastern slopes of the Blue Ridge, hot on the trail after Patrick Ferguson. The colonel of the British "regulars" had goaded the backwoods soldiers to fury by his gibes and taunts. Great was their chagrin then, on reaching the level country, to find that he had broken camp at Gilbert Town and was already far on his way eastward. What to do now the frontier leaders could not tell. They knew that Colonel Ferguson was hurrying to reach Cornwallis's army before they should overtake him, but they could learn nothing of his exact whereabouts. If they allowed him to get away, he would be sure to reënforce his army and return with overwhelming numbers to give battle. If, on the other hand, they followed too far, they might be led directly into the enemy's lines. Only one thing was certain: Ferguson was out of reach, at least for the present. The angry swarm of backwoodsmen, pouring out of the region which Ferguson had contemptuously called the "Hornets' Nest," was suddenly checked and confused. In their dilemma the patriot army halted for the night. Their able commanders, Colonels Shelby, McDowell, and Sevier, led by Colonel Campbell, concluded to await the arrival of Colonel Cleveland before going farther. Cleveland and his rough riders from Wilkes and Surrey Counties, in North Carolina,

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had promised to join the over-mountain men as soon as they should have crossed the dividing range. The latter had not long to wait. Early in the night the tramp of a mounted troop was heard not far off. At length a band of weather-beaten soldiers, led by the "brave and gentle Cleveland," filed down the mountain path out of the shadows of the forest into the ruddy light of the camp fires. Behind the hardy rough riders, whose lives were spent in the saddle, trooped a motley crowd of North Carolina patriots, men without officers and officers without men. They were the remnant of disbanded troops who, having fought the British as long as their ranks could hold together, had now come singly and in groups to volunteer in the desperate raid after Ferguson. Mingled with these determined men of war were numbers of women and children whose homes had been destroyed by the legions of Tarleton and Cruger. Having nowhere else to go, they had followed their husbands and fathers to war. As they could not be safely left behind, they had been allowed to come thus far from the ruins of their houses to await the result of the fight with Ferguson. The return to home, the enjoyment of liberty, everything dear to these helpless wanderers, depended upon the issue of the expected battle.

The dawn of next morning's light showed the faces of the refugees pale and haggard from marching and watching. Col. John Sevier was moved to pity at the thought that their only hope, as well as the hope of all good Americans, lay in the success of the enterprise in hand. The cause of the Revolution seemed well-nigh lost. A victory for the patriots was the absolute need of the hour. Sevier felt sure that a decided triumph

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over the skillful Ferguson would serve to turn the tide of war in favor of the Americans, and make it possible for the people to return to their homes.

Impressed with the idea that the enemy must be overtaken at all hazards, he said emphatically, in council with the other officers: "We must catch Ferguson, wherever he may be." The noted scout, Enoch Gilmer, coming in at that moment from a reconnoitering expedition, remarked, with a twinkle in his eyes: "Very well, then; I can tell you where he is. But you will have to be quick to overtake him. This very morning I saw his army, fourteen hundred strong. It was already ten miles from last night's encampment, and still moving forward." In proof of his statements, Gilmer delivered up a dispatch he had captured from a courier sent by Ferguson to Cornwallis. From the dispatch it was learned that Ferguson would soon be intrenched on a ridge he called King's Mountain; and while he boasted of the strength of the position, it was noticed that he urged his general to send reinforcements to him at once. The patriots realized that if he should fortify the crest of King's Mountain and be joined there by still other troops it would be madness to attack him, yet Sevier insisted upon following his trail.

Consequently, a forced march was agreed upon, although there were only about nine hundred of the frontier patriots in condition to join in the long, rapid pursuit of the enemy. Toward evening such soldiers as were fit were chosen out, and the rest were ordered to wait in camp for the return of the army. But the order did not suit the spirit of the patriotic foot soldiers who had volunteered to join in the desperate ex-

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pedition. If Ferguson was to be caught, they wanted to help catch him. They had come out to fight, and would not be put off. Even though they might not hope to keep pace with the fleet mountain horses of the riflemen, they insisted upon starting out with the raiders and going as far as possible on the way. The women also, not wishing to be left behind, declared that they would take their children by the hand and follow the army as long as they could walk.

Notwithstanding the ardor of the men and the desperation of the women, they could not have kept up with the cavalry had not a heavy rain begun to fall. A deluge of water turned the roads into sloughs of mud through which no horse could travel rapidly. The night was dark, and the air was chill. Torrents of rain were falling, but the patriotic fires in the hearts of the devoted band were not quenched. The nine hundred picked riflemen started buoyantly on their errand to catch Ferguson. Behind them trudged the foot soldiers and their families. All night long and into the following day the storm raged in the forests through which they passed. Trees bent almost to the ground under the wind. Boughs were tossed to and fro, and limbs, catching hold of each other, creaked dismally; the blackness of night was made still darker by clouds, and in the morning daylight was obscured by downpouring floods. Still the resolute patriots pressed forward. Their only fear was that Ferguson might escape them. Their only anxiety was to keep their powder dry. Each man took care to shield his rifle from dampness by covering it with his blanket. Many of them stripped off their hunting shirts to wrap around the gunlocks, and left their

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shivering bodies exposed to the elements. At the deep ford of Broad River, which they had to cross, the cavalrymen held their rifles high overhead to protect them from the splashing of the water. At the same time many of them were encumbered with a foot soldier behind, or else a woman or a child who had been taken up to be helped over the stream.

As nearly every inhabitant of the country who was not a "king's man" had been driven away by the British, it was hard for the patriots to get correct information about Ferguson's movements. Had not their guide, the sharp-witted scout Gilmer, been too shrewd to be deceived by "tricky Tories," they might have been misled and sent on the wrong road time and again by false reports. Gilmer trusted none of them, but by questioning them he often gained information while they did not suspect his object, which served to keep the pursuing army on the right trail.

The scout usually rode some distance in advance, and when all was well he would loudly sing the old song "Barney Lynn." Guided by his cheery voice, the frontiersmen on the second day reached a point where various signs showed that Ferguson's army had recently camped. The Americans, who were by this time tired and hungry, thought it a good place also for themselves to stop and rest—that is, the soldiers thought so, and their immediate officers readily consented, seeing that some of the men were so exhausted that they had sunk in their saddles, unable to sit erect. The horses of others had given out completely, and there was not a man among them who was not drenched to the skin and chilled throughout. Accordingly, the captains urged the higher officers to allow

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the men a short rest. "A slight halt," they suggested, "if only for half a day, will restore our worn-out companies and enable them to fight the battle."

But the commanders were determined to push on. They felt sure that Ferguson was not far off. He must be overtaken before help reached him from Cornwallis. Speaking for his own regiment, Isaac Shelby straightened his form to full height and said: "We will not stop until night, if we follow Ferguson into Cornwallis's lines." Campbell's answer was his general order to the army: "Forward, march!"

Sevier led the way, calling aloud, "Onward, men, onward!" with an enthusiastic ring in his voice which put new life into the weary bodies of the soldiers. Following briskly, they cried: "We will catch Ferguson, and we will whip him to boot."

The over-mountain men were getting within reach of their quarry. Once they heard of Ferguson as being eleven miles off, then eight, and again only five. Soon afterwards, they came to a house on the roadside where they asked for information. The people within, being Tories, would only say: "Ferguson is not far off." Two of Sevier's men had gone in to question them, and not being able to learn anything more, they left the house in disappointment. They had not gone far, however, before they heard a woman's voice behind them saying softly: "How many of you poor fellows are there?" The kindness of her tones assured the soldiers that the woman who had followed them out sympathized with the cause of the Revolution, so one of the two promptly answered her, saying: "There are enough to whip Ferguson." And the other, with a questioning look, added: "That is, if we can find him

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--with the help of a friend?" With a nod of assent, the woman led the men a little apart and pointed to a ridge some distance off, which appeared to be about a mile long. "He is on that mountain," she said briefly.

"How far is it?" asked the eager soldiers.

"Scarcely three miles," was the answer. "I sold chickens in his camp this morning. His tents are pitched on top of the ridge. He has fortified the place, and calls it King's Mountain."

The leaders, on learning that the enemy's position was in sight, began a more rapid march. It was now noon of the third day. The clouds were parting, and the sun had burst forth in early October splendor. Nature's smiles seemed to foretell success. The patriots hastened on until they were in full view of the British camp. On the summit of the pine-covered ridge they saw high breastworks of earth and stones piled up in jagged walls. Behind the walls white tents and baggage wagons capped the mountain as if with snow, and over all floated the red flag of England. Here and there the glint of bayonet steel and flash of scarlet uniforms showed that the regulars were in motion, preparing for the fray. Among them the trained Tory bands, under Gibbs and Moore, could also be descried. Coming to engage them were but a few travel-stained backwoodsmen. Worn out with days and nights of almost continuous riding, they had paused to take breath on the hillside opposite King's Mountain. Though they were suffering from exposure and want of sleep, they were none the less willing to meet the adroit Ferguson on his own chosen ground. Crowded behind the mounted men were the foot soldiers, and still behind were huddled the refugee fam-

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ilies. How the women had managed to keep up with the army was a mystery. It was hard to believe that they and the children (albeit the latter were sturdy urchins from the hill country) had come on foot almost every step of the way. They were now watching every movement of the troops with interest and listening anxiously to every word, for the fate of all depended on the courage and endurance of the men.

Presently, along the lines rang the words: "Dismount! Tie up horses to the branches of trees." Then in quick succession came orders to "Take off great-coats and blankets. Tie to your saddles. Throw priming out of pans. Each man prime anew. Examine bullets and see that everything is in readiness for battle."

Campbell waved his hand toward the "Redcoats," calling out: "Here they are! Now do your duty, my brave men." Cleveland likewise pointed to the mountain as he rode up and down his ranks, saying: "Yonder is your enemy, and the enemy of mankind. Now is the time for you to do your country a priceless service."

Shelby, ever calmly stern, gave grim instructions to his men. "Never shoot," said he, "until you see an enemy's eyes, and never see an enemy without bringing him down." Sevier's speeches to his men were short. Following him they had never known defeat, and they thought only of victory. They had caught Ferguson; the next thing was to whip him. Campbell gave the order to advance. The tall, sinewy frontiersmen marched at his command to the base of the mountain. Here they paused and separated. One half of the army turned to the right, led by Sevier and Campbell;

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the other half, under Cleveland and Shelby, went to the left. Swiftly and noiselessly the drenched and bedraggled backwoodsmen stole around the ridge in Indian file, completely encircling its base. The heads of the two columns had come within view of each other and the coil was thrown fully around Ferguson's post before the silence was broken. "Halt, and face the mountain!" was the first word of command. Hardly was the order carried out before the long, loud roll of the British drums pealed forth overhead. The sound was instantly followed by a volley of musketry and a patter of English bullets through the trees. This was the signal for the patriots to begin climbing the mountain on all sides at once.

Shelby bade his men not to return the fire that fell upon them while they were struggling through a rough ravine. "Press on to your places at the top," he exhorted, "and your bullets will not be wasted." Opposite Shelby, on the steep slope of the other side of the ridge, Campbell's men climbed painfully and perilously upward. As they had to grasp shrubs and roots to aid them in the ascent, their hands were not free to shoot. Cleveland was making his way slowly to the top over at the eastern end of the mountain. "A little nearer, my brave men," he urged persuasively. "We have beaten the Tories, and we can beat them again."

Meantime Sevier's men, already halfway up the hill, had found a gap through which they pressed toward the enemy's center. Leading the way himself, with the excitement of battle lighting his eyes, Sevier called back confidently: "Come on and whip Ferguson."

Presently the whole patriot force had reached the



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top, and Ferguson was closely encompassed by those he had scornfully termed "the dregs of mankind." At sight of the untrained soldiery for whom he felt only contempt, the colonel of the British line hurled fresh insults at them and shouted blasphemous orders to his own men by turns. It was while he was trying to impress his scarlet-coated regulars with the belief that their foes were hardly worth their notice that the "Tall Watauga Boys" raised a shout. It was the mountain battle cry which has since become famous as the "Tennessee yell," and was caught up in succession by Shelby's, Campbell's, McDowell's, and Cleveland's men with a vigor that sent a tremor down Ferguson's line, unnerving the British soldiers as if it had been a blast from the trumpets of Gideon's band. Even Major De Peyster, their second in command, was struck by despair in hearing the shout, and exclaimed: "These are those yelling woodsmen. Everything goes down before them."

Not so, Colonel Ferguson. With pride stung to the quick, he tore up and down his ranks on horseback, swearing at his men, shaming them, and abusing them for cowardice. By dint of his efforts they took heart again, and the fight began in earnest.

Near the center, Sevier's mountaineers had sprung to the barricades and thrust their guns over the top-most stones. "Single out your men, take aim, and fire," cried their leader, and instantly with the sharp crack of backwoods rifles a path was mowed through the thick of the British ranks. The closely massed Tories there formed a broad target for picked riflemen. In vain De Peyster came with a charge of bayonets against the men behind the wall. Out of one

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hundred soldiers led by him to the barricades only twelve escaped the bullets of the Watauga boys.

Ferguson saw the danger. Summoning his cavalry by a blast on his silver whistle, he hurried with them to charge the dangerous marksmen. This was only to offer to their skill an easier mark. As fast as the horsemen approached they were dispatched by the sharpshooters. Ferguson himself was almost the only one unhurt when he abandoned the attempt to dislodge Sevier, and turned his attention elsewhere.

By this time Campbell, having gained the top of the hill, spurred forward, waving his ancestral claymore of the Argyles above his head as he cried: "Here they are, my brave boys! Shout like wild beasts, and fight like men!" a conspicuous evidence of courage which brought the infuriated Ferguson on him in person. The British commander massed his Redcoats in Campbell's path. With the order to charge bayonets he advanced and pressed the Americans backward down the hill. Shelby's and Cleveland's men, coming up from the opposite side and seeing the backs of the Redcoats turned toward themselves, thought their foes were running. "They are retreating! The enemy are retreating!" shouted the deceived Americans, as they rushed after them in pursuit.

Attacked at the same time in front and rear, Ferguson turned to face first one foe and then the other, as would any maddened creature when encircled by angry hornets. When the British whirled about to fight Shelby and Cleveland, Campbell's men followed after, hurrying them uphill with a hot fire behind them. Thus Shelby's men were driven ahead of the enemy across the ridge and quite down to the bottom

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on the other side. Cleveland, who had got in behind the British, followed with Campbell hard behind Ferguson's men.

In the confusion, lines became so mixed that the soldiers could hardly tell who were friends or foes on either side. A wreath of smoke hung around the summit of the mountain. Along its sides smoke gathered in billows which were rent with flashes of fire that revealed here and there where the troops of Cleveland, Campbell, Shelby, and McDowell were struggling with the enemy.

In the thick of the fight, near the foot of the hill, stood Campbell, halfway between the head of his column and the British, shouting to his men: "Now, boys, reload, and give them another fire!" Warmly he implores them to remember their homes and rally to the charge. But they appear not to hear his entreaties. They are deaf, as it seems, to his commands. Their limbs seem palsied by a shout that reaches them from the British lines. Again they hear the exultant cry of their enemies as they call out: "Tarleton and his legion are coming!" If this be true, if the cruel Tarleton, who shows no mercy, gives no quarter, and loses no battles, is near, then farewell to hope. In their dread of such a mischance the patriots lose confidence. They are beginning to waver. It is useless for Campbell to exhort them, saying: "Come on! Another gun will do it!" "Tarleton and his legion are coming!" rings out again. The bare idea of fresh troops arriving to aid the enemy unnerves the hands of the patriots. Although their leader's voice rises above the crash and din of battle in ceaseless efforts to rally his men, they do not move, and Campbell is in despair.

But Sevier has also heard the British cry, and knows its full meaning. He realizes that a break in one part of the field will bring defeat at every point. Almost with the thought he is at Campbell's side, bringing half of his own men with him. The sight of one who always claims victory is good for the panic-stricken troops. When the British cry again, "Tarleton is coming!" Sevier has only to say, "Let them come on, my men, Gibbs and Moore and their Tories, and Tarleton and his dragoons to boot," to calm their excited minds. And when he further reasons with them, saying, "One more charge will finish Ferguson, and then we will finish Tarleton and his Tories," he is answered from the ranks with cheers. The words of a man who has fought a hundred battles and never yet been defeated carry peculiar weight. As if inspired by him with the spirit of victory, the patriots leaped forward and pushed the British before them. The sudden onset was irresistible. When the Red-coats faltered under its fury, all the Americans began to close in around them at once. Bullets from the Hornets' Nest were stinging Ferguson's ranks on every side. The narrowing circle of marksmen was finally drawn so close about the British that the missiles flying from this side and that crossed each other in the air. Ferguson himself was in instant peril as he dashed from end to end of his lines, shouting and sounding his shrill whistle to stimulate or direct his men. Though he found himself completely hemmed in, he declared there should be no surrender as long as he lived. With his own hands he tore down the white flag which the Tories had raised a moment before. Scarcely had it been lowered before another

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white signal was fluttering from a pole at the other end of the line. Spurring his horse to the spot, Colonel Ferguson hacked the staff in two with his sword, exclaiming as he did so: "I will never surrender to a lot of banditti."

Though De Peyster represented to his chief that they could hold out no longer, Ferguson swore he would not yield. He would not yield, but he had despaired of success. It was impossible, perhaps, to save his army, but it might be that by flight he could avoid for himself the shame of surrendering to the backwoods leaders. With sudden resolve, the British commander whirled his horse and, riding toward the thinnest part of the American lines, made a dash for escape. Boldly he cut his way, hacking right and left, until his sword was broken and fell, useless, from his hand.

It was so quickly done that no one suspected his purpose. He was almost free, when the cry, "Look-out for Ferguson!" was raised. The fugitive was headed off barely in time. Turned back on one side and another, the baffled officer, by ill luck, sprang toward Sevier's riflemen. Gilliland, the first one he passed, would have brought him down had he been able with his wounded arm to lift his gun. Being unable to shoot, he could only raise the alarm by crying: "There he goes! There's Ferguson! Shoot him, Robert Young!"

Not waiting on Robert Young, Darling Jones, another Wataugan, sighted along his rifle and fired, as he drawled out: "I'll see what 'Sweet Lips' can do." The bullet that killed Patrick Ferguson, Colonel of the Seventy-First Regiment of the British infantry,

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went singing out of an old musket from the Hornets' Nest. The enemy of freedom fell dead, and the king's cause was touched in a vital spot.

Rounds of cheers from free throats told the friends over there on the opposite hill that the patriots had won. From their triumphant cries the Tories learned that all was over for them. The white flag was up again, and De Peyster was asking for quarter. It was a complete victory which the frontiersmen, despised by Ferguson, had won over his regular troops and well-trained Tories on King's Mountain; but the fruits of the victory were yet to be secured.

"Close up and surround the enemy," ordered Colonel Campbell. The various regiments promptly obeyed. "Double guard!" he cried, and his men stood four deep around their prisoners. To the latter, crowded together in the center, Campbell called in a loud voice, saying: "Lay down your arms!" With a clang, seven hundred muskets rattled to the ground. Then Campbell's battle-stained face shone with enthusiasm as he faced his ranks and cried: "Three huzzas for liberty!" A notable shout rang around the mountain in response, a sound at which the women, listening on the hillside, wept for joy.

While cries of triumph were still in the air, it was discovered that there were more prisoners than there were patriots to hold them. At the same time an officer suggested that they had "only to seize their guns and fight the battle over again," if reinforcements should even now arrive. In consequence of such an apprehension the prisoners were at once ordered away from their arms, of which the Americans took prompt possession.

On to King's Mountain.

The last shot had been fired on King's Mountain. The battle was over. Night was coming on, and it was turning cold. The chill air began to stiffen the limbs of the tired victors. Before they could realize their own happy feelings their eyes grew heavy with sleep and many of them dropped to the ground where they were, to take their rest on the battlefield. There they slept all night, almost as quietly as the dead around them. A small party of foot soldiers, however, preferred not to remain with the rest. They started wearily to walk over to the hillside beyond, to join their waiting families.

Whether or not they would be recognized, with their smoke-blackened faces, tumbled hair, and bandaged limbs, was doubtful. So thought Joseph Herndon, whose head was bound in a handkerchief, and who was further disguised by having his face dark with powder burns, and his eyebrows singed off. In the midst of his cogitations he saw two little boys coming toward him down the hill. In all innocence, the elder of the two asked him: "Have you seen our daddy?"

A humorous smile played over Herndon's mouth. "What is his name?" he asked of the child.

"His name is Joseph Herndon, sir, and our mother has sent us to hunt for him."

"Why, don't you know your old daddy?" cried the father, as he strained both little fellows to his breast.

In glad reunions like this, or else in heavy sleep, the rank and file passed the night after the battle; but not so with the officers. In spite of pain and fatigue, they watched and waited all night for the coming of Tarleton's legion. If it, all fresh and

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strong, should fall upon their exhausted little band, what then?

Amid anxious thought and great bodily suffering the long night passed at last. And with the rising of a brilliant sun rose hope and courage. Col. John Sevier, buoyant as usual, rode among his men cheering them and praising them for the victory they had won the day before. And referring to the future he said: "The tide will turn from this hour, in favor of the Americans."

His prediction was verified by after events. From the date of the battle of King's Mountain the American cause was successful. One victory followed another in various parts of the country until the final triumph at Yorktown set our forefathers free. Long before that happy day the North Carolina refugees had been restored to peaceful possession of their farms and dwellings, and the Hornets' Nest beyond the mountain had been rid forever of meddling foreigners.

X.

A FAMOUS RESCUE.*

IT was almost past belief that John Sevier had been handcuffed and thrown in prison. Yet it was true that the hero of King's Mountain, and of a hundred battles besides, had spent the night in chains, confined in a house near Jonesboro, in the Watauga settlement. At sunrise he was on his way across the mountain to Morganton, N. C., under guard of State officers, to be tried for high treason. And what was his crime? Only that he had loved too well the overmountain land that afterwards came to be called Tennessee.

The chivalrous Sevier had devoted his life to the pioneers who lived on the Watauga and Nollichucky Rivers and in Carter's Valley. He had stood between them and British oppression with both his sword and his pen; and by his daring exploits in fighting the Indians he had kept the whole people safe from danger of massacre through many a year. It was Sevier who helped to frame the simple, yet almost perfect, laws by which the frontier settlers had ruled

*There is a later version of this incident, so far as it relates to the scenes at Morganton, in which some of the details here narrated have been proved (through the painstaking research of Judge John Allison) to be incorrect. But this is the *old tale* as told around the firesides of our forefathers and as it is set down in all the earliest histories of Tennessee,

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themselves, long before North Carolina had reached out a hand either to claim or to protect them. It was Sevier who, at the very beginning of the American Revolution, begged North Carolina to allow his people to join in the fight for American independence, saying in his appeal to the mother State: "Annex us to North Carolina in such manner as may enable us to share in the glorious cause of liberty." Again it was Sevier who befriended the over-mountain men when they were cast off and neglected by North Carolina after they had saved the Revolutionary cause at King's Mountain.

At that time there was special need of strong, good government in the settlements west of the Unaka Range. Yet that borderland had been abandoned not only by the parent State, but also by the Government at Washington, and left to stand alone without representation in any body of legislators. In their isolation the forsaken people of the wilderness thought it no harm to set up a State of their own, which they called Franklin, in honor of the great philosopher of that name. Sevier was entreated by them to become the Governor of Franklin, and he yielded to the wishes of his people. Herein lay his whole offense against North Carolina. The pardonable fault was made much of by an enemy who had long sought to injure Sevier.

Though the State of Franklin soon fell to pieces and the country came again under the rule of North Carolina, the Governor of Franklin was called to account. Sevier's old foe prevailed on Governor Johnston, of North Carolina, to have a bench warrant issued for his arrest on July 29, 1788.

A Famous Rescue.

It was on that warrant that Sevier had been apprehended and was being conducted to Morganton for trial. But where John Sevier had one enemy he had a host of friends. The soldierly pioneers, as a rule, were ready, if necessary, to die for their idolized leader. A party of his devoted admirers, on hearing of his arrest, resolved to be present at his trial. Less than half a day's journey behind the distinguished prisoner, they also were riding toward Morganton. The faces of the horsemen were grave; and the eyes of James Cosby and Nathaniel Evans, the two who rode in front, were full of purpose. All looked like men bent on a desperate enterprise. Only now and then were their set features relaxed to smiles, as one or another of them would reach out a weather-beaten hand to pat affectionately Sevier's thoroughbred horse, which was being led in their midst. They could not but fondle the noble animal which was as fleet of foot and as obedient to his master's voice as the steed of an Arab sheik. Besides, the horse was in their confidence, as they believed. The intelligent beast seemed to know why he was following hard on Sevier's trail.

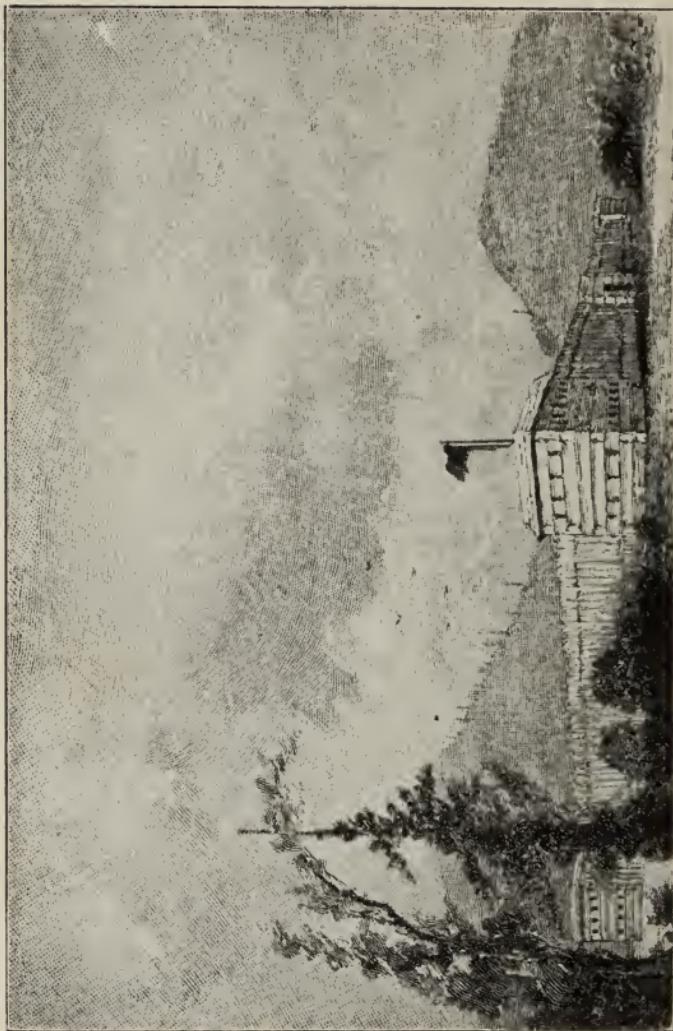
On arriving at Morganton the animal was tied to a tree in front of the courthouse door, where Sevier, glancing out, saw his favorite mount, and guessed why he was there. In the meantime his backwoods friends had come in and seated themselves in the courthouse to hear the proceedings. There was no chance for him to be cleared. Of this John Sevier was sure. In the eyes of the law he was guilty of treason. In the hearts of the people he was a patriot and a hero.

Everything was going against the prisoner when, in the midst of the trial, Cosby strode forward up the

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aisle and faced the judge on the bench. "Are you done with this man?" he demanded in a loud voice, pointing to Sevier. Never was a court room thrown into worse confusion. The judge changed color with anger and surprise, the officers of the court hurried to his side, while the crowd in attendance began talking, shouting, and gesticulating. In the midst of the tumult Sevier had received a signal from Cosby's eye. Taking advantage of his opportunity, the prisoner made a dash for the door, sprang on his horse, and was off for the border before he was missed. His friends quickly followed, clattering up the stony mountain road, and all were out of sight by the time the officers of the court had collected their wits again. Sevier was soon safe among his followers in his over-mountain haunts. No man dared afterwards to rearrest him. The people among whom he lived had become aroused, and it was not safe to go counter to their feelings. They proved their faithfulness to John Sevier by electing him to the best offices in their gift, over the head of his ancient enemy. He was made Brigadier General of the Western Counties, and in course of time became the first Governor of Tennessee.

TYPE OF PIONEER STOCKADE FORT.



XI.

THE BATTLE OF THE BLUFFS.

"CAESAR, stop the noise of those dogs!" called Mistress Charlotte Robertson from her cabin door in the stockade. It was in those long-ago times when Nashville was only a log fort, inclosing within its palisaded walls the simple homes of a dozen or more pioneer families on the bluffs of the Cumberland.

"I can't stop 'em, Mist'ess," replied little black Cæsar dolefully, with a troubled look toward the kennels, "dey hears sump'n."

The unusual behavior of the dogs was disquieting to Cæsar's mistress, the wife of Capt. James Robertson, the head man of the Cumberland settlement. All that morning of April 2, 1781, to her discomfort, she had noticed that the trained bloodhounds of the fort, that were well able to scent an Indian two miles away, had been restless. For hours past they had been whining at intervals and lifting their noses as if on the scent of "redskins," although at that time there was no reason to believe that there was an Indian within a hundred miles of the place. It had certainly been months since any of the far-away Chickamaugas from Lookout Mountain or parties of Creeks from Georgia had ventured close to the fort at the Bluffs. These were the nearest Indian inhabitants except the friendly Chickasaws, west of the Tennessee River, whose warriors visited the stockade only at rare intervals, and always on errands of peace.

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Although the settlers had suffered greatly from savages soon after they arrived in the Cumberland country, they had now been for some time undisturbed. Feeling almost safe from Indian attacks of late, they used less and less precaution against surprise, and worked outside the walls without fear. In the fields they no longer, as at first, watched on all sides and no longer made it a rule to take their noonday rest sitting back to back, in order to guard against danger from every quarter at once.

The brave, hopeful spirit of the people increased as the spring advanced. The past winter had been hard from scarcity of bread; but summer was near, with promise of abundance, and April's soft breezes and blue sky, with the grass springing everywhere, made those light-hearted folks so happy that they forgot to borrow trouble. So it was that in the early morning of that fair spring day all the men in the fort had gone out in fine spirits to labor on their various farms. In every direction, plows were furrowing the soil. The smell of freshly turned earth mingled sweetly with the odor of wild grape blooms from the adjoining forests. Everything seemed to foretell peace and plenty.

Captain Robertson, among others, had hurried off at break of day to his fields on Richland Creek in the bend of the river (now West Nashville). Not a man or boy large enough to work was left at the fort except Captain Robertson's young son, Jonathan, who had gone hunting on the cedar-covered "knob" (our present capitol hill), just west of the stockade. Never was there less expectation of a day of bloodshed. Only the lad's mother was sad with a sense of coming evil. Though fully occupied with the younger children,

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especially her infant Felix (the first white child born on the site of Nashville), she gave many an anxious thought to her eldest boy during the morning. She shuddered to think of the dreadful things that might happen to the lad if Indians should find him wandering about the hill all alone. The whining of the hounds would not let her rest, and at length when the whole pack broke into a loud, dismal howl she sprang to her feet, thoroughly frightened. Out to the palisade wall she ran, and pressed her face to the pickets, peering through the cracks for a glimpse of the knob. Not satisfied with the narrow view she had of the dark pyramid of cedars in the west, she darted to where a ladder was fastened against the wall and, to the astonishment of the other women in the fort, climbed rapidly to the "lookout" above the gateway. From the open sides she turned a searching gaze in all directions. Not a sign of danger anywhere. There seemed nothing unusual about the knob, though she could not see much of its stony surface for the evergreens that clothed its southern and eastern slopes. Elsewhere around the fort the earth was almost hidden by newly budding trees and shrubs or covered with canebrakes. The only cleared space in sight was an opening about the Big French Salt Lick (sulphur spring), where lay abandoned fields that the pioneers had cultivated during only one season; for June floods had swept away their entire crop of corn in the past year, and they had this year cleared new fields, not subject to overflow, far out from the fort. "O, so far out!" sighed the anxious mother in the watch tower, reflecting that in case of danger help was miles away. Again she looked searchingly toward the knob. Presently she

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saw what made her sick with apprehension. In full view on a ledge of rock which projected from the hillside were three Indians in war paint. One of the savages was flourishing aloft a newly taken human scalp, while the others capered around him.

There was no room for doubt in the poor mother's mind that the bleeding lock had been taken from the head of her beloved son. Faint with the shock and the anguish of her great fear, she reeled as if about to fall. But the nerve of a pioneer held her upright. By strong force of will power the dizzy brain was steadied and the scattered senses recalled to serve her in this trying hour. There was work to be done, quick work, to save, if possible, her remaining children, and with them the entire settlement. No time must be lost in lamentations. The brave little mother hastened down the ladder. She was soon surrounded by women who listened, wide-eyed and with blanched faces, to her tale of horror. Her own courage mounting higher as their terror grew, she said: "By some means we must get word to the men to prepare for an Indian attack. I see no other way than to go myself." Almost in the same breath she hurried Cæsar off to the stables, saying: "Go bring me a horse. Saddle him at once. Be quick!" And while she waited, the time was spent in encouraging her companions to guard the fort in her absence. "Barricade as well as you can," she said, "and hold out until help comes." On Cæsar's return he was told by his mistress to "get a gun and plenty of powder, and come with me."

She tenderly embraced her children at parting, and saying to her friends, "I leave my little children with

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you and God," she mounted for her perilous ride, with Cæsar behind her on the horse and little Felix in her lap, for indeed she could not leave the baby. The gates were held open for the three strange riders to go through. They closed with a quick clang as the frightened women left inside drew the heavy iron chains to make them fast.

Outside the gates Mistress Charlotte needed all her courage and plenty of caution besides to carry her safely through her undertaking. Indians were undoubtedly lurking near the fort. To avoid being seen by them, it was necessary to skirt the base of the hill slowly under cover of the trees. Now and then there must be a pause to look and listen. Cæsar too was watchful and ready, quick as a wink, to hand his mistress the loaded gun if she should need it. All this while the baby, God bless him! did not cry.

At last they reached a point where it was safe to hurry. With one arm Mistress Robertson frantically shook loose the bridle reins, while with the other she tightly held the baby as the horse fairly flew over the space between the hill and the Richland Creek farm. The laborers in the field heard the clatter of hoofs. They looked up, and there came a horse carrying three, full tilt. A woman's voice was heard screaming: "Indians! Indians! They are about the fort!"

The men dropped the plow lines where they stood, reached for their guns, and leaped upon their horses. Plying whip and spur, they galloped away to the fort, hallooing along the way: "Indians at the Bluff! Indians!" The alarm was given far and near. In a wonderfully short time nineteen soldier farmers had reached the fort. They set to work at once to scour

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the woods around them, looking for "Indian signs." By the time they returned from the search to report that not a trace of the savages could be found Mrs. Robertson with the baby and little black Cæsar were again safely inside the gates. Not only had the men failed to find the savages, but they had seen nothing of the missing lad in their hasty search. They had assembled in front of the fort, at a spot which is now near the foot of Church Street, and in grave perplexity were talking over the matter when one of their number, James Manifee, lightly touched Robertson's arm as he said: "Look across the branch, Captain." Barely showing above a thicket of shrubs and cane along the stream since known as Wilson's Branch bristled a row of eagle feathers. That they were sticking straight up from the scalp locks of Indian warriors was easy to guess. If there was any doubt on the subject, it was quickly settled when the eagle tails suddenly shot up from the thicket, and with each bunch of feathers rose an Indian brave. The red-skins leaped the water, and came bounding toward the white men.

The whites waited only long enough to tie their horses to saplings before they started out on foot after the Indians and ran them back into the thicket. This was precisely what the cunning red men wanted. No sooner had the feet of the white men touched the border of the stream than a series of sharp whoops behind them caused them to look around. Between themselves and the fort they saw hundreds of Indians running down a course that is now Church Street, and forming as they ran in a long half moon curve that extended almost to the river at each end.

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"They have decoyed us into an ambush," called out Manifee. In truth the pioneers were almost surrounded by the savages, and completely cut off from the fort. The only way they saw open was toward the river. Seeing their desperate situation, Captain Robertson said: "We must fight it out here, or else fight our way out of here." The latter was what they wished to do, if possible. Each man's effort was to break through the Indian line and get to the fort. But the line was getting more compact as the wide half moon began closing in around them. By frequent adroit changes of position the savages kept them away from the stockade and pushed them nearer to the river. Fighting hard, the men were forced down the hill, and yet down, until they were hemmed in on the edge of the steep bluffs that overhang the river. The valiant nineteen there made a desperate struggle, grappling with Indians in places where a foothold could scarcely be found. Their chance for escape was small between the dangers of butchery on one hand and drowning on the other. Sometimes they were fortunate enough to find a hiding place behind great boulders of stone or the bushy cedars that grew among the rocks. From these they fired at the foremost Indians and so managed to keep the enemy at bay for a while. Often they had to catch hold of shrubs or cling to projections of the bluff to keep from falling into the Cumberland as they fought. At one time John Buchanan was doing great service with his gun from a sheltered nook where, as he thought, his head was screened by a shelving rock. From this secure position he picked off his enemies unseen. Several Indians had already dropped before his weapon and

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he was loading to fire again, not suspecting that a feathered head was at that moment being poked cautiously over the ledge above him; nor did he see the downward-pointed gun. But something impelled him to look up. He was just in time to save his own life by shooting the Indian who was reaching down to kill him.

And here was Manifee with blazing dark eyes, in hot chase after two redskins who bounded down the bank straight toward Buchanan's hiding place. Buchanan's rifle stopped one of them, while Manifee followed the other and put him to death near the water's edge. The struggle went on in the same way all along the bluff. Yet fight as bravely as they would, the situation of the pioneer soldiers was growing more serious every minute. It seemed as if nothing could save them.

In this crisis the same brave little woman who had warned them of the danger was watching the battle from the "lookout" above the gate. There she stood, gun in hand, ready to help, should help be needed. Now was the time, if ever, to be of use. The scattered Indians were re-forming their broken line for a concerted attack on the whites. By force of numbers they would certainly either kill every white man or else push him into the river. Something must be done to call off the savages. Cæsar stood below, ready to do Mrs. Robertson's bidding. At a word from his mistress the boy loosed the bloodhounds, slightly opened the gates, and let the dogs slip through. With a loud, dismaying howl the pack bounded from the stockade. Snuffing the Indian-tainted air, they made for the red line that hemmed in the white men. They

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rushed toward their prey, barking so furiously that the horses which had been tied to the trees at the beginning of the battle were frightened by the noise. Already excited by the sounds of the fight, the horses now became panic-stricken, broke their fastenings, and started off in a stampede. You may remember that if there is one thing an Indian values above another it is horseflesh. The warriors had counted on capturing the good, fast horses of the pioneers; so when they saw their four-footed prizes about to get away they could hardly go on fighting, though the dogs were at their throats. Their roving glances turned now and again to keep watch on the horses, lest they escape altogether. One warrior in particular, near the center of the half moon, could not withhold his covetous eyes. It was not in his Indian nature to let such booty go. His feathered head had whirled for one more look. The horses seemed in the act of getting off. The temptation was too great. The warrior left his place and ran after the scampering beasts. His example was followed by others, and still others, until a wide gap was left in the line. The Indians who remained faithful to their post were too busy beating off the dogs to attend to their human enemies.

Manifee, quick to see the opportunity thus afforded, called to his comrades: "Run for your lives! Get to the fort while you may!" A rush for the gate, through the opening in the Indian ranks, followed. Several of the pioneers succeeded in getting in without a scratch. But the brave soldiers Captain Leiper, Alexander Buchanan, Peter Sill, George Kennedy, and Zachariah White were killed, and two or three others were wounded, among whom were James Manifee

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and Joseph Moonshaw. Another of the wounded was Isaac Lucas. He had nearly reached the fort (near where Church and Cherry Streets now cross) when a ball broke his leg and threw him to the ground in the path of his enemies. On the instant a scalping knife was flourished above his head, but the wounded man fired his gun, and by killing the Indian saved his own life. Lucas's danger did not end here, however. One warrior after another stood over him to kill him where he lay helpless. But the pioneers in the fort were zealously guarding the spot, and as often as a warrior reached him the sharpshooters would bring him down with well-aimed fire through the portholes. In this way they kept Lucas safe until he could be reached and brought inside.

Still nearer death was Edward Swanson. His gun was gone, and an Indian who appeared to be about the size of Goliath was after him. At the moment when his empty hands were outstretched to touch the gate he had so nearly reached, the Indian overtook him. Pushing the muzzle of his gun into Swanson's side, he pulled the trigger. By good fortune the gun merely snapped. Quick as thought Swanson laid hold of the barrel (being a Samson in strength himself), twisted the lock to one side, and spilled out the priming from the pan. The Indian grunted in disgust as he jerked his weapon away and struck Swanson a blow with the butt end of it that brought him to the ground. The white man was completely at the mercy of the savage when John Buchanan came to the rescue with his gun, the same blunderbuss which afterwards saved the day in another fort. "Take that!" he cried, and fired, evidently wounding the Indian, who at once ran

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off, leaving a trail of blood behind. "The rascal came near getting you," said Buchanan, as he helped Swanson into the stockade.

The last of the living white men had been helped inside, and those who were still able to fight were at the portholes. They kept up such a hot fire from their sheltered position that the savages soon left, though not before they had captured the nineteen good horses, which they took with them when they finally disappeared.

After their enemies were well out of sight, the pioneers performed the sad duty of burying their dead; then followed a renewed search for young Jonathan Robertson. The boy's mother, at the head of the searching party, was the first to notice a strange-looking object creeping, unable to walk, among the cedars. "I see him!" she cried. "I see him! It is my son, and he is alive!"

The savages had left the lad for dead on the hill, but he had in reality only fainted from the pain of being scalped. Becoming conscious again after a great while, he had tried to make his way back to the fort. It was while in the torture of this effort that he was found by his friends and tenderly carried home to be nursed back to health and strength by the good mother whose heroism had saved his life and kept the whole settlement from being destroyed.

XII.

THE SQUAW'S PROPHECY.

A BROAD flatboat, surmounted by a roughly made cabin, was being steered down the Tennessee River in the spring of 1788. The deck of the queer-looking craft was guarded by a close railing, which was pierced at intervals with portholes. A small swivel gun was mounted in the stern, and the crew who plied the oars and managed the rudder were stalwart, armed men.

Yet despite their warlike appearance the vessel was enlivened by the merry laughter of children, the lowing of milch cows, the crowing of fowls, and other cheerful domestic sounds which indicated that it was, at least for the time being, the home of a family party. The owner of the house boat, Col. William Brown, of North Carolina, had fought under "Light Horse Harry" Lee in the Revolutionary struggle for independence, and when the war was over his grateful State had rewarded him with the grant of a large tract of land situated in the unsettled country west of the Cumberland Mountains. In order to gain actual possession of the domain, he resolved to take the risk of moving with his family to his estate in the wilderness, choosing his route by way of the rivers. He embarked for the journey at Fort Patrick Henry on the 4th of May with his wife, two grown sons (James and John), and five younger children, together with

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his servants and his cattle, and all his household goods. Besides his own family there were five young men, John and William Gentry, John Griffin, William Flood, and J. Bays, who had asked to be allowed to go along, as they wanted a chance to try their fortunes in the new West.

On the ninth day of the voyage, after they had glided down the Holston into the broader current of the Tennessee and had shot through the "Narrows" where the stream made much ado in passing between two mountains, and had left the swirling waters of the "Skillet" and the "Boiling Pot" behind, they began to look out for another kind of danger, for the stream here ran through the country in which the Chickamaugas from near Lookout Mountain had built several towns on the banks of the river. It was well known that the Chickamaugas were a lawless people, even among Indians. The anxiety of the grown people was not shared by the children, who were enjoying the trip as a delightful adventure. Led by Joseph, the eldest, who was barely fifteen years of age, the five little folks penetrated to every part of the vessel, showing a never-wearying interest in all they saw. The curious, tiny rooms of the cabin, the swivel cannon in the stern (which could be turned up or down or to either side on its pivot), and the portholes through which they peeped to see the hurrying waves running away from the boat, all these possessed a fascinating charm for the small Carolinians, who had never before journeyed by water. It was only another pleasant excitement to them when one morning about daybreak everybody on board was roused by John Griffin, who was at the helm, calling out that the

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boat was nearing an Indian village. Soon afterwards Tuskigabee (Running Water) was sighted. Here lived a band of those bad Indians who, while they claimed to be Chickamaugas, and, as such, members of the Cherokee Nation, were in reality the refuse of several tribes mingled with a number of white outlaws from the pioneer settlements who had banded together in the secret places of the mountain country to hide from just punishment for their crimes. In fear of attack, Colonel Brown kept close watch of the shores as he neared Tuskigabee, and the younger men held themselves in readiness to defend the boat. None of them were surprised when presently they saw a canoe put off from shore and come straight up the current toward them. One of the four men who paddled the canoe was evidently a chief. Another of them was a half-breed who spoke English. As soon as he came within talking distance, he hailed the people on the boat as "white brothers," declaring to them that the Indians wished to treat them as friends. "Let us come on board," he said persuasively; "we desire to have a friendly talk."

Taking a little while to think over the proposition, Colonel Brown concluded that as there were so few men in the canoe it would not be imprudent to allow them to come on board. With his permission then, the red men, in great good humor climbed over the railing onto the deck, to the delight of Joseph and the other children, who beheld in them, especially in their chief, another interesting novelty.

The brawny chief, Cutleotoy, whose dark body was naked to the waist, was decked in beads and feathers, and his head was shaven and dyed with bright colors

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on each side of his scalp lock. Of course, being an Indian, he had no beard, and all the strong lines and ugly scars on his face showed plainly. But in spite of a natural scowl, he tried to speak fairly. He even went so far as to offer to send a man ahead to Nickajack (the next town on the river), where there was, as he said, an Indian who thoroughly understood the stream, and who would, at his bidding, pilot the voyagers over the shallows of Mussel Shoals and other dangers in the Tennessee's fretted current

Colonel Brown gratefully accepted the proffer of a pilot, whereupon Cutleotoy jumped into his canoe and pulled off to the shore with his men. It is true that he sent runners off to Nickajack as soon as he had landed, but they were charged with a message which was quite different from what he had told Colonel Brown it would be. In reality he had sent word to the principal chiefs to raise all the fighting men they could, in a hurry, and send them in canoes, well armed, up the river to meet the white man's boat and destroy the crew.

Not dreaming of treachery, Colonel Brown went on down the river almost as far as Nickajack. The stream was now lighted by the rising sun. Level rays shot along the waters, and not far ahead could be seen the bright flash of oars on four long canoes which had pushed out from shore near the town, and were swiftly moving up the current. Two and two, side by side they glided upstream, each canoe paddled by ten big Indians. Above each boat's crew fluttered a white flag, in token of peace and friendship, yet Colonel Brown took alarm at their numbers, and said uneasily: "I do not like the looks of those fellows."

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"O, they surely mean well," replied his son James, "else they would not sail under a white flag."

"We will not trust them too far," said his father. "We could not defend the boat against forty men if they should come close alongside and then attack us." Whereupon he hailed the warriors, bidding them keep at a safe distance. As though they did not hear him, the Indians continued to advance. Indignant at their conduct, Colonel Brown promptly had his boat wheeled around so that the stern faced the savages. The swivel gun was leveled, and the young men stood ready to fire.

Seeing the intention of the white people, an English-speaking half-breed, who said his name was Vaun, rose in one of the skiffs and called out: "Stop! It is a time of peace between the whites and the Cherokees. If a gun is fired, it will be in violation of the treaties of Holston and Hopewell. We claim protection under those treaties of peace."

Colonel Brown replied that he did not wish to harm them, but that there were too many of them for him to allow them to come near his boat. Vaun continued to insist that they were friendly, and said smilingly: "Do you not see that we are unarmed?" To all appearances this was true. There were no firearms in sight among the Indians, nothing in their hands except the paddles, nothing in the bottom of the canoes except bales of deer hides which, as Vaun explained, had been brought along in the hope that they might be exchanged for goods, if the voyagers should have any for trade. After a short consultation with his men, Colonel Brown concluded to yield to Vaun's persuasions and permit his party to come on board. "For,"

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said he, "we are now in an Indian country, and I do not wish to break any treaty." A moment later and the canoes were alongside and the occupants were soon bounding over the railing of the house boats to the deck. Here they behaved more like guileless children than like the hardened warriors they really were. It was great sport to the young Browns to see them run about the deck, as though in playful curiosity, examining every part of the boat and peering into every corner. While they were thus engaged, seven or eight long canoes filled with Indians were seen winding through the canebrakes where the water had overflowed on one side and made the river doubly wide. No sooner had the canoes left the backwater and turned into the current than the behavior of Vaun's men underwent a marked change. From being innocently friendly in manner they suddenly became rude and boisterous. Some of them began to rifle the cabin of food and clothing, others took pieces of furniture and threw them overboard into their canoes, while still others boldly threw aside the bales of hides and disclosed a full supply of guns in the bottom of each boat. Too late the white men perceived that they had been duped, and that they were now completely in the power of the savages. By this time the approaching canoes had come up, and another still larger crowd of armed warriors vaulted into the boat. It was useless for any one to offer resistance while the newcomers swarmed on deck and joined in the pilfering that was still going on. Joseph Brown had left his sister Jane and little Polly as well as George and the baby in the cabin with their mother, and had gone out again to see what the uproar was about. Having

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found his father, he was standing near him in the stern watching the Indians and wondering at their changed behavior when suddenly his arm was seized by a fierce-looking fellow who had a tomahawk lifted as if to kill him. Colonel Brown saw the action, and, grappling with the savage, he pushed him to one side, while he said sternly: "Do not dare to touch the lad again. He is my own little boy, and must not be injured."

Cowed by the white man's anger, the assassin skulked off; but as soon as the brave soldier turned his back to enforce order in another part of the vessel the red man slipped up behind and dealt him a blow which nearly severed the head from his body. Colonel Brown's murderer quickly threw his body over the rail into the water; and Joseph, who had not seen the blow that killed him, seeing his father sink in the river, ran to his elder brothers crying: "Our father has fallen overboard, and he is drowned." The young men, who knew their father to be an excellent swimmer, guessed what had happened, and began to show resistance. Immediately, in a united rush, the Indians bore down upon them and overpowered every man on the vessel. The boat being now in their possession, the robbers steered for the shore and moored it at the upper end of their town.

Here a scene of confusion unexpectedly took place. At the moment of their landing it happened that a band of hostile Creeks dashed among them and began to seize upon the captives the Chickamaugas had led out of the house boat to the shore. They succeeded in getting Mrs. Brown and four of her small children, whom they carried off prisoners toward the Creek

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country, before the men of Nickajack could recover from their surprise.

All this time a warrior in one of the canoes was trying to persuade Joseph Brown, by signs and motions, to go with him. Half coaxing, half dragging the boy forward, he was doing his best to get him from the shore into the skiff; but the little fellow, who did not yet realize that they were all captives, flatly refused to go. The Cherokee chief then appeared to give up the attempt and went away, but soon returned, bringing with him an old man and his wife who, though they now seemed to be Indians, looked as if they had once been white people. The old man spoke to the child in English, tipped with Irish brogue, explaining to him that it would not be safe for him to anger the chief. In conclusion, he said persuasively: "It's to me own house you'll be going, me boy."

"Where do you live?" questioned Joseph, still in doubt.

"Only about a mile out of the town," replied the man coaxingly.

The bewildered boy was at a loss to know what to do. He had seen his eldest brother going in another direction with a party of Indians, and he could nowhere find his mother, so at last he compromised by saying: "I suppose I can go with you to-night, but we will continue our journey in the morning." Everything had happened so quickly that the child hardly knew as yet what had taken place.

"Then come along with you," said the Indian-Irishman; "I am ready to start."

Catching sight, just then, of his brother James, the unsuspecting boy called out to him: "This old man

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wishes me to go with him to sleep at his house to-night. If I may go, I will return early in the morning." The elder brother, who knew that they would never see each other again, answered sadly, "Very well;" and Joseph walked off contentedly beside the old man and his wife, chatting with them as he went.

Before they had gone a great distance he paused to listen to a volley of guns firing behind them. "Ah," said he regretfully, "those foolish Indians have taken our guns from the boat, and are firing them off to see how they shoot." Little did he imagine that he had just heard the death shots of his brothers and the other young men as they were being murdered by their captors.

Joseph continued to talk artlessly to the old people, who told him, in return, much about themselves. In answer to his innocent questions, the woman said that she was French, and that the young warrior who tried to get him into the boat was her son, and that after the death of the Indian chief who was his father she had married the Irishman, Tom Tunbridge, who was her present husband, though she still went by the name of Polly Mallette. At last they reached the rough hut which Tom and Polly used as a home. The hut was situated at the foot of a mountain, and was only a few yards from the mouth of the large cavern which is widely known as Nickajack Cave.

The boy's guileless talk on the way had excited the compassion of the old people, and had aroused in them the remnant of generous feeling which was left after a life of outlawry and crime. They resolved to treat him as well in his captivity as circumstances would allow. With this kind thought in their hearts they

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were about to enter the cabin when an old, fat squaw came running after them and rushed, panting, close at their heels, through the door. Sweat was falling in drops from her pendulous cheeks, and her features were quivering with excitement. She appeared to be in a rage, and fell to scolding the people of the house in a language which the boy could not understand. He could only see that she was quarreling with them. He afterwards learned that she was saying to them: "You have acted like fools to keep the child. He should not have been brought away from the town. You know well that he ought to have been killed as the other white men were. He is too large to be kept as a prisoner."

"Indeed, no!" answered Polly Mallette. "I need the boy to wait on me. I, who am growing old, need a slave to save my strength."

"And you care nothing," retorted the squaw, "for the safety of the place. That boy," she continued, as she shook her finger at the lad, "will soon be grown. He will see everything; he will learn the secrets of our caves and hiding places, and find out our hidden paths, and some day, mark my words, he will escape and guide an army here, and will cut us all off." As though it were an inspired prophecy, the squaw's prediction rang clear and loud. "He must be killed," she cried, and reached out a hand to seize him. But Tom Tunbridge drove her off, saying she should not have the boy. "Very well," replied the squaw, "my son, Cutleotoy, will be here directly, and he will assuredly kill the young viper."

As her threatening gestures alarmed Joseph, the old man tried to soothe his fears by saying: "You

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shall not be hurt, though the old squaw declares her son will be after murthering you." Polly also tried to comfort him, bidding him sit down on the side of the bed (a mere frame of poles covered with skins), and while he obeyed Tom Tunbridge took his stand in the doorway. As the man stood there, face outward, watching uneasily for Cutleotoy to come up the road, he was startled by a short, sharp whoop close to his ear, and the chief of Tuskigabee bounded into view, coming from another direction, and not by the road that led from the river, as Tom had expected.

Cutleotoy confronted the old man with the question: "Is there a white man within?"

"No," said the Irishman, "there is a bit of a white boy in there."

"I know how big he is," retorted the chief; "and he must be killed."

"Sure," said the old man, "it is a pity to kill women and children."

"That is no child," said Cutleotoy angrily, and, repeating almost the words of his mother, he continued: "The boy will soon be grown and will perhaps be exchanged for a prisoner of war, and will afterwards return here to show the palefaces the mountain paths and strongholds which no white man now knows." After a short pause he said with decision: "Tom Tunbridge, the boy must die. I have spoken."

"You forget," said Tunbridge, "that he is our son's captive. You dare not kill the prisoner of Chia-Chatt-Alla. He is still in the town, but he will be here directly."

This speech was insulting to Cutleotoy's pride, for Tom Tunbridge's stepson, though he was the brother

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of the powerful chief, Dragging Canoe, was himself only a young brave, barely twenty-two years of age, while he, Cutleotoy, was a seasoned warrior, and the head man of Tuskigagee. In his anger he sprang upon the old man with his knife drawn, saying tauntingly: "Are you going to be the white man's friend? After casting your lot with the Chickamaugas, are you going to betray them?"

Tunbridge backed from the doorsill into the house, saying timorously: "No, no, take him along if you must have him."

Following the Irishman into the house, the chief strode to the bedside and flourished his tomahawk above Joseph's head. "Ah! ah! ah!" shrieked Polly Mallette, "I cannot have the child killed in my house. Evil luck will fall upon it." Whereupon Cutleotoy caught Joseph by the arm and took him out of doors into the midst of a band of his followers who had collected about the house. As they closed in around him in a circle, yelling and brandishing clubs and cocking their guns, the boy thought his last hour had come, and called out to Tom Tunbridge to beg the chief to allow him a few minutes for prayer. To this request, when Tunbridge had translated it into Cherokee, Cutleotoy answered roughly: "It is not worth while to waste time in such foolishness."

To prepare the victim for death, the clothes were now stripped off of his slender body in order that they might not be spoiled by blood. His continental coat, ruffled shirt, and knee breeches had been laid aside, and the savages were in the act of striking him down when Polly Mallette ran forward screaming: "I pray you, do not kill the boy on the path along

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which I am obliged to carry water every day. His ghost will haunt me, and I will have no peace of my life."

"To Running Water with him!" cried out one of the men; and the others, catching up the words, said: "We will take him to Tuskigabee, where we will have a frolic knocking him over. There will be no silly squaws there to feel sorry for him."

Joseph did not understand their language, but he saw by their actions that he was to be killed, and while they were waiting to start he fell on his knees to pray the prayer of St. Stephen, "Lord, receive my spirit," an act of piety which touched old Tunbridge's Irish heart. Stealing to the lad's side, he laid a kindly hand on his shoulder and said: "They will not kill you here, me boy. You must get up and go with them to another place." Joseph rose, and the troop started off with him at a running pace. But they had gone only about eighty yards when Cutleotoy halted his men abruptly. They looked at their chief in wonder at his irresolution, astonished to hear him say: "I cannot kill this boy. He is the prisoner of Chia-Chatt-Alla, who is a full-grown man of war, entitled to his own prisoner. You are my men, and it will be as bad for you to do so as for me to kill him myself. Besides," he added, "I have taken a prisoner of my own. I took a negro woman out of the white men's boat and sent her by water to my lodge. If we kill this lad, Chia-Chatt-Alla will go and kill my negro, nor could all the Indians in the nation keep him from putting her to death, and I do not want to lose my slave."

Well might the bravest chief fear the anger of the young warrior who had already, in spite of his youth,

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won the title of the "White Man Killer," having slain six white men while he was still a boy.

During Cutleotoy's speech Joseph Brown had again knelt to give his soul into God's keeping. He remembered the story his mother had read to him about the martyr Stephen, and he believed that if he asked it the same blessed vision of the Saviour would be sent to comfort his own dying moments. Such was the faith of his innocent heart when he opened his eyes and saw the savages still surrounding him. Yet could he believe it? They were looking kindly on him. The only Indian in the crowd who seemed not to be appeased was the old squaw who had prophesied against him. She was so disappointed that he was not to be tortured and killed that she began kicking and abusing him while she muttered: "The young snake will live to bring an army here and destroy us." Still grumbling, she declared that she did not intend to be cheated out of his scalp lock altogether; she gathered up the cue of his long hair and haggled it in two with her dull knife as she exclaimed: "I will have part of it anyhow." She did not let him alone until the last warrior had gone off and left him with his protectors, Tom and Polly, who led him back to the cabin near the cave.

Joseph Brown was taken by them the next day to the presence of "The Breath," the head man of Nickajack, who told him that so long as he looked and dressed like a white boy his life would be in constant danger from the warriors, who hated all pale-faces. "In order to save yourself," said The Breath, "you must become an Indian. If you do not put on the Indian dress, you will surely be killed." In a few

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hours the change was made. Joseph was clothed in a hunting shirt, such as Indian boys wear, his hair was all sheared off except a scalp lock on top, the sides of his head were painted in contrasting colors, and his skin was stained red. When, in addition, bone earrings were suspended from holes bored in his ears, it would have been hard for any one to tell that he was not Cherokee born.

From this time on Joseph led the life of a slave. Although Tunbridge and his wife did not mistreat him in other ways, he was made to toil in the field beyond his strength, and at night he had no better bed than a bearskin spread upon the dirt floor of the hut. Besides enduring these hardships, he was in constant danger of death and his heart was all the time heavy with grief for his lost mother and sisters and brothers. What had become of them after the men were all killed he could not learn, though he often made himself troublesome with questions about them.

But one joyful day he learned that Jane and little Polly were not only still alive but that they were then both of them in the town of Nickajack, scarcely a mile away. It appeared that though they had been stolen by the Creeks, together with their mother and the other two children, directly after the landing of Colonel Brown's boat, the Chickamaugas had succeeded in recapturing the two little girls from them. Jane, the elder of the two, had been living all the while in Nickajack; but Polly had fallen into the hands of a squaw in Running Water, who had brought the child with her that day to Nickajack. Joseph begged to be allowed to see his sisters, and finally persuaded Polly Mallette to

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accompany him to the town for the purpose. At the end of the road, which ran almost straight from the cabin to the river town, at right angle with the stream, they entered a wigwam where two little girls dressed in the clumsy clothes worn by Indian children were caressing each other as they played together in the room. Joseph, seeing that they were about the size of his sisters, longed more than ever to see his lost playmates. "Where are Jane and Polly?" he inquired.

"Make use of your eyes," replied the French woman. "You are a dull boy not to know your own sisters."

Instantly Joseph clasped the smaller girl in his arms, exclaiming: "I did not know our little Polly without her pretty curls and pinafores." With tears in his eyes, he questioned both to find out how they were faring, and was greatly comforted to learn that each was kindly treated, and that Polly especially was tenderly cared for by the squaw to whom she belonged. Indian women, as he knew, made particularly fond mothers to the young, a knowledge which enabled the lad to endure with more patience than he otherwise could have had the weary months of toil in the summer's heat. Yet he was sad at best. He could not banish the thought that they were all three fast becoming real savages. A longing for freedom consumed him. There were days when the intensity of his feelings allowed him no rest. After the summer had passed and the hardships of winter were being felt his discontent grew stronger. He could not sit in the hut for restlessness, no matter how cold it might be outside. At such times he would climb to the highest point on the mountain behind the cabin

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and gaze across the country through the wide Se-quatchie Valley toward the distant peaks where he fancied the valiant John Sevier, the terror of all bad Indians, might have his home. Somewhere in that direction, he thought, was the eyrie of "The Great Eagle of the Palefaces," who, if he only knew of the cruelties that were being practiced on white prisoners by the Chickamauga bandits, would hasten to their relief. There were times when he tried to be resigned, and only prayed for patience; but on other days the boy's frail body, worn by toil and hard fare to a mere skeleton, weighing only eighty pounds, was shaken by sobs, and all his prayer was for help to come quickly, before his strength should give out.

The dreary winter seemed long in going by. At last, however, came spring, and with it a day on which Joseph Brown observed an unusual stir among the Indians. Groups of warriors were to be seen talking together here, there, everywhere he went, and he noticed that they lowered their tones and cast significant glances in his direction whenever he approached. Though he could not hear a word they said, he rightly judged that they were talking of something that particularly concerned himself. Within a few days he found out all that they were trying to hide from him. They could not longer conceal from him that Gen. John Sevier had lately descended on one of the Chickamauga towns and carried off captive every inhabitant of the village. Since the battle Sevier had sent the Chickamaugas a strong "peace talk," in which he agreed to release his prisoners on condition that every white captive in the Cherokee nation, without exception, should be given up to him.



"At such times he would climb to the highest point on the mountain." (Page 149)

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On these terms alone he said he would grant the Indians peace. In his offers of exchange General Sevier had made special mention of the children who had been taken from Colonel Brown's boat. Joseph Brown was rejoiced to hear of these events that seemed to have happened in direct answer to his prayers.

The Chickamaugas dared not do otherwise than accept the terms offered. Meeting in council in one of the lower towns, the sentiment of all was expressed by the famous chief, Kunot Kelfig (John Watts), who said of Sevier: "The wind and the fire fight for him. From his high station in the clouds The Great Eagle sees our exposed places, and when he swoops down his hot breath blasts our cornfields and consumes our wigwams. His flight is like the wind; his blow like the thunderbolt. Who can stand before him?"

Runners were sent at once to bring the young white people to Coosawattee, where the principal chief of the upper towns was to meet The Breath and receive the prisoners from him. But in the meantime The Breath had become dissatisfied with what was required of him, and began to grumble, saying: "General Sevier has no right to claim any captives except those who live in his own country west of the mountains; and these children, as he well knows, came from North Carolina."

"That is true," replied the chief of the upper towns, "but Little John [which was one of their names for Sevier] was so mean that I could do nothing with him, although I told him so." The Breath still insisted that it was not fair to make him give up pris-

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oners from another country, to which the other chief replied, saying conclusively: "Little John declared that he would not set one of our people free unless he got all of the whites who are in the Cherokee Nation."

Then The Breath, seeing that Jane had not been brought in, and that only Joseph and Polly were in Coosawattee, consented to let the two go.

Young Brown, who had been listening closely to all that passed, now spoke out manfully, saying, "I will not go without my sister. Why is not Jane brought in?" a demand which put the chief of Nickajack to confusion. He was angry enough with the lad to have killed him on the spot, but he was too much in awe of The Great Eagle of the Palefaces to indulge his temper. Therefore, after a short consultation with the head man of the upper towns, he sent a swift runner to fetch the child.

The messenger was gone two days. On the third day he came back alone, and reported that the Indian who had captured her refused obstinately to give up his slave. Joseph's heart sank within him when he heard the messenger tell the result of his errand to the chiefs in council. It now seemed probable that none of them would be set free. At this juncture a tall warrior with beetling brow and piercing eyes arose and, looking slowly around upon the assembled braves, said sententiously: "I will go to that warrior's wigwam. I will return bringing the child, or I will bring his head." True to his word, he came back in a short time with Jane in his arms upon his horse.

At last the prisoners were ready to be transferred. "Come with me," said Joseph, attempting to take his sister Polly's hand, when to his surprise the tiny

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creature ran away and threw herself impulsively into the arms of the good squaw who had nursed her and made a pet of her during the long winter months. It was painful to the lad to be obliged to unclasp the small hands from around the fond squaw's neck and take his sister forcibly away; but after he had held the child close to his own heart awhile and told her how grieved their mother would be never to see her precious Polly again, he had no further trouble in leading the little one off.

Only a few days were spent in travel before the young captives were safe in the hands of their white friends. Not long afterwards they were restored to their mother, who, with her youngest child, had been released by the Creek chief, McGillivray, through the efforts of Gen. James Robertson. George Brown was held for five years longer, as prisoner and slave, by the Creeks of Georgia.

In the course of time the Brown family took possession of their land in the Cumberland country. The region in which their claim was located was afterwards called Maury County. In later life Joseph Brown was greatly loved and honored as a Cumberland Presbyterian divine in his home, three miles from Columbia.

XIII.

NIGHT ASSAULT ON BUCHANAN'S STATION.

IN September, 1792, Maj. John Buchanan was expecting an Indian attack upon his station, a strong log fort with blockhouses at the four corners, situated about five miles from Nashville. A number of pioneer families from the surrounding country had fled to the station for protection, and the men among them were actively helping Buchanan prepare the place against assault. Some, appointed for the task, carefully examined and reloaded the extra rifles, hung powder horns, freshly filled with powder, in convenient places on the walls, and heaped piles of newly molded bullets where they could be found when needed; while other willing hands, wielding ax and hammer, were repairing all weak places and strengthening the palisades in every part.

The whole of the past season had been a period of anxiety to the Cumberland settlers. Early in the summer George Finalson and Jo Derogue (a half-breed Indian), both of whom were good friends of Major Buchanan, had brought him a startling piece of news. They said that they knew positively that the Indians were planning to attack the station in great force. Derogue, who had recently come back to the settlements after a visit to his red kinsmen among the Chickamaugas, said that when he left their country near Lookout Mountain the Indians were almost ready to go on the warpath. He had been present when the

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braves were performing the scalp dance around the council fires. Telling this, with details that were frightful to hear, Derogue said further that since the death of Dragging Canoe the Chickamaugas had found an equally ruthless leader in his younger brother, Chia-Chatt-Alla, called The White Man Killer, whose ruling ambition it was to destroy the Cumberland settlements. With this intention he had gathered a large force from among his own braves, as well as the Creeks south of them, and was making ready to fall upon all the stations along the Cumberland in succession, beginning at Buchanan's, then attacking the fort at the Bluffs, and so on until the eight stations should be destroyed. Derogue could not tell the exact time appointed for the raid. He could only say warningly to his friend Buchanan: "Look out for the Indians at the full of the moon."

Three moons had waxed and waned since then, during which time the white people had watched and waited in dread, yet the Indians had not come. Gen. James Robertson, at the Bluffs, had early taken precautions toward protecting the whole country in case of an incursion of Indians. Companies of scouts and spies had been sent out in various directions under Captains Rains, Gordon, Maury, and Williams to patrol the frontier. Five hundred of the militia were stationed within two miles of Nashville in camp, under Colonels Winchester, Mansco, and Elijah Robertson, in readiness to go wherever they might first be needed, and at the same time constant watch was kept around all the stations. During this trying time General Robertson himself was said to "sleep with one eye open." When the September moon began to full

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he again sent Captain Rains out with a troop of horsemen, telling him to scour the country and to learn, if possible, when and which way the enemy were coming. After a thorough search Rains and his spies returned, saying that they could "see no Indian signs in any quarter." Rains also sent a man to Buchanan's with the reassuring message that "the traces of an Indian army are nowhere to be found."

Upon this information the militia were marched back to Nashville, and disbanded on Friday, September 28. The leaders, convinced that they had been needlessly alarmed, went back to their usual pursuits.

But Major Buchanan and his sensible young wife, Sallie, were of the opinion that the danger was not over. Having full confidence in the word of their friends, Finalson and Derogue, they became more vigilant as the moon began again to increase in size. Buchanan made up his mind to send out two scouts on his own account to get still later information than Rains had brought. Coming to this conclusion on Saturday, the day after the troops disbanded, he sent out Jonathan Gee and Seward Clayton that very night with instructions to travel on the same trail Captain Rains had explored, and to be sure to go far beyond the Black Fox's Camp (a noted spring near Murfreesboro), where Indian parties entering the settlements from the south usually stopped for rest.

The young men were quickly off, and spent the remainder of the night in hunting for "Indian signs" along the main trail and on each side of it for some distance out. Yet they did not really expect to make any discoveries until after passing the Black Fox's Camp, since Rains had so recently been over the same

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ground. Consequently they were riding at their ease on Sunday afternoon, laughing and talking in unrestrained tones, when Gee's practiced eyes detected two men approaching in the distance. "Look there!" he exclaimed under his breath, catching his companion's arm.

Clayton, who had once been a captive among the Indians and knew their ways, halted and closely examined the men; then, replying with a careless laugh, said: "Don't be uneasy. Can't you see they are dressed like white men? I know them well. They are George Fields and John Walker, both of them trusty half-breeds. When they speak to us presently you will see that they are friendly."

Gee was surprised, therefore, when they drew nearer to be challenged rather brusquely with the inquiry: "Who are you?" But upon hearing the reply, "Gee and Clayton," the half-breeds advanced in a most friendly manner. Indeed, they proved to be so affable, and showed such an interest in the young men and in their journey, that the latter frankly told them where they were going and whom they were hunting. Thus the half-breeds, who were in reality advance spies for a large Indian army just behind them, held the white scouts in pleasant conversation until the main body of the savages, led by Chia-Chatt-Alla, came up and surrounded them. As the spies had already learned from them all they could tell about the defenses of the whites, there was no reason for the Indians to hold them as prisoners, so the two young men were killed on the spot. After which the army of red men, eight hundred strong, moved on rapidly toward the settlements, marching in

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three long columns. Encouraged by the information they had gained from Gee and Clayton that Buchanan's Station was defended by only twenty-one men, and confident in the skill of their chief, they eagerly advanced, as they thought, to certain victory. "For Chia-Chatt-Alla bears a charmed life," said his admiring followers. "White men's bullets cannot harm The White Man Killer." In truth, their leader had passed unhurt through many dangers, and was known throughout the Indian country as "The Great Slayer Whom All Must Fear."

The braves believed that he was able to carry out his plan to kill every paleface, put the torch to every house, and then glide back with his army in safety to the secret fastnesses of the mountains where no man could reach them. With unwearied zeal, therefore, the savages trooped on that night, through the forest to Buchanan's Station, while all at the stockade was peacefully quiet under the beams of the full harvest moon.

The people in the fort had looked in vain for the return of Clayton and Gee as the day drew to a close. Major Buchanan and his wife, with a foreboding of evil, sat up late waiting for the scouts. "Surely they will come in directly and bring us news," said the commander of the fort, trying to speak hopefully. But he waited in vain. And finally after he had once more gone round the fort and examined to see that nothing had been left undone, he and his wife retired to rest. Long ago he had sent the other men to bed, telling them to sleep while they could. In obedience to his orders every man slept with his gun close beside him. Not a few of the women also had their weapons

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handy. Even the aged mother of the commander had tucked under her pillow the ancient blunderbuss which had not been used since it was wielded by her husband in the battle of the Bluffs. The gun was so rude and clumsy in make and of such an ancient pattern that the soldiers laughingly called it "my grandmammy's pocket piece." Yet though the old-fashioned weapon took four times the amount of powder that was needed for an ordinary rifle before it was fully charged, and it was doubtful if it could be fired at all, the old lady felt reasonably safe as long as it lay under her head.

Most women were brave in those days. But an exception to the rule was a certain young mother who had taken refuge in the station with her children. Frequently during the day she had clung to Mrs. Sallie Buchanan's side, weeping aloud and wringing her hands in an agony of nervous dread. "Go to your room, Phœbe," said the commander's wife kindly; "go to sleep and forget your fears. The night may pass without trouble, and you will feel better in the morning."

Mistress Phœbe had thus been persuaded to take her little ones and retire early in the evening. It was now nearly midnight. All were asleep except the sentinels who paced the watchtower above the gate. Quiet reigned within and without the fort while Thomas McCrory and his fellow-watchman guarded the sleeping garrison and kept a sharp lookout for the enemy. East, west, north, and south they turned their searching gaze, only to see calm, moonlit fields or else the silver-fringed trees that edged the rough slope of ground which fell away from the front of the stockade

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toward the woods. The full moon had sailed upward till it hung almost overhead, shedding light upon the open space around the walls and reflecting itself in the spring and its winding branch. Its radiance made all the blacker the shadow in a pit which had lately been dug near the gate outside. Nothing stirred. There was no sound louder than the whip-poor-will's brisk notes or the trill of tree frogs until the tall, wooden, cog-wheeled clock in the principal room of the fort made ready to strike. There was a long-continued, buzzing whir of inside works, while the hands were folded together above its face, before the old clock clanged out twelve loud, metallic strokes. As the last stroke resounded through the stockade Thomas McCrory sprang to the front of the lookout, alert and watchful. "Hist! what is that?" he said, just as a herd of cattle came scampering out of the woods beyond the stony slope, as though they had been frightened. The sentinels stood watching, and presently masses of shadow seemed to separate from the darkness of the forest and move over the rising ground toward the fort. No sooner had the shadowy objects come forward into the moonlight than they were seen to be three distinct columns of warriors advancing at a rapid gait. "Indians! Indians!" shouted both watchmen in a breath, while McCrory leveled his rifle and fired to alarm the garrison. War whoops rent the air in return. The Indians, now running three abreast to take the fort by storm, did not pause in their onset, though McCrory's gun had killed one of their leaders and the other sentinel had wounded the noted half-breed chief, John Watts (Kunot Kelfig). Only incited by their loss to seek revenge, the Indians rushed

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forward to surround the stockade. By this time the whites were all astir. Seizing their guns as they sprang from bed, the men nimbly climbed the ladders to the portholes and began to fire at their assailants. Savages on every side were crowding so close to the walls that the defenders could scarcely get a gun to bear on them. Numbers of them were also concealed in the shadow of the partially dug cellar, where they could lie down to load and only rise when it was necessary to do so in order to fire. Several of the more daring Indians tried to scale the walls, and some of them stood under the overjutting corner houses and fired upward at the white men in them. But in each case the bullets, by good chance, passed harmlessly through the cracks in the floor and lodged in the roof overhead.

Success at every point was attending the pioneers, who stood at their posts faithfully carrying out the orders of their commander. The women, inspired by Sallie Buchanan's fine example, were doing equally good service in their own way, emulating her courage as she went here, there, everywhere helping and suggesting. One moment by her husband's side receiving a communication, the next moment she would be at the top of a ladder delivering his message and seeing, too, that it was properly executed. Now supplying marksmen with ammunition, now giving a timely word of encouragement, and again on her knees by the hearth pouring molten lead into the bullet molds, she had no time to think of herself, no leisure for selfish alarm. She carried aid and cheer everywhere she went, and everywhere found men doing their duty except once, when she chanced, in her rounds, to see

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a craven fellow skulking in a corner. Her eyes kindled indignantly at seeing him slip from out the dim firelight and hide in the shadow of the chimney jamb as she approached. "What are you doing there, Tom?" she sternly demanded. There was no answer from the dark corner. "Why are you not fighting?" The crash of guns and sound of bullets on the roof seemed louder in the interval that followed while Tom was considering whether it were better to be shot at by the wild men outside or be scorned for cowardice by a woman. Mrs. Buchanan settled his doubts for him by saying, as she pointed a finger at him: "I'd rather be killed fighting like a man than live to be shamed of all. Go to your gun! Go to your gun this instant, for your credit's sake." He went, and tradition says that there was not a better soldier in the fort from that moment than the reconstructed Thomas.

The battle went on, and Mrs. Buchanan was again busy carrying balls for the soldiers, who were now being hard pressed by the large numbers of the assailants. In the midst of her duties she was hailed in a loud voice by an impetuous Irishman whose senses were none the clearer for having taken a "horn too much" of whisky. His eyes were too bright for the time of night, and his spirits were full gay for the occasion as he came lurching down from his post, bawling at the top of his voice: "It's me own gun that is no account at all. Lend me the loan of 'me grandmammy's pocket piece,' and it's Jimmie O'Conner will put the whole Injun army to rout." As he would take no denial, the old gun was finally put at O'Conner's disposal. Having rammed its quadruple load into the piece, the noisy Irishman clambered up the ladder

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and thrust the blunderbuss through the porthole. Pulling the trigger, he cried confidently: "It's dead ye are entirely."

He was sure he had done great execution, though he had heard no report, a circumstance he accounted for by the uproar that was going on all around. He scrambled down the ladder and demanded another load. Four times in succession he came down for ammunition, and each time he put into the gun the full amount of powder it required. In the belief that he had already dealt death to the savages with each shot, he pulled the trigger for the fifth time as he exclaimed: "Hurray! This will finish the row!" The gun went off. A streak of fire that seemed a yard long to Jimmie's astonished eyes flashed from the muzzle with a loud bang that shook the stout buildings and drowned every other noise. O'Conner, kicked backwards by the recoil, went rolling down eight feet to the ground floor. "My grandmammy's pocket piece" had exploded for the first and only time, discharging all of the five heavy loads at once with a shock that sent the unsteady Irishman sprawling on his back. "Be jabbers," he cried, with a good-natured grimace, "I gave it to 'em, but she gave me a tremendous pounce."

In reality the old weapon had been the means of helping the pioneers win the battle. The Indians who were already getting somewhat discouraged felt quite disheartened when they heard (as they believed) the report of a cannon from the walls. They stood in awe of the white men's "big guns," and the sound of the explosion unnerved them to such a degree that they relaxed their efforts and acted with a hesitancy that the pioneers were quick to see and profit by. The In-

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dian leaders also saw their braves falter. They grew desperate, and determined to fire the walls. Soon a number of blazing pine knots were seen trailing through the moonlight toward the fort. But several of the torchbearers were shot down as they ventured too near, and the others hung back, irresolute. Not a man among them appeared willing to repeat the attempt until one, more hardy than the rest, leaped forward suddenly and gained the wall in safety. Agile as a monkey, he began to climb, pine torch in hand. As his dark form scaled the corner of the blockhouse numbers of the sharpshooters focused their aim upon him, and being unused to failure in firing, they were amazed to see that he was still untouched. The dusky army outside began to cry exultantly: "White man's bullets cannot harm him. It is Chia-Chatt-Alla, The White Man Killer. See him go to the top!"

In truth his hands were already clutching the projecting clapboards, and instantly, with a pantherlike bound, he sprang upon the roof. The white marks-men were bewildered to see their well-aimed bullets whiz harmlessly past the audacious chief, as he ran with perfect ease along its sloping side, then bent his supple body and held the torch close against the dry wood. The roof, as they knew, would soon flame up, and the white men grew frantic in their efforts to disable the incendiary, in the next second, before the mischief should be done. A rain of bullets fell harmless around the stooping, half-naked figure. "He is safe!" shouted his followers, boastfully. "White man's lead is harmless to Chia-Chatt-Alla."

That instant a bullet hit him, barely in time to save the fort. The roof had not yet been ignited, when his

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body and the blazing torch rolled together, over and over, down to the eaves and off to the ground. But a short distance from the wall lay Chia-Chatt-Alla in the agony of a mortal hurt, yet his spirit was still unconquered. He dragged himself a few feet nearer, close enough to thrust the burning brand under the bottom log of the blockhouse, in a last effort to fire the building. He blew the failing torch with his still more rapidly failing breath, and summoned his remaining strength to call aloud to his warriors, saying: "Fight on like brave men. Never give up till you have taken the fort."

Before he had succeeded in reviving the blaze the touch of another bullet ended his life. When the warriors found that their chief was dead, they turned and fled into the woods in utter rout, leaving behind them the bodies of all who had fallen in the fight.

While all this was going on, Mistress Phoebe had remained hidden in her room, with her fingers in her ears to keep out the sounds of battle. The firing of guns, the baying of excited bloodhounds, and the yells of savages had almost driven her distracted. Presently a wild plan took shape in her mind. Lest the warriors should burst in upon them to tomahawk her children and herself, she resolved to go outside and give themselves up as captives to be led away into the Indian nation. With this desperate purpose apparent in her eyes, she caught her little ones by the hands and led them through several deserted rooms and passages until she came to a large central apartment where the people were gathered, rejoicing over the victory of which she had not yet heard. Seeming not to see any one in the gloomy light shed over the room by an iron

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grease lamp suspended from the wall, she was hurrying past when Mrs. Buchanan called to her cheerily: "What in the world are you going to do, Phœbe?"

"To surrender," said Phœbe, over her shoulder without pausing in her flight to the door.

"Never, so long as there is life in this body!" cried Sallie Buchanan, barring the way with her goodly form. "Go back to your room and keep out of the way. We have whipped the Indians. We are all safe now." Looking about her, the fear-stricken creature was forced to realize that this must be so. She saw groups of men and women everywhere about the room laughing and talking about their experiences in the fight, and on every side she heard the joyful words: "They are gone. Every Indian has left, and none of us are hurt!" It was true, though it seemed little short of a miracle, that in the night assault on Buchanan's station eight hundred savages had been repelled by twenty-one men and a few brave women, not one of whom had been wounded; no, not with the slightest scratch. Scarcely had the assailants disappeared when Captain Rains came in sight of the fort with five of his men. Among the number was young Joseph Brown, who at the age of nineteen years had already become a noted border soldier under Rains and Gordon.

Riding up close to the stockade, Brown, to his astonishment, saw lying there the body of the same Chickamauga chief, Chia-Chatt-Alla, who had taken him captive at Nickajack. He at once, as he afterwards wrote, recognized his "old chum Chatt, who lay dead, pierced with balls shot down into his body while he was blowing the coals to fire the fort."

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John Davis, another member of Rains's band, testified, on the other hand, that, though he had many wounds, only one bullet had struck Chia-Chatt-Alla after his body had rolled to the ground. Davis averred that, as the ball was fired from above, it had entered the top of the Indian's head and, owing to his crouching position at the time he was killed, pierced his body with six holes.

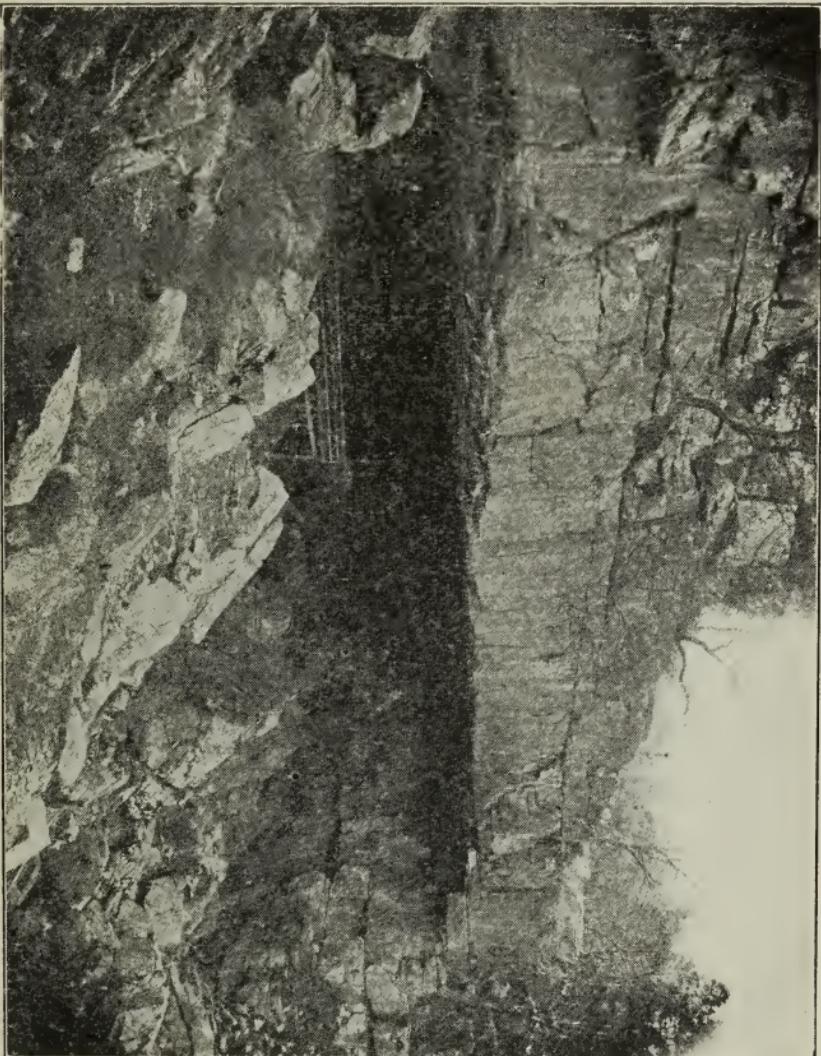
XIV.

NICKAJACK, OR PROPHECY FULFILLED.

LONG ago, when there were but few white men settlers west of the Alleghanies, Jack, a negro slave in the Watauga country, ran away from his pioneer master and took to the woods for freedom. Along the paths of the wild he went for a hundred miles or more southward, until he reached the river Kalam-uchee (Tennessee), where it dips down near to Alabama at a point about thirty-six miles below Lookout Mountain. By some means he crossed the wide stream to a strip of woods on the other shore, lying between the river and the abrupt end of Sand Mountain. The wood was in a region unknown at that time to white men and uninhabited by Indians. Jack, believing himself to be safe here from pursuit, paused in his flight and began to look about for a resting place. In his search he came to the wide, lofty entrance to a cave at the base of the mountain—an opening in the rocks so spacious that the creek which flowed out of it occupied scarcely a fourth of its width. Here was a perfect shelter from wind or rain, a safe place in which to build a fire without danger of being betrayed by ascending smoke. Glad of his good fortune, the negro made his home in the cave. There he slept and cooked and ate in fancied security, not knowing that he was in the evil-famed Te-Calla-See, the cavern to which the Chickamaugas, who then lived

Courtesy of N. C. & St. L. Ry.

ENTRANCE TO NICKAJACK CAVE.



Nickajack, or Prophecy Fulfilled.

on Chickamauga Creek above Lookout Mountain, were in the habit of fleeing when hard pressed by enemies; nor did he dream that it was the secret storehouse to which they brought the plunder they had stolen from other tribes or from the whites. The collection of bad Indians and outcast white men who went under the name of Chickamaugas were counted, even among red men, as bandits and robbers, and Te-Calla-See was known as their den. Here it was that their chief, Dragging Canoe, hiding from John Sevier's horsemen, had lain for months on his buffalo robe in the mouth of the cave, nursing his wounds and sulking over his defeat at Island Flats, refusing to come in after every other Cherokee chief had smoked the peace pipe with the victorious whites. No paleface had ever ventured to the neighborhood of the cave. No Indians other than the Chickamaugas lingered about it. All else glided swiftly by with muffled paddles on the bosom of Kalamuchée. For the mysterious hole in the ground was more terrifying to the superstitious braves than all the perils of navigation in the narrows of the Tennessee they must pass through on the way between Lookout Mountain and the cave.

The day naturally came when, in one of their excursions to the cavern, the Chickamaugas found the runaway negro in their hiding place. From that day the cave was known as Te-Calla-See no more. In memory of the intruder it was called by the Indians, in broken English, Nicka-Jack Cave. What more the savages did to poor negro Jack than give his name to their den, neither history nor folklore tells.

For some years the region continued to be shunned by all save the Chickamaugas, who came in time to use

it for a shelter while they waited to waylay parties of white immigrants who began about the year 1773 to travel by water to the southern country around Natchez, Miss. So often were these parties wrecked and robbed by the bandits of the Narrows that Virginia and North Carolina finally sent an army under Colonels Evan Shelby and John Montgomery, who destroyed every Chickamauga village around Lookout Mountain and killed many of the braves. The remaining warriors, with their families, fled to the great cave, where they lived until they could build near it the town of Nickajack, on the river bank, and four other villages, including Tuskigagee (Running Water), a few miles higher up the stream. One of the first acts of the Chickamaugas after building these villages, called the lower towns, was to fire on John Donelson's company of pioneers who were "intending, by God's permission, to go to the French Salt Spring" on the Cumberland (the future site of Nashville). And later they followed the immigrants to their new homes, often going across country to fall on them unexpectedly, and then retreat so rapidly to their den that pursuit by the pioneer soldiers was hopeless, and capture of the savages almost impossible.

These were the same bad Indians who made the assault on Buchanan's Station. It was they who captured Colonel Brown's boat, killed him and his three sons, and held the rest of his family captives.

Where all these things happened sixty-five railway trains now pass daily over the old site of Nickajack. The woods at the foot of the mountain have long since given place to level fields with farmhouses here and there on the broad plain. Everything seems changed

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except the cavern. From car windows on the N., C., and St. L. Railway travelers who pass Shell Mound, a station in Marion County, Tenn., will notice the river almost lapping the car wheels on one side of the tracks; and on the other, nearly a mile distant, may plainly see an opening fifteen feet high and ninety feet wide gaping as of old under the head of Sand Mountain. It is Nickajack Cave. The way from the station to the cavern is through a long lane which divides the fields that lie between it and the river. The approach is favorable to illusions. With the back turned on all that pertains to the present, and facing the open mouth of Nickajack, you fall under the spell of the past. If the hour is toward evening when the shadows come down to meet you from the mountain, you may be startled once or twice, in walking up the lane, by the consciousness of a colossal human figure sitting at ease in the entrance of the cave. You stop to look, and it is gone. A few yards forward, and, out of the corner of the eye, it is again seen. A full gaze proves that no one is there. Another advance, and a quick side glance catches the figure, seeming now to sit bolt upright as if at the approach of footsteps. A careful examination follows, upon which the black, woolly head of the apparition is seen to be a deep, round hole in the left-hand wall of the entrance—nothing more; the folds of the gray blanket around the massive shoulders are but projections of jutting stone, and the lengthy limbs are, plainly, only two layers of granite. With an effort, the influence of the past is shaken off to make way for practical thoughts. Yet, after all, as you retrace your steps to the railway, the irregular outline of the rocks, seen at various angles

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of distance, over the shoulder, is mightily suggestive of Negro Jack taking a breath of free air in the mouth of Te-Calla-See.

The Cumberland settlers had suffered long and grievously before Gen. James Robertson determined that it was his duty to drive the Chickamaugas from their haunts at Nickajack and Running Water. No less than five hundred of the pioneers had been killed by them, and many were held as slaves in captivity. Thousands of dollars' worth of horses and other property had been stolen, fields had been laid waste, and houses burned. It has been justly claimed that in proportion to population "no part of the west, no part of the world suffered more, and none resisted more bravely than the frontiers of Tennessee."

In the autumn of 1794 General Robertson received news that still another Indian raid was to be expected. He considered this to be a fit time to attack the savages in their own towns, where they felt as safe as the panther in his lair, boasting that Chucky Jack (John Sevier) himself would never be able to reach them.

With this intention a body of pioneer soldiers was sent by Robertson to invade the heart of their country. They were led by Joseph Brown, who alone knew the way, by secret paths, to the spot where he had suffered in captivity. At dusk one day in September, 1794, the white army reached a point on the Tennessee River called "The Great Crossing," three miles below where Nickajack lay on the opposite shore, near Running Water. As soon as night came on the soldiers began, under cover of darkness, to construct rafts of cane and driftwood lashed together with rushes, upon

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which to cross the swollen stream that spread itself three or four miles between them and their enemies. In the meantime, the officers were laying plans for the attack, based on information furnished by young Brown, and finally adopted the suggestion of Andrew Jackson, a youthful military genius in the ranks, who proposed that they cross at break of day, make a wide circuit of the village, climb the mountain behind it, and descend unexpectedly on the inhabitants of the two towns.

Day had not yet dawned when some of the men began to move. Too impatient to await their turn to embark on the frail boats, they forded the stream on horseback. Joseph Brown, though he had a wounded arm, swam his horse to the other side in company with William Trousdale, John Gordon, and others, and there awaited the arrival of the rest of the army, two hundred and sixty-five men all told.

The daring brothers, William and Gideon Pillow, had been detailed to carry over a raft laden with guns, shot bags, and clothing. Then it was that William Pillow performed the feat of swimming in front of the raft and towing it by a rope held between his teeth, while his brother, Gideon, and a comrade pushed it, swimming behind.

When all had crossed, the soldiers fell into ranks as quietly as possible, and were led by Brown far around to the rear of Nickajack up into the mountains, from whence, in two divisions, under Colonels Whitley and Montgomery, they descended on the villages in such a way as to surround them before the sleeping inhabitants awoke. The soldiers had crept through corn patches and thickets quite close to the wigwams,

and when their first shot was fired the Indians, leaping from their beds of skins, dashed past them through the thickest of the corn in a run toward the river, where they hoped to escape in their canoes. But at the landing place they were cut off by the whites, and on the exact spot where Colonel Brown's crew had been killed they were nearly all shot. Scarcely an Indian brave was left alive either in Nickajack or Running Water when the fight was over. The towns of the bad Indians were completely destroyed. The Breath and nearly every one of his warriors were put to death, and the squaws, with their children, were placed in a wigwam as prisoners under guard. Huddled there together, weeping and moaning, the women suddenly beheld a sight that made them tremble with redoubled fears. In the doorway, looking attentively at them, stood a white man whom they recognized as the boy, now grown up, who had been so cruelly treated by them in the past. As if they had seen an avenging ghost, they shrank back from the man's fixed gaze. The fat old squaw who had tried so hard to have him killed cried aloud: "Our time has come to die! It is but just for him to take vengeance on us." The others crouched dumb before his long, silent inspection. It was the good squaw who had taken Brown's little sister Polly for her own who ventured at last to remind Joseph that, after all, his life had been spared. "Then spare the women of our tribe," she pleaded softly, "for it was through a woman's kindness that you were saved."

"Have no fear," was the generous reply; "it is only savages who kill women and children."

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"O, that is good news for the wretched," cried the reassured squaw, clapping her hands.

As soon as the women realized that they were safe their tongues were loosed, and they began to question Brown and express their astonishment at the suddenness of the attack. "Where did you come from?" asked Polly Mallette, when he had kindly taken her hand; "we never expected to see you again."

"Did your soldiers drop from the clouds?" demanded others.

"We did not drop from the clouds, nor did we sprout from the ground," answered Joseph Brown quietly, "but you must know that white men are not to be evaded. We go where we please, and we cannot be turned back." In explanation, he said further, "We did not wish to kill the men of your tribe, but they have forced us to do so."

Only one woman among them had not expressed surprise at the return of Joseph Brown. The mother of Cutleotoy remembered that this was exactly what she had expected. Did she not warn the braves from the first that the boy, if allowed to live, would "get away and return some day bringing with him an army of white men, who would destroy them utterly?" Everything had happened just as she predicted, in strange fulfillment of the squaw's prophecy.

The nest of bandits was completely broken up. By the destruction of Nickajack and Running Water the white people were rid of their most dangerous enemies. There was never, after this event, any important incursion of savages into the Cumberland settlements.

XV.

THE SOVEREIGN'S WILL.

THE young State of Tennessee was justly proud of her first two United States Senators, William Cocke and William Blount. Blount was especially admired by the people among whom he lived in the eastern part of the State. Already he and his lovely wife, Mary Grainger, had endeared themselves to the public while he was Governor of the "Territory Southwest of the Ohio" before that thinly settled section had inhabitants enough to entitle it to enter the Union as the State of Tennessee. The Governor's life of courtly elegance had given no offense to the pioneer families in the backwoods settlements because both he and his accomplished wife had, with true kindness of heart, always made the roughest countrymen who came to their mansion feel thoroughly at ease by their gracious manners. Consequently their rustic neighbors greatly admired them. They were proud to claim familiar acquaintance with the distinguished statesman and his lady. And there was scarcely a man in all the country, however humble he might be, who would not have risked his life for the aristocratic Blount. Being peculiarly the people's pet, it is not surprising that they should take his part against the whole world. I will tell you of an instance in which the people upheld their favorite in defiance of the power of the United States Government.

The Sovereign's Will.

In the summer of 1797 charges were brought against Blount in the United States Senate on account of a private letter he had written to a friend in which it was claimed he used "seditious and treasonable words." This was the grave charge, but the people at home declared it was false. Blount's innocence was established in their minds as soon as he wrote to them from Washington, saying: "I hope the people on the western waters will see nothing but good in it, for so I intended it, especially for Tennessee."

Public confidence in Blount was such that every voter believed in him at once, and believed in him to the end. Though he was impeached, and finally expelled from the Senate, his standing at home was not hurt in the least. His neighbors were sure that Blount had done no wrong. Believing that he had been unfairly accused and harshly judged, they welcomed their discredited Senator home with open arms. In Knoxville he was received with marks of respect that amounted to an ovation.

And this was not all. In the course of a few weeks James Mathers, Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States Senate, followed Blount from Washington City to Knoxville. But the purpose of his mission was a secret. It was whispered by the knowing ones that Mathers had come to arrest Senator Blount. Then the wise ones put their heads together and formed a plan; and the result was that the most prominent men of the town began to pay the officer of the United States Senate all sorts of hospitable attentions. According to their concerted scheme, Mathers was dined here and banqueted there. He was feasted and toasted on every hand with the most

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flattering cordiality. Even in the residence of Governor Blount he was the honored guest. All the while, the officer said nothing about his business. How could he tell those friendly Tennesseans that he had come among them to carry away by force their most distinguished and best-beloved citizen?

Mathers was entertained as though he were a public benefactor, day after day, and still he had not the courage to speak his errand. As the people continued to heap favors upon him, his situation became more and more embarrassing, for the time had come when the arrest could be put off no longer. The Sergeant-at-Arms must do his duty, no matter how unpleasant the task might be. With delicate consideration for his host, he concluded to tell Senator Blount privately that he had been sent to conduct him to Washington City, thinking by this means to give his prisoner the chance to go along with him quietly, without attracting public attention. But to Mathers's surprise, Blount was not at all disconcerted by the news that he was to be arrested. The accused statesman looked the officer in the face and remarked that he did not desire nor intend to go to Washington at that time. Not knowing what to say next, the abashed officer withdrew in confusion. There was nothing left for him to do but summon a posse, in accordance with the forms of law, to help him arrest his man. But this attempt failed also. Not a soul answered the summons. Clearly Mathers could not take his prisoner single-handed, so he was forced to call on the public at large to help him perform his duty. And again not a man responded to the appeal.

The Sergeant-at-Arms was completely baffled. He

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saw that he must go back on the road he had come without delay, though he would go without his prisoner. The day he started on his long journey a number of his Tennessee hosts (still as polite as Frenchmen) gathered about him on horseback. With every show of courtesy, they escorted him out of Knoxville. After riding several miles on the way with him they stopped and, bowing low to the Sergeant-at-Arms, bade him a smiling adieu, saying: "We beg to assure you, sir, that William Blount cannot be taken from Tennessee." After mature deliberation, the United States Senate wisely accepted this declaration as being the will of the sovereign people, and withdrew all charges of treason against Senator William Blount. This goes to prove that there are times when the will of the people who are governed is superior to the government itself.

XVI.

A TYPICAL PIONEER LIFE.

It was early in the nineteenth century. The town of Nashville numbered full five hundred inhabitants. Several long, straight streets crossed the space between the cedar-covered "knob" and the bluffs on the Cumberland, where formerly buffalo paths had wound through thick canebrakes. No less than four or five storehouses bordered the main street, and on other streets were a number of comfortable dwellings, a few of them being frame or brick, one or two of which were distinguished by glass windows. The stone house of Captain John Gordon, the frontier soldier, who was the first postmaster of the place, and the hewn cedar log cabin of Timothy De Monbreun, the earliest of hunters and traders on the Cumberland, were fast becoming old landmarks. A fine log courthouse, a tavern, and a market house adorned the square not far from the old fort which had fallen into decay since the Nickajack expedition had put an end to Indian alarms. By this time, also, there were several churches in Nashville, in which the Revs. James McCready and Jeremiah Lambert held fervid religious revivals, arousing sinners, and, as it was said, "driving the people distracted" with their stirring sermons. Here too was the Davidson Academy, where children were called to "books" by the learned Rev. Thomas Craighead. It was the same

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school which James Robertson had induced the Legislature of North Carolina to charter in 1785, in answer to the petition of the boys and girls of the Cumberland country. The people in those days no longer had to go about altogether on horseback. Wagons and occasional carriages were to be seen upon the streets, and where not long since only Indian canoes had shot through the current of the Warioto a ferry-boat now plied the stream, which the whites had named the Cumberland, for the convenience of all who might wish to cross the river.

In those earnest times each citizen felt himself to be the guardian of the public good, and on a certain day it chanced that nearly every man in town was at a meeting presided over by Gen. James Robertson, in which matters of importance to all were being discussed. The streets were deserted, and the ferryboat lay idle, tied up on the Nashville side of the river, the negro ferryman having taken advantage of his master's absence to leave his post, when a handsome young horseman, dressed in military fashion, rode down to the opposite, eastern shore, and hallooed loudly. No answer came. Again the soldier called "Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! there," impatient to be set across. Dead silence followed the shout. The ferryboat, tugging at its chain, as it swayed on the heavy swells of a spring freshet, was the only moving object to be seen beyond the restless current. There was apparently not a man within hail of Gideon Pillow, the rider who had traveled far to bring momentous dispatches touching the public safety to General Robertson. With still an effort to attract attention, the messenger shouted through his hands as through a

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trumpet, a few words telling the urgent nature of his errand, but was only answered by the echo of his own voice. Young Pillow began to think that if he crossed at all he must venture to swim the swollen Cumberland as he had once dared the Tennessee when he won distinction at Nickajack.

While he hesitated, looking doubtfully beyond the rolling waters, he saw on the other side a girl, young and slenderly formed, running along a path descending from the bluff to the landing place. He could scarcely believe that one so unfitted for the task would attempt to row the ferryboat across the rushing river until the girl had actually unfastened the chain, leaped on board the unwieldy craft, and pushed out into mid-stream. He watched her in amazement as she battled with the volume of water that surged against the upper side of the boat and noted with pleased surprise the strength of sinew in the rounded arms, though the slight figure bent low as to an unaccustomed task. As she neared the bank he discovered beauty in the maiden not noticeable at a distance. He was smitten with the light in her eyes, and his heart was caught in the meshes of her bright brown hair, that fell in wonderful braids below the hem of her frock. Yet, much as he admired her charms of face and form, the soldier was even more captivated by the courage she had displayed. A brave soul himself, he could appreciate the spirit which had animated Annie Payne in steering the boat to his assistance. And when in answer to his questions she had simply said, "I was glad to come, sir. In helping you to serve General Robertson I do but help you serve your country,"

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try," he needed no further proof that her fair person was fitly matched by her noble character.

Such was the beginning of a love story which resulted in a wedding and an "infair," a three days' feast, during which the good neighbors from all the country round came to congratulate the gallant bridegroom as, resplendent in velvet coat and lace, with buff-colored knee breeches and buckles and ruffles and ribboned cue, he stood beside the bride in her short-waisted brocade gown, veiled with a shower of shining hair whose extreme length the bridesmaids had sheared even with the border of the bridal robe. Here the story might end by saying, "They lived happy ever afterwards," for there was no happier pair, perhaps in all the world. But this were to leave untold their life in the wilderness of Maury County, where a few years later Gideon Pillow went with his wife and two young children to seek his fortune in the fertile country then recently ceded to the white people by the Indians. It would be to say nothing of the journey thither by wagon, with household goods, live stock, and servants, nor tell how in the new clearing, surrounded by miles of uncut cane, Annie Payne Pillow placed her simple furnishings on the bare ground, waiting while the log walls of their first rude dwelling rose around her.

Here for a while she lived fearlessly and cheerfully in the woods, though she might often be startled by the near scream of a panther or be awakened at night by the howling of wolves. It was not long, however, before the cabin was replaced by a permanent home, around which were fields and barns where flocks and herds multiplied. The growl of wild beasts had giv-

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en place to the cheerful sounds of loom and wheel whose constant bang and whirl testified to the industry of the young housewife. Under her skillful management lard was rendered in its season and bacon cured. Soap was made in huge kettles, and tubs of snowy starch were pressed out from pounded wheat. At her command dairy and poultry yard, beehives, orchards, and maple trees, all yielded table delicacies in abundance, while her husband directed the labors that produced cotton and wool for clothing, and grain and stock for food. In truth the young pioneers in their clearing in the wilderness were quite independent of the world which they seemed to have left forever behind them. Had the government itself been financially ruined, they would scarcely have felt the difference, for they had small need of money in their simple, rational life. Yet money, too, came in the course of years, as the country around them became thickly populated.

In the meantime there was nothing to interrupt their peace of mind unless it was a slight uneasiness when occasional bands of friendly Indians would wander back, in small parties, to haunt their old hunting grounds. Although the savage visitors usually entered the house unexpectedly and without ceremony, there appeared to be no real cause to fear them. All that was usually needed to keep the braves in fine humor until they chose to leave was some trifling gift—a piece of scarlet cloth, a string of beads, or a bright-colored picture, with the words: "They are yours. Give them to the squaw."

Nevertheless, Annie Payne Pillow had need of all her courage once when the Indians came. It was

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during her husband's absence from home. She was alone in her room, except for her baby Gideon, who was asleep in his cradle. Suddenly a shadow fell on the wall before her—the shadow of a man with tomahawk in hand ready to strike. She sprang to her feet, and turned to face a band of Cherokees. Almost as she turned the leader of the band had seized the would-be murderer, and with a powerful grip had hurled him out of doors, saying by way of apology for his follower, in the best English he knew, "Heap much whisky make bad Injun." Then leaning his gun against the wall he extended a hand, in token of friendship, with a short, guttural greeting of "How do?"

The visit was mercifully short. As soon as the childish savages had been feasted on battercakes (for which they called more rapidly than the cook could fry them, saying "Big Injun love heap battercakes") and had been loaded with trinkets they were ready to go. Hardly were the red men out of sight, though, before the drunken one was back again—alone. He staggered into the house, lurched over to the cradle, and lifting the infant from his pillow made off with him as fast as he could go with his unsteady feet. The young mother screamed aloud as she pursued them into the woods. Fortunately her cry of distress reached the Cherokee leader, who hurried back to learn the cause of her alarm.

Among Indians one is accounted base who eats his brother's salt and repays the kindness with an injury. Such a man is despised even in his own tribe. Accordingly, when the chief learned of his warrior's shameful act, he promptly seized him by the heels

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and ran off with him at full speed, dragging him with ingenious cruelty across a field of sharp-cut canes and stubble. The screams of agony which were heard trailing off in the distance showed that the kidnaper was suffering sufficiently for his crime, and that liquor had robbed him of the stoicism of the Indian nature.

Years afterwards, when the stolen infant had grown into the soldier, Gen. Gideon Pillow, conspicuous in his country's wars, his mother, then an aged woman, delighted to gather her grandchildren and great-grandchildren about her knees and repeat to them the story of the drunken Indian and the child. Mrs. Annie Payne Pillow, one of the last of the hardy race of pioneers who by their courage and self-sacrifice made our present privileges possible, was a noteworthy link between the earliest settlers in Tennessee and the living generation. Her numerous descendants scattered throughout the States have impressed themselves upon the people among whom they live.

Some have inherited her patriotic zeal and courage to meet and overcome difficulties, and in others have reappeared her gifts of personal charm, particularly in her granddaughter, Miss Narcissa Saunders, who was in her day a belle and beauty in Washington City. Others of her descendants who are leaders in the communities in which they live bear witness to the far-reaching good influence of a typical pioneer life.



TOMB OF GOVERNOR MERIWETHER LEWIS,
Erected in Lewis County by the State of Tennessee.

XVII.

ON THE NATCHEZ TRACE WITH MERIWETHER LEWIS.

IT is but little known that in the thick of a Tennessee wilderness lies buried Meriwether Lewis, the commander of Lewis and Clark's expedition to the Pacific in 1804-06—a man whose name was once on every lip. The reading public of fifty or seventy-five years ago was familiar with his career and his fate. The account of the expedition published by Biddle and Allen in 1814 was then considered fascinating literature. Many an aged man still recalls the excitement of pleasure with which in his youth he read the book, remembering that he was held spellbound by the recital of the romantic adventures and hairbreadth escapes of the forty-four men under Captain Lewis, who penetrated to the sources of the Missouri, and thence down to the mouth of the Columbia River, when the Northwest was yet an unknown land.

The leader of that expedition came to his death under peculiar circumstances while journeying through Tennessee in 1809. The Legislature of the State, in recognition of his greatness, caused a suitable monument to be erected in the wilds of Lewis County, where he lies buried. The stately column of limestone, looming unexpectedly in the heart of a monotonous woodland, produces an impression of awe. The sculptured, broken shaft surmounting a square, pyr-

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amidal base of rough-hewn stone, is in striking contrast to the absence of man's art elsewhere in the dense forest in which it is hidden. Rising amid primeval trees, it is enveloped by a solemn silence which is rarely disturbed by visitors. The old road conducting to the place is in many parts so dim as to be almost obliterated.

There was a time though when the Natchez Trace, as the road is called, was a thoroughfare of national importance, it being the United States post road from Nashville to Natchez on the Mississippi. For a number of years it was the western boundary line of civilization. Originally an Indian trail, it was in 1801 improved by the United States troops under Lieutenant (afterwards Major General) George Pendleton Gaines, and converted into a public highway. This opened up communication with the southern Indian tribes as well as with the French and Spanish settlements on the lower Mississippi.

It was on October the eleventh, when the Natchez Trace post road was still new, that Meriwether Lewis, then Governor of Louisiana, took his fatal journey along that part of it which lies in Lewis County, Tenn. It was on or near the spot on which his monument stands that he died. Whether he came to his death by murder or suicide is a question still unanswered. The cause of the deed has always remained a mystery. For two years previous to his death Lewis had been Governor of Louisiana. He was then on his way from his seat of government in St. Louis to Washington City on business connected with his department as well as to look after the publication of his account of the Western exploration.

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His appointment at the early age of thirty-six years to the important position of Governor of Louisiana had been largely due to the warm personal attachment of President Jefferson, to whom he had endeared himself while acting as his private secretary. A noticeable trait of Lewis's character was his ability to attract and hold sincere friendship. He had early won a powerful friend in the President, and by his energy and thoroughness in the performance of every duty had remained to the last his special favorite and protégé. In a memoir of Lewis after his death, Jefferson wrote of his friend: "His courage was undaunted; his firmness and perseverance yielded to nothing but impossibilities; a rigid disciplinarian, yet tender as a father to those committed to his charge; honest, disinterested, liberal; with a sound understanding and a scrupulous fidelity to truth."

This superlative praise from the "sage of Monticello" was justified by Lewis's courage in facing the dangers of his Western expedition, by his endurance of hardships, by the thorough discipline he exercised over his command, and by the completeness and efficiency of his preparations for the journey, though the exploration was made on a very limited appropriation from the government. The service rendered to his country was extraordinary. The expedition resulted in confirming to the United States the title to an area now comprising the States of Idaho, Washington, and Oregon. The information he secured concerning the botanical, zoölogical, geographical, and geological resources of the country was of permanent value. His description of the scenery and his account of the peaceable disposition of the Indians he

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met created an enthusiasm for settling up the great Northwest. The expedition was, in fact, accomplished with success, and to the entire satisfaction of the government.

In 1806, after an absence of two years and five months, the exploring party returned triumphant, to receive unstinted praise for their services. The published journal of the explorer, which read like a tale of fiction, excited universal interest. Every detail of the narrative was read with avidity in the days when books were fewer than now. Not a scene was skipped, from the hour of departure from St. Charles, near the mouth of the Missouri River, to the moment when Captain Lewis cleared the stream with a bound near its source. The interest of readers still followed him when, at the instance of a friendly savage, and guided by the faithful squaw Sacajawea (the Bird Woman), he crossed the dividing range, there to find the source of another mighty stream—the Columbia—whose winding course he traced westward to the big water of the Pacific Ocean. The interest then awakened was revived in a slight measure a few years ago by the publication of a new edition of the once popular work.*

Aside from the qualities that gained renown for Meriwether Lewis, he had traits that made it easy for him to win affection. His dignity and courtesy, his courage and manly firmness were no less attractive than his handsome personal appearance which is preserved to us in a miniature taken of him in Paris at the age of thirty-five. He doubtless owed much

*The edition by Dr. Elliott Coues.

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of his personal attractiveness to his mother, who, we are told, was "perfect in form and feature, and possessed of a quick intelligence and a benevolent heart." She long survived her renowned son, and we read of her later as a very old lady, though still active enough to "come pacing home on her pony from a visit to a sick neighbor." Early widowed, she sustained alone the responsibility of forming her son's principles and molding his character.

Viewing Lewis as an interesting composite of human weakness and heroism, it is not hard to understand the epithet of "Sublime Dandy" which has linked itself with his name. Of his heroism he gave early proof at the age of nineteen years by saving the lives of the pioneers among whom his mother lived in Georgia. Mrs. Lewis had moved to that State from Virginia at a time when the country was greatly plagued by bands of marauding Indians. On one occasion the new settlers had fled to the woods for refuge. Tents were struck for the night, and fires were brightly blazing for the evening meal when a party of savages descended upon the travelers. Confusion seized the camp. No one knew what to do until young Lewis, taking in the situation at a glance, put out the fires and helped the men to repel the attack.

As a social figure he was conspicuously elegant. Attired in blue coat, red velvet waistcoat, buff knee breeches, and brilliant shoe buckles (a costume he is described as wearing on occasion), Meriwether Lewis, the accomplished private secretary of the President, should have been altogether irresistible to the belles of the young republic who adorned Washington

society in the beginning of the nineteenth century. Yet, in truth, he was never married. An untold romance may have been responsible for this sin of omission. Or a possible explanation may be found in the fact that he inherited from his father a tendency to melancholia, and was subject to moods of deep depression. It was with the hope of diverting him with new scenes and novel experiences that Jefferson had procured for him the command of the Western exploring party, as well as the commission of Governor of Louisiana. Jefferson's hopes seemed to be fulfilled when, at the end of a few years of exposure and danger in the West, Lewis's mind was apparently restored to healthy action.

This was the traveler who, on the evening of October 11, 1809, halted his roadster on the Natchez Trace, in front of Grinder's stand; this was the man of affairs hastening to give an account of his stewardship; this the explorer on his way to superintend the publication of his valuable journal. But we lose sight of the august dignity of his excellency, the Governor, we forget the author and discoverer, and have thought only for the handsome young soldier, but thirty-eight years old, as we see him riding to his death.

All day his spirits have been weighed down by gloom. So intense was his melancholy that his fellow-traveler, Mr. Neely (United States Indian Agent), was uneasy about Lewis's condition. According to the statement made by Mr. Neely afterwards to President Jefferson, he had himself been obliged to tarry at a point ten miles back of Grinder's to recover straying horses, and had seriously opposed Lewis's determination to go on without him. But though Neely

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argued of the unsettled state of the country, with the highway infested as it was with robbers and cut-throats, and reminded him of the personal responsibility he felt for his safety, he could not turn the Governor from his purpose of pursuing his journey alone. Insisting that it was important for him to proceed, Lewis hurried ahead, accompanied only by his Spanish body servant and an Indian guide, with the intention of going as far as possible that day. He reached Grinder's stand at dark, and resolved to stop there for the night, as the next place of entertainment was many miles distant. Like most of the back-woods hostgeries of those rude times, Grinder's house was only a log cabin. The remains of a stick-and-stone chimney still mark the spot it occupied, with a sad little mound near the monument. On that particular evening Grinder was not at home. In his stead, his wife appeared in answer to Lewis's lusty halloo. She looked searchingly at the three men. Turning from the foreign face of the servant to that of the bronze savage, she took alarm, and was not reassured by a glance at the gloomy features of the white stranger. Her conclusion was that she could not give them entertainment in the absence of her husband. But after long parleying Lewis persuaded her to admit them on condition that the travelers should confine themselves to one of the two detached cabins in the yard, and leave her and her small children undisturbed in the family room.

Not offering to give the men supper, the woman shut herself in her cabin and retired for the night. About three o'clock in the morning she heard firing. Other noises followed, to which she listened attentive-

ly. Some one was groaning outside, and she thought she heard the words, "It is hard to die," but she was afraid to unlatch the door and go to the sufferer's aid. Presently she could distinguish the sound of the gourd scraping against the almost empty water bucket which was on the shelf outside. Evidently the wounded man was thirsty, and there was little, if any, water in the pail. It was pitiful, yet the woman dared not go out until broad daylight, by which time the noises had all ceased. Everything was quiet when she opened the door to find that the strangers had all vanished. Their horses were also gone from the stable, and there was no trace of them to be found anywhere. It was not until nearly noon that a clue of any sort was discovered. In the meantime Grinder had returned and the mail rider, Robert Smith, had stopped at the stand on his regular journey from Natchez to Nashville. Together the two men made a search which ended in their finding the dead body of Meriwether Lewis lying under a tree near the house. His fatal wound had come from a bullet which struck him under the chin and passed out through the top of the skull. No one knew then nor has ever learned certainly since how the great man came to his death. The matter was discussed throughout the United States, and there were many differing opinions expressed on the subject. Mr. Jefferson, after taking pains to collect all the evidence he could gather at such great distance from the scene as to the cause of his friend's tragic fate, concluded that it was an act of suicide, committed in a fit of mental depression. But the family of Governor Lewis thought differently. They argued that if he had destroyed himself his

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money and the many valuables he was known to have had upon his person would have been found, whereas neither the one nor the other was ever brought to light. "And where," they asked, "were his followers and the three horses?" All the circumstances led them to believe that the Spanish servant (with the Indian probably as an accomplice) had murdered and then robbed their master.

Another theory adopted by many was that Grinder had killed him. But though the keeper of the stand was afterwards arrested and tried, he was acquitted of the crime. Singular to relate, the evidence in the trial was torn from the record by some unknown hand in later years. It has been claimed by others that an investigation of the facts indicates that Grinder's son-in-law committed the murder, and that though he was strongly suspected at the time, he was not arrested because he was a half-breed Indian, and it was feared that his trial and punishment might involve the border settlements in a disastrous war with the savages.

Whoever did the deed, the country people believed that the murderer or murderers, becoming alarmed by the groans which had disturbed Mrs. Grinder, had hastily hidden the stolen pouch of gold coins in the earth and then had fled, intending to come back later and get the booty. But as hue and cry was raised throughout the land, it was thought that the thieves did not dare to return. Quite naturally, superstition has added liberally to the story. Simple folk there are who believe that the gold lies hidden to this day in the ground on the very spot where Meriwether Lewis was buried, not far from the remains of Grinder's cabin, on the old Natchez Trace.

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Recalling other historic associations connected with the old road, it seems invested with an air of wild romance. Along this route traveled Aaron Burr when on his way to interview General Jackson before visiting the island home of Blennerhasset in the Ohio. We can see, in imagination, the gifted man, who has been called the "Benedict Arnold of politics," riding along the lonely way, weaving schemes to tempt, if possible, Andrew Jackson, the very bulwark of free government, to join in his treasonable plot to form a great western empire of which Burr was to be the ruler. Happily, as we know, his artful sophistries failed to draw Old Hickory into his plans.

Jackson himself traveled the Natchez Trace at an early date. Another famous name associated with the road was that of Thomas Benton. Long before he was a Senator of the United States he lived as a rustic youth on the Natchez Trace at a point called Gordon's Ferry, where he acted as clerk and book-keeper for the pioneer, Capt. John Gordon, who had established a commissary where the road crosses Duck River. Along this road, when it was but an Indian trail, Captain Gordon had chased many a party of hostile Creeks or Choctaws southward. Along its northward course he annually sent pack horses to Philadelphia with instructions to his men to purchase from Mr. Meeker or from Evans & Jackson (noted merchants in those days) such merchandise as was suited to his trading post on the frontier.

At a later date travel on the old highway was made hazardous by the robber band of Murrell, who was the Jesse James of his generation, and whose exploits furnished numerous themes for border stories.

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To a mind sensitive to impressions it would not seem incredible that savages might still be seen lurking in the woods through which the ancient warpath leads. Remembering Tecumseh's frequent presence on the Natchez Trace, the withered leaves of some gnarled stump would not be unlike the tawny-red figure of the Indian statesman on his way from tribe to tribe. It was here he passed along when inaugurating his well-devised scheme for uniting all the southern and northwestern tribes in the general uprising against the whites which resulted in the massacre at Fort Mimms and led to the Creek war. Over this course, too, galloped Red Eagle (William Weatherford) when sent on missions to the "war party" by Tecumseh. Certain parts of the road were also frequented by the astute half-breed chief McGillivray when engaged in his machinations with the Spaniards at Natchez to destroy the American settlements.

The scenes on the frontier highway have changed and passed like the slow shifting of a panorama. But a fixed memorial of the times stands, in the monument of Meriwether Lewis, apart from the hum of modern human interests, in the wilds of the county which bears his honored name.

XVIII.

THE FIBER OF "OLD HICKORY."

A DREADFUL thing had happened in the Southern Alabama country. Six hundred Creek warriors had unexpectedly rushed through the gates into Fort Mimms and put to death every white human being in the fort. Scarce was the massacre over before a secret messenger spurred his horse northward to carry the news to far-away Tennessee. For where should men be found quick to spring to arms if not in the "Volunteer State?" And who would be able to stop the ravages of the Creeks, what white leader was there in all the border land wise enough and bold enough to conquer their great half-breed chief, William Weatherford, unless it was the gifted soldier, Andrew Jackson, the Tennessean whose heart and life were pledged to the needs of all Americans alike?

With all possible haste, the messenger rode the long distance between Fort Mimms and Nashville. At his journey's end he galloped into the town on the bluffs of the Cumberland, halted his tired, reeking horse on the Public Square, and shouted aloud the story of the massacre to the crowds that gathered about him. The people were horrified to hear that nearly three hundred white men, women, and children had been put to death with unusual cruelties, without a moment's warning, as they were unsuspectingly about to sit down to dinner in that remote

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Southern stockade. Every white person within reach of the Indians had been killed. No quarter had been given to any, and few had escaped to tell of the catastrophe. At the pitiful tale indignant cries arose on all sides. There was but one feeling, one determination among the men of Nashville. The southern Indians must be put down at once and for all time, and Tennesseans must do it. The news leaped, as it were, through the air from town to town, almost as if there had been telegraph wires in those early days. Governor Blount promptly ordered out the militia and called for volunteers. In quick response drums were beating, fifes were screaming, and companies were forming on every muster ground in the State. Nothing was talked of, nothing of a public nature was thought of, but the Creek war.

From the place of rendezvous in Fayetteville, Lincoln County, General Jackson was soon ready to march southward into the Indian country with two thousand militiamen and volunteers, five hundred cavalry, and two spy companies of old, trained Indian fighters, to punish the Creeks. It was Jackson's fixed resolve, on entering the campaign, to make the southern frontiers safe for all time to come. He felt that it was necessary to teach the southern Indian tribes a lesson they would not forget. But the task he had set himself was no light undertaking; for there was a gigantic scheme on foot among the Indians, the British, and the Spaniards to drive the Americans from the continent. The intelligent chief, Tecumseh, had visited in succession all the tribes between the great northern lakes and the gulf, and engaged the greater part of them in the plot. The

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Spaniards were to supply them with arms from Pensacola, and the British were to give them aid by descending upon the coast cities in various quarters while the Americans were occupied elsewhere. The war spirit raged among the Creeks after Tecumseh's visit. The blood-stained war club, called by them the "red stick," was sent from tribe to tribe, and around the council fires the older warriors stirred the younger ones to zeal by their impassioned speeches. The Indian prophets declared that the Great Spirit had promised them to keep the warriors safe from bullets in battle, and the chief prophet, Monohoe, pronounced the country around their principal village to be "holy ground" which the Great Spirit would never allow to be profaned by a white man's foot. In fact, it was to be a fanatical, relentless war against the Americans—a series of outrages, of which the horrible massacre at Fort Mimms was only the beginning.

Yet though the majority of the Creeks joined the "war party," a small number of their braves remained faithful to their treaties of friendship with the United States. They brought on themselves thereby the intense hatred of their brothers, the "Red Sticks" of the war party, and were finally driven, through the persecutions of the latter, to seek safety in joining themselves to the American forces under General Jackson. With the help of these friendly Indians, the Tennesseeans were enabled to gain a signal victory in the battle of Tallushatchee. In this, their first engagement, not a single hostile Indian was left alive, though only a few of the whites had been in-

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jured by the poisoned arrows and "chewed bullets"** of the Creeks.

Another success quickly followed in the battle of Talladega, but Jackson's victories came near ending here for want of men to win victories with. Not that his soldiers had been killed in battle; not that they had lost courage at sound of the war whoops of the Red Sticks. Braver men than the Tennesseans who fought the Creeks in that autumn of 1813 never shouldered a musket; yet they were preparing to desert in a body and return home. The trouble was that they were suffering beyond endurance for want of rations. The contractors who had undertaken to supply the army with food from Tennessee had failed to forward the wagon trains of provisions they had engaged to send. There was by this time little or nothing left to eat in the Indian country, and the soldiers saw starvation staring them in the face. They thought it hard indeed that they must stay with a commander who could not feed them, when the route was open for them to go back home. They had been told too often that the wagons were on the way to believe it any longer. In vain General Jackson entreated them earnestly not to abandon the war while there was anything whatever to sustain life in the camp. In vain did he set them the example of grit and endurance by himself living on acorns and hickory nuts. His appeals fell on deaf ears. His diet of nuts only won for him the name of "Old Hickory," while the soldiers went on murmuring just the same

*Bullets which the warriors had cut roughly out of lead with their knives and which the squaws had chewed into shape with their teeth.

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against the hardships of their situation. The time for which many of them had enlisted had already expired, and the term of others was nearly out, which they thought justified them in their discontent.

The crisis came when after ten days' of gnawing hunger one entire wing of the army flatly refused to live another day on hope or fight another battle on promises.

Jackson's trusted officer, General John Coffee, brought him the startling information, saying: "The situation is deplorable, General. All the men and officers of the militia alike declare that nothing can hold them here longer in this state of starvation."

It is true that Old Hickory's heart was as gentle as a dove at times—but this was not one of the times. It has been said by the gifted historian, Col. A. S. Colyar, that on hearing the discouraging report, "his rage amounted to a cyclone in the wilderness—he was simply an organized fury." "What!" he exclaimed with his eyes ablaze; "do they forget already that we are here to avenge the atrocities enacted by the inhuman Creeks? They must not, shall not, forget. I swear that my army shall not bring disgrace upon themselves and their general. They shall not desert their post of duty so long as there is breath in this body! No," he cried, shaking his long forefinger menacingly in the direction of the mutineers, "they shall not retreat until we have given the cruel Creeks cause to long remember Fort Mimms in bitterness and tears."

"Ah!" replied General Coffee, "if only your indomitable spirit could be infused into the untrained militia! Reason no longer controls them. They have

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been collecting in their tents, both men and officers, talking over their grievances, and the spirit of revolt has gained such headway that they have determined to leave the camp. Indeed," he continued, "they are at this moment drawn up in marching order by companies, by battalions, by regiments, and brigades, with the head of the column turned toward Tennessee."

"Do the volunteer regiments still hold firm?" asked the commander anxiously.

"They are disposed to avoid the dishonor of desertion," responded General Coffee, "yet there is widespread dissatisfaction. The leaven is working. It is only a question of time when they too will revolt."

It was a mortifying situation for the iron-willed Andrew Jackson. Deep frowns wrinkled his brow while he pondered gloomily. Presently, turning to the officers who surrounded him, he said aloud: "The troops are unwilling to wait longer for the provision wagons to arrive. Yet should they now abandon the cause they have espoused, five thousand exasperated savages would be turned loose to imbue their hands once more in the blood of defenseless citizens."

The thin form of the commanding general was drawn erect in the saddle as he continued, vehemently exclaiming: "What! retrograde under such circumstances? I will perish first! Here I will stay until I am ordered back by the authorities at Washington, or die in the struggle." Endeavoring to calm himself, he presently added: "I will try first, however, to save these men from themselves."

Wheeling his horse, he spurred forward and rode toward where the troops were lined up. Approach-

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ing them, he said in an impressive voice: "Can it be that these brave men before me are about to tarnish their own reputation? Can it be said of them that they are so lost to humanity as to abandon our sick and wounded, who are unable to be moved? Will they desert their allies, the friendly Indians who have fought with us against their own tribe, leaving them to the vengeance of their infuriated kinsmen? No, my brave men, a thousand times, no! We will not give up yet. Not until the leader of the massacre of Fort Mimms is slain or conquered. Never until we have overrun the sacrilegious spot which the Red Sticks call their 'holy ground' will we turn our faces homeward. Though our wants be pressing, I do not despond. I have no wish to deceive you. Supplies are certainly on their way to us. Stay until they arrive. If in the meantime we suffer privations, remember they are borne for our country."

The commander cast a searching glance of appeal along the lines. Not a responsive word, not a look of assent rewarded him. On the contrary, frowns of determined resistance were seen on every face. The militia officers spoke the word, and the whole body of men were in motion to leave the camp.

Undaunted by their disaffection, Jackson ordered the volunteer regiments to form in line across the pathway of the mutineers. The artillery was placed in readiness to fire, and Capt. John Gordon with his spies (who could always be relied upon) was hurried forward. "Spare the effusion of blood, if possible," said Jackson to Captain Gordon, "but do your duty in any event."

The rebellious soldiers were dazed by Jackson's

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audacity. In bewilderment, they paused. They saw that their general was in earnest. Rather than have to fight their comrades, they gave way under his unbending will, and returned quietly to their tents. Nor did they think less, in doing so, of a leader whose resolution was stronger than their own. Jackson's boldness and firmness of purpose were openly praised throughout the camp by the very men he had defied. Boasting that night around the campfires of the courage he had displayed in opposing a whole army of rebels, they loudly cheered "Old Hickory," and the name took on a new meaning as his followers declared that hickory wood was not harder than his unyielding spirit, nor its fiber stronger than his own will.

The militia were still in fine spirits the next day. Seeing that they could not get away, they were making the best of the situation by amusing themselves with games and athletic sports, and without complaint were cooking for their dinner the only meat they had, the refuse portions of spoiled beef. In the midst of such peaceful pursuits the mutineers of the day before were suddenly ordered to arms. They were called upon by their general to put down mutiny elsewhere in the camp. The volunteers had in their turn become disaffected. As the term for which they had enlisted was nearly out, they argued among themselves that it would be a useless sacrifice for them to stay in camp, suffering and inactive, during the few days that remained of their time. With this flimsy excuse the volunteers determined to move off in a body, imagining from the discontent of the rest of the army that Jackson would have no means of compelling them to stay. But they "reckoned without their host" in sup-

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posing that Andrew Jackson would tamely submit to their revolt. To their astonishment, when they began the move, they found an army of resolute men drawn up in line of battle across the road by which they were retreating. With grim delight the militia were giving them tit for tat. With set faces, they stood grasping their rifles in front of the very men who had turned them back not twenty-four hours before. The volunteers looked at each other in foolish embarrassment, uncertain what to do. While they hesitated Old Hickory rode to the front, indignantly demanding of the disobedient troops: "Why did you quit your homes and come into the enemy's country? Was it to abandon your standard? was it to return to your families as mutineers and deserters? I say to you that you shall not succeed in your mad enterprise but in passing over my dead body. The heart of your general has been pierced. The first object of his military affection was the volunteers of Tennessee. But I have done with entreaty. It has been used long enough." The guns of the militia were cocked. The match was prepared for the cannon. Bolt upright in the saddle the inflexible commander sat, rigid as steel. The determination in his eyes was a strong argument to the mutineers. They began to talk among themselves of submitting. As if an echo of the affair of the day before had lingered in the air, the words, "Let us return," passed along the line, after which the officers came forward and pledged themselves that their men would return to their post of duty. To see the volunteers retiring meekly before the militia would have been laughable had not the whole situation been deeply tragic for the brave, devoted general,

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For it was easy to foresee that unless provisions should come at once discontent would break out into mutiny again. It was not long before the trouble came. Jackson had pledged his word that if the wagon trains did not arrive within two days he would march the army back home. The time was out, and the wagons had not been heard from. Murmurs arose in every quarter at once. The soldiers insisted, militia and volunteers alike, that the promise must be kept. They claimed it as their right to be sent back to the settlements.

The general was sorely perplexed. It would be impossible to conquer the Indians if both wings of his army failed him; yet he had given his word, and he could not stoop to plead with his men again. His stout heart was failing under its load of care. With his head dropped upon his chest, he sat in his tent thinking of his gloomy prospects. Full ten minutes had passed since he had spoken a word. His lips were drawn close, and not one of the officers who had gathered about him ventured to interrupt his silent meditations. They could only look sadly at their general and wonder if his indomitable will was at last broken. There sat the hope of the people apparently in utter dejection. If his spirit were really crushed, the loss to the nation would be greater than could ever be estimated. While his friends were anxiously watching his countenance the great man rose and began to pace to and fro with long strides. Evidently he was agitated by strong feelings. Suddenly he stopped. Facing his officers and throwing up his hands he exclaimed in a ringing voice: “If only two

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men will stay with me, I will never abandon this post."

Captain Gordon, prompt in action, frank in speech, sprang forward, placing his hand upon his breast as he said: "You have one, General; I'll stay with you, and die with you in the wilderness. Let us look and see if we cannot find another." So saying, he hurried from the tent and mingled at once among the troops to make a search for heroes. He was not without success, for his loyal example was as convincing as his words were persuasive. In a short while he found one hundred and nine men who agreed to stay as long as their country should need them. Jackson was deeply touched by the faithfulness of the few who were willing to stand by him. For their sakes he yielded so far to the wishes of the army as to march them all back a short distance toward Tennessee to meet the provision wagons, which this time really came.

Trouble with his untrained troops did not end here, however. On still another occasion, after they had been supplied with food, the army determined once more to return to Tennessee. News reached the general that they were already partly on their way. Almost a whole brigade had put itself in motion to go off forcibly. Jackson determined to take no middle ground. He would prevent them or die. He pursued the retreating troops on horseback, and coming up with them rode to the front and drew up alone, facing the advancing column. "Halt!" he cried. One arm hung wounded in a sling. With the other he seized a musket and resting it on the neck of his horse he pointed it at the head of the moving brigade, and

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again cried “Halt!” “Do not come one step farther,” he called out, “on peril of your lives. I will shoot the first man who attempts to pass.”

The column was sullen and silent. In this crisis Gordon and the faithful one hundred and nine once more came to the rescue. No one being bold enough to advance over the line they formed across the road, the mutineers again returned to their camp. There were other trying scenes for Jackson to pass through before the war was over, but in every crisis the captain of the spies and his faithful few were by his side showing steady opposition to sedition and mutiny. They were in front in every fight, always in the place of danger throughout the brilliant campaign which began with the battle of Tallushatchee and ended with the battle of the Horseshoe.

It was soon after the battle of Tallushatchee, when his troubles were thickest around him, that General Jackson one day rode off from headquarters unattended, to seek relief in solitude. He made a wide detour about the camp that he might in silence commune with his Maker and rest his mind in repose on the wisdom of an overruling Providence. Unconsciously, he neared a point where the Indian allies were encamped. Opposite to him stood the tent of Shelocta, the son of Chinaby, the Path-Killer, a powerful chief among the friendly Indians, who had joined the white army to fight against the Red Sticks. Jackson was arrested, in the act of passing, by a commanding yet courteous gesture from the chief, who came forward from his tent to speak with him.

The general saw that some grave matter was on Shelocta’s mind, and listened attentively while the

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chief spoke saying: "My white brother knows that the warriors of my tribe joined this war against our own countrymen that the treaty entered into a long time ago with our Father Washington might not be broken. To his friendly arm we hold fast. We will not break that charm of friendship we made together. When the Red Sticks sent around their war clubs, following the path Tecumseh trod to arouse the southern Indians, we refused to join the war party. We were for peace. General Jackson's eyes have not been shut since that time. He has seen the son of Chinaby fight in battle side by side with his white brothers against his own people. He knows that Shelocta hates the Red Sticks, and that it is not because he loves the war party that he asks him now to take pity on a nestling from their evil brood. Listen!" said the chief, pausing and softly lifting a finger. The faint wail of a suffering, exhausted infant reached Jackson's ears from a tent not far away. "It is the young Lincoyer," explained Shelocta, "the same babe who was found on the battlefield of Tallushatchee pressed to his dead mother's cold bosom. Though through accident the mother's life was taken while the white soldiers were fighting their way through the village, should the child for that cause be left to starve? Does the brave General Jackson make war on women and children?"

"God be my witness that I am innocent of such intention, Shelocta," answered the General, earnestly. "Until this moment I supposed that the infant was well cared for by the women of his mother's tribe who were taken prisoners at Tallushatchee. It was believed that he was being nourished by one of the captive squaws."

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“The squaws have one and all refused to have anything to do with the young Lincoyer,” answered Shelocta. “‘Let him die,’ they say. ‘It is the will of the Great Spirit. All his people are dead. Why should he live? There are none left to care.’ Many times I urged them, and many times they answered: ‘The tree is hewn down, let the branches wither.’ Come, your own eyes shall tell you if I speak the truth.”

Tall Shelocta’s plumes stooped in the doorway as he lifted the flapping curtain to allow the general to enter the tent where the young child lay. No sooner had Andrew Jackson’s glance fallen on the wasted form of the unfortunate infant than his keen, steel blue eyes were dimmed with tears. Together the white and the red chief bent over the tiny piece of copper-colored humanity. Neither spoke. Jackson was thinking of his own homeless infancy and recalling the cruelties he had suffered in childhood at the hands of Tarletan, the British conqueror of his own people in South Carolina. His strong language toward his disobedient soldiers may have been at times suggestive of the “wisdom of the serpent,” but now, certainly, the tenderness of the dove softened the stern soldier’s voice as he said: “I will take the child under my own protection from this time on. See to it, friend Shelocta, that he is brought to headquarters at once. And as for his future, that shall be attended to. I will receive the poor waif into my own household, and have him carefully reared under my own eye.”

The promise was faithfully kept. In a short time the little Lincoyer was sent to the settlements with other prisoners, under escort. When the guard ar-

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rived at Nashville they took the child out to Jackson's home, the Hermitage, as directed. Here, under the roof of the conqueror of his tribe Lincoyer grew up to manhood under the care of General Jackson and his gentle wife, Rachel Donelson Jackson, but died of consumption at the age of eighteen years. For though this wild shoot had been transplanted into kindly soil, its savage nature wilted under the culture of civilization.

Success, full, complete success finally crowned Jackson's arms. The war party among the Creeks was utterly broken up. At the battle of Tohopeka (the Horseshoe) in the heart of their "holy ground," the dead bodies of the false prophets who had claimed to be proof against white men's bullets were found strewn over the field. Monohoe in particular was a ghastly object. The bushy feathers that grotesquely covered his head were draggled in dirt and blood and his face was disfigured with the cannon shot that caused his death. The rattle of his fierce little drum had ceased forever. He no longer danced and howled cantations to animate the warriors to still greater cruelties.

Weatherford himself at last surrendered and sued for peace. Historians tell us how eloquently he pleaded for the safety of his people, and how magnanimously the terms he craved were granted. We have often read that when it was satisfactorily proved that he had not been concerned in the massacre of Fort Mimms, Jackson overlooked his part in the war, and saved him from the wrath of the white soldiers who would have killed him on the spot. These things have been repeatedly told, but it is not so well known that the conqueror took the fallen chief back to Ten-

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Tennessee with him and entertained him for nearly a year as an honored guest at the Hermitage.

Through the varied incidents of the Creek war one may form an idea of the passions that swayed the heart of Andrew Jackson. Whether those of piety or profanity, tenderness or fury, his feelings were at all times strong. It is not strange then that such a man should have been overpraised by some of his biographers, while others, who could not understand, misrepresented the fiber of Old Hickory's character.

XIX.

A RECKONING WITH THE SPANIARDS.*

At the close of the Creek war General Jackson made a treaty of peace with the southern Indians at their "holy ground." He next turned his attention to those Europeans in America who had stirred up the Red Sticks to hostilities against the frontier people. He wished to get information as to the true state of affairs in West Florida. Pensacola, which was at that time occupied by the Spanish Governor Manquerez, was, Jackson felt sure, the center from which had emanated much evil influence over the Indians. He was confident that the town was still used as a place of aid and comfort to the English, with whom our country was then at war. But he had not sufficient proof of the facts to warrant an attack on the fort that guarded the city and harbor; and there was no way to find out what it was essential for him to know except to send a remonstrance to the governor by a messenger who was at once discreet, fearless, observant, and intelligent. The man to undertake the errand must go alone, over a hundred miles, through a country inhabited by lately hostile Indians, and at the end of his journey he must risk the well-known treachery of the Spaniards. To deal to advantage

*Col. A. S. Colyar acknowledges error in his "Life of Andrew Jackson," in attributing this and other incidents to Thomas Kennedy Gordon instead of to Capt. John Gordon, to whom they properly belong.

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with the adroit Manquerez he must possess the qualities of a diplomat, and above all, he must be one used to seeing everything at a glance, and remembering what he saw. For this delicate mission Jackson's choice fell on his trusted friend, Capt. John Gordon, of the spies, a man described by an early historian of Tennessee as being "distinguished for never-failing presence of mind as well as for the purest integrity of principle," a man whose career as a frontier scout fitted him to take advantage of whatever circumstances might arise, and one, moreover, whose spirit was equal to Jackson's own. The iron-willed general had more than once tried issues with the border captain and had been obliged to yield, as when in a certain hot argument between the two an angry expression of Jackson's had carried offense to Gordon. Promptly Gordon unbuckled his sword (Jackson's gift to him) and returned it to the giver with the remark that as he proposed to settle the question as between man and man, he did not choose to be under obligations for a gift. To which Jackson, regaining his self-command, replied: "Take back your sword, Gordon. I cannot spare you, and our country cannot spare either of us."

On another occasion the captain of the spies, returning at night from scouting duty cold and wet from exposure, built a fire on the outskirts of the camp with which to dry his clothing, not knowing that General Jackson had given strict orders that no fires should be lighted that night to attract attention of the enemy. The general, quickly detecting the blaze, asked who had disobeyed his orders. On being told that it was John Gordon, of the spies, he sternly said: "Go tell Gordon to put out that fire at once."

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His messenger soon returned with Gordon's answer: "If I am not afraid to sit alone in the light on the outside of the camp, General Jackson should not fear one distant fire when he is surrounded by his army." The reflection on his commander's courage was permitted to pass unnoticed, and the solitary camp fire was not extinguished so long as it pleased Gordon to let it burn.

A picturesque figure in the olden times was this small, dark-bearded man who was an object of peculiar dread to the Indian warriors. He was called by them their evil spirit, and was in all, or nearly all, of the Indian battles that took place on the Cumberland frontier. Many were the tales told in cabin and camp of his daring exploits, and his unfailing good judgment and sincerity of purpose made him an honored name among the pioneers. It was such men as Gordon, Rains, Martin, Maury, and Williams who gave the people security in their border land homes by constantly watching along the frontier for Indians, ready at a moment's notice to start out after bands who entered the settlements to murder and plunder.

Before sending Captain Gordon to Pensacola, General Jackson had become convinced that, although Manquerez represented a government which continued to give our own government assurances of its neutrality, he was actually making Pensacola a depot of supplies to the British army, and was sheltering warships in the harbor. With the object of holding Manquerez to account through his messenger, Jackson charged Gordon to say to the governor that he desired to be told plainly if he, as the representative of Spain, "meant to pursue a strange, concealed course

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which under the garb of friendship cloaked all the realities of war." Jackson did not expect any other than the evasive reply he received in return, but he counted upon Gordon to use his eyes and ears while in the town, and find out certainly whether or not the governor was acting a double part. He desired his envoy to make a thorough examination of the place.

To do so in the most effectual manner the frontier scout planned to enter Pensacola at night. This he did; and once inside, he galloped boldly through various streets, observing closely, and taking rapid mental notes as he went. So audacious was the proceeding that he passed unchallenged, no one suspecting who or what he was until he had arrived by his circuitous route at the governor's mansion. It did not occur to the garrison that he was other than one of themselves with dispatches for headquarters. In this way the messenger of the American general saw much it was not intended he should see, as also in his diplomatic interview with Manquerez he obtained much more full and satisfactory information than it pleased the governor to communicate. Among other significant facts Gordon noted that a British flag was then, at the time he was in Pensacola, flying on one of the Spanish forts. He also saw one hundred and fifty or two hundred British officers and soldiers, together with a park of artillery and about five hundred Indians under drill of those officers armed with new muskets and dressed in the English uniform. All of this and much more which it was of importance for Jackson to know he communicated to his general. General Jackson became convinced through Gordon's report that active war was soon to be made by Great Britain

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in the lower country. With the object of putting that region in a proper state of defense, he marched his army at once to Mobile. A descent on the coast by the British fleet was hourly expected to take place. Where the blow would be struck no one could tell. It was only certain, in Jackson's opinion, that unless Pensacola was in the hands of the Americans it was hopeless to think of protecting the southern coast. From Mobile he sent another messenger to Manquerez taxing him with his duplicity in a long letter which he addressed to the governor. "All this is done," wrote the American general, "while you are pretending to be neutral. You cannot be surprised then, but, on the contrary, will provide a fort in your town for my soldiers and Indians should I take it into my head to pay you a visit. I beg you not to consider me any more as a diplomatic character unless so proclaimed to you from the mouths of my cannon."

Shortly afterwards he gave his famous order to General Coffee and his Tennesseeans to "Rout the British out of Pensacola," and immediately moved his army upon the place. With his troops drawn up in front of the city, he demanded an immediate surrender of the forts of Barancas, St. Rose, and St. Michael, which was refused by Manquerez. Whereupon Jackson's next order to General Coffee was: "Then turn out the soldiers."

In less than six hours the Americans had captured all the various fortifications of the city, driven the ships out of the bay, and had every Briton in the vicinity seeking the protection of the Gulf of Mexico. The date of this important event was November 7, 1814.

XX.

A DAY WE CELEBRATE.

ANDREW JACKSON, the man who won the battle of New Orleans on the eighth of January, 1815, hated the British with all the energy of his strong nature. He remembered bitterly that both his brothers had lost their lives in fighting the British in the Revolutionary War, and that his mother, broken in spirits, had soon afterwards died while helping to care for the American prisoners and wounded; and he could never forget the time when, as a fourteen-year-old boy, he had himself been captured by Tarleton's soldiers and ordered to black the boots of a ruffianly officer who, upon his refusal to do the menial task, hacked him across the head with his sword. All his life long, after these early experiences in South Carolina, Andrew Jackson cherished animosity against the English nation. The thought that Britons should ever again attempt to invade America was enough at any time to stir him to anger. Thus his indignation was great when, in December, 1814, he learned that a large British force under Gen. Sir Edward Pakenham had crossed the seas and were anchored off New Orleans. Evidently they meant to capture that unprotected port. Maj. Gen. Andrew Jackson resolved to send them back to their own country in defeat. "I will assail them on their first landing," he declared, "and I will perish sooner than they shall reach the

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city." If he had any misgivings, he locked them in his own bosom. Publicly, he took a solemn oath that a tyrant's heel should never again find footing in the land of liberty, and forthwith hurried with his Tennessee and Kentucky volunteers to drive back the invaders. From experience, Jackson's soldiers knew that with him to resolve was to perform. Since the successful ending of the Creek War and his reduction of Pensacola, they believed Old Hickory could whip any force on earth, and were eager to help him carry out his plans. He had only to express the wish, or give a hint, and a crowd of volunteers offered for any service he might require. But the belief that he could defeat the enemies who now threatened the southern coast was confined to Jackson's followers alone. To all others his chance for victory seemed small. Why, there were fourteen thousand British veterans come from recent victories over the trained armies of Europe to meet less than twenty-five hundred frontier "squirrel hunters" under a "backwoods general." At the bare situation cautious statesmen stood aghast. A thrill of anxiety swept over the United States. Defeat was counted a certainty by all but Jackson's little army. The lower country seemed doomed. The Mississippi River, all important to its prosperity, must inevitably fall under foreign control.

In New Orleans, particularly, terror prevailed over every other sentiment. The citizens, knowing the custom of the British army to pillage, burn, and desecrate wherever they were triumphant, looked for the worst. Besides the fears of the citizens, Jackson had also to contend with treachery in the city. Many of the mixed French and Spanish population, being used to

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the rule of kings, were opposed to a free form of government. They did not sympathize with the patriotic resolves of the American general. Others were merely faint-hearted; and still others, who could see no reason to expect success, were in despair. The timidous, the disloyal, and the pessimistic elements of the population all joined in begging Jackson not to excite the anger of the British by useless opposition. They urged that it would be better to submit in the outset than to fight and endanger the safety of the city.

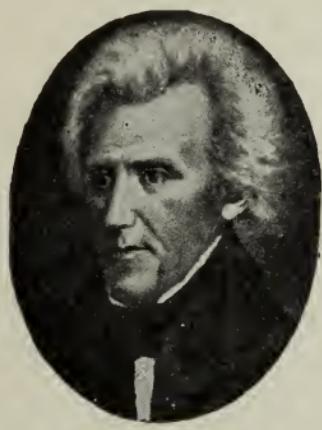
But to give up without a struggle was a thing Andrew Jackson could not do. Fortunately, his Tennesseeans under Carroll and Coffee believed in him thoroughly. They were eager to obey the orders of a general who had won their confidence in the Creek campaign. Buoyed by their fidelity and relying as well on the support of the true-hearted natives of Louisiana and Mississippi who had joined his standard, General Jackson was able to beat down the opposition of those false citizens whom he had come to save. Upheld by the faithful few, he ignored disloyalty in the many, and went to work to fortify against the enemy.

Being sure of the justice of his cause and believing firmly that God was on his side, he could afford to be calmly hopeful. He could even find amusement in the boastful taunts of the invaders. When the British commander, with light presumption, sent word to Jackson, saying, "I shall do myself the honor to take my Christmas dinner in New Orleans," Old Hickory only smiled and answered with grim humor, "Maybe so, but I shall do myself the honor to sit at the head of the table."

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In order to stimulate the patriotic ardor of all classes, Jackson made stirring, direct appeals to the public. Upon one occasion he said to them as a whole: "Citizens of the United States, the enemy you are to contend with are the men your fathers fought and conquered." To the French he cried: "Natives of France, descendants of Frenchmen, they are the English, the eternal, the hereditary enemies of your ancient country." And to the Spaniards of New Orleans he significantly pointed out that a British commander had recently dealt treacherously with his Spanish allies at Pensacola. On the other hand, he spoke encouragement to the loyal men of Louisiana in the words: "Louisianians, your general rejoices to witness the spirit that animates you. You are fighting for your property and lives—for that which is dearer than all, your wives and children." And he sent a special messenger to the women in the city who had given themselves over to alarm, saying: "Tell them not to fear. The British shall not enter the city."

Some felt greatly reassured by his promise, but the majority of the people were harassed by fears. All who could get away prepared to fly at a moment's warning. Household goods were packed, jewels and money were hidden, everything was in readiness for flight, when on the twenty-third of December General Jackson met the British as they landed, and gave them their first repulse. Loud was the rejoicing in New Orleans. Equally great was the surprise. It was hardly believable that Pakenham's veterans had been checked by the backwoodsmen under Jackson. That being so, however, it began to seem possible that



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the general might keep his word to them, and rid the country of the redcoats.

From that day the citizens began to watch the movements of the little army of Americans with mingled feelings of curiosity and admiration. They could not but applaud the energy with which ditches were dug and breastworks thrown up some distance below the city; and they saw with astonishment the long line of earthworks which ranged in height and width from five feet high and four feet thick to eight feet high and twenty feet thick, stretching across the swampy plain at right angles from the river. A number of cannon, including a large thirty-two pounder, had been planted at intervals along the embankment. In the center, near the great gun, rose a tall flagstaff from which floated the "stars and stripes," visible to friends and enemies of freedom alike on both sides of the river. Behind the barricade was a collection of tents and huts which served as sleeping quarters for the army, and from the top of each streamed a bit of colored cloth, an improvised flag, emblem, or ensign. Around the whole, Jackson had stretched a cordon of pickets with strict orders that no person whatever should pass in or out; for there was good reason to fear treachery both within and outside the camp. It was important that the enemy should not find out that the Americans had only about twenty-one hundred effective fighting men to defend the place, and above all, they must not learn that many of these soldiers had no firearms at all, and that the guns of a great number were old, broken, and almost useless. Yet despite Jackson's precautions, a traitor in the camp contrived to steal out and make his way to the British

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army. Seeking the enemy's headquarters, the deserter informed General Pakenham that Jackson had but few available troops. He also advised him that the weakest point along the American barricade, and the place where an attack should be made, was in the center, near the flagstaff. For there, he said, Jackson had stationed the new volunteer riflemen from Tennessee and Kentucky, under Carroll and Adair. The few soldiers of the regular army who were in the American camp were posted with the Mississippi and Louisiana troops on the right, and General Coffee's veterans of the Creek war were on the left.

Not slow to take the hint, the British general prepared at once to attack the Americans. On the 7th of January, 1815, his camp became the scene of unusual activity. Couriers rode hither and thither, ordnance was wheeled into position, and field uniforms were gotten ready for immediate wear. Among officers and men the general feeling was that of overconfidence. Hardly a doubt was felt that on the morrow they would take the American breastworks by storm and plant the English banner on its summit, where then waved the flag of freedom. Already the soldiers were planning their triumphant entry into New Orleans, and bragging in advance of the robberies and riot in which they would indulge as victors. In the tents of the officers, particularly, on that night before the memorable 8th of January, unseemly jests and boasts over the wine cup showed the spirit which animated the invaders.* Well might the wom-

* "Booty and beauty" was the watchword of the British army in the battle of the 8th of January and the toast of the officers on the night of the 7th.

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en and children in New Orleans be on their knees, as they were, praying that Andrew Jackson's arm might be strengthened in battle. The great captain and his handful of men were their sole earthly reliance.

The American outposts having discovered that the enemy were about to move, preparations for earnest defense were made at once. Arms were cleaned, cartridges counted out, flints adjusted, muskets and rifles reloaded with care, cannon balls were also placed in quantities, within convenient reach of the gunners, and a bushel or two of iron fragments and musket balls were heaped near the large thirty-two pound gun. There was no hilarity in the camp of the Americans on the night of the 7th. Everywhere were seen grave, serious faces. The men were being soberly instructed in their duties by the officers. And just before dark Jackson himself walked along the lines giving the usual advice of the pioneer commanders: "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes." He warned his soldiers to be watchful against surprise during the night, saying to them: "If you must sleep, sleep upon your arms." He exhorted them to be steadfast in fighting for liberty, "without which," he said, "country, life, and property are not worth possessing," and added resolutely: "Our country *must* and *shall* be defended. We will enjoy our liberties, or die in the last ditch." As you shall see, Providence favors the brave. The historical account of the battle which followed is as marvelous as if it were a tale of fiction.

The American soldiers lay all night on their arms, many of them stretched on the wet, marshy ground. There was not much sleep behind the barricades. Few

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of the officers had even closed their eyes when at dawn next morning they saw a rocket shoot skyward from the British camp on the left, illuminating the heavy fog that had gathered above the earth. Then another rocket soared on the right, near the river. It was the signal for attack. Presently the American outposts descried a dim, red line advancing toward them through the mist. A moment more there came the British, charging so rapidly that the pickets barely had time to hurry in and escape capture. In solid column, sixty or seventy abreast, Pakenham's veterans were being pushed forward. In the lead were the famous Highlanders in brave array. With the force of a catapult they were hurled against the American center, where the Tennessee riflemen were stationed. At the same time the British batteries opened fire. Showers of bomb and ball poured upon our line. All the while the mist was lighted by the trail of Congreve rockets in every direction, a new device in war to frighten the timid, which had no effect whatever on the backwoods soldiers. As the redcoats advanced at a steady pace toward the staff that upheld the stars and stripes our men gave three defiant yells. Still not a musket was fired, not a fuse was touched until the enemy were within two hundred yards of the breastworks. Then Carroll gave the word of command, "Fire!" and a noise burst forth that can scarcely be described. It has been said that "rolling, bursting, echoing sounds" tore through the air. The earth seemed to quake and the fog to bellow in the uproar. The American breastworks had become a blazing, sputtering line of light, and the cannon ranged along the parapet seemed to have become a row of fiery

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furnaces. From the center of all, the thirty-two pounder, loaded with musket balls and scrap iron, emptied its full charge into the head of the advancing column. Instantly two hundred of the invaders were laid level with the plain. Mortal troops could not stand their ground in the face of such a fire. The British ranks broke, and the veteran regulars who boasted that they were the conquerors of Europe fell back in confusion before the work of the flintlock rifles and the singularly loaded cannon. General Pak-enham rushed to the rescue in person. He rode gallantly between his men and danger; he waved his sword aloft and called to them to come on, and succeeded in rallying them for a second charge. The British fought boldly, however unworthy their motives, that day. Troops who are used to victory often display valor even in a bad cause.

In their next onset the solid mass of infantry moved in a brisk run toward the embankment. Reaching it, a few of their officers dared to scale the ramparts in their reckless courage. But they met with steadfast resistance from the men behind the barricades. The sharpshooters remained unexcited, and took deliberate aim with their antiquated guns.

There was no pause in their continued volleys of musketry, no interlude in the crack of small arms and artillery. The firing was so arranged by the officers that as one party of marksmen discharged their guns and retired to reload another set came forward and fired, each loading and shooting in turn, so that there might not be a break in the continuous firing nor an interval in the destruction of the British. Five hundred and forty of the famous Highlanders fell before

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Carroll's men alone—slain by those undisciplined volunteers they had affected to despise. Gen. Sir Edward Pakenham had been shot, and was dying in the arms of his aid-de-camp. All along the line the carnage was great. It was no longer possible for the British to struggle. They had utterly failed in their attempt to carry the earthworks. Seeing the hopelessness of their case, they fled the field, leaving their dead and dying behind, carpeting the earth with scarlet coats. The flag of freedom which Andrew Jackson loved so well had been preserved unharmed by the valor of his men. It floated in victory over twenty-six hundred dead and wounded Britons—and only thirteen Americans, all told, had been injured.

While the enemy were still fleeing in confusion a handsomely uniformed officer from their ranks with a trumpeter and a soldier bearing a white flag advanced to within three hundred yards of the earthworks and halted. A shrill blast on the bugle drew all eyes to the group. The American soldiers crowded the parapet through curiosity to see them, and officers were sent out to inquire what was their errand. It proved to be a formal proposal for an armistice from General Lambert, Pakenham's successor in command. The request was granted, and several days were humanely spent by the Americans in helping to relieve the sufferings of their wounded enemies.

Jackson behind his well-arranged earthworks had succeeded in repulsing an overwhelming force, but, as he himself said, his "best defense was a rampart of high-minded and brave men." Nor did he fail to attribute the chief glory of the day to the Almighty Power who, as he firmly believed, had guided him

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to victory. Although a complete conqueror, Jackson did not think it prudent with his small force to pursue the British. Owing to their superior numbers, he was forced to content himself with remaining in safety behind the breastworks until they retired to their shipping and sailed for England. Before they left, however, they themselves punished the deserter who had betrayed the Americans, for they believed that he had willfully deceived them and led them into a death trap by falsely telling them that the weakest part of Jackson's defenses was in the center, where Carroll's Tennesseeans were posted. Under this delusion they hanged him on a tree in plain sight of both armies.

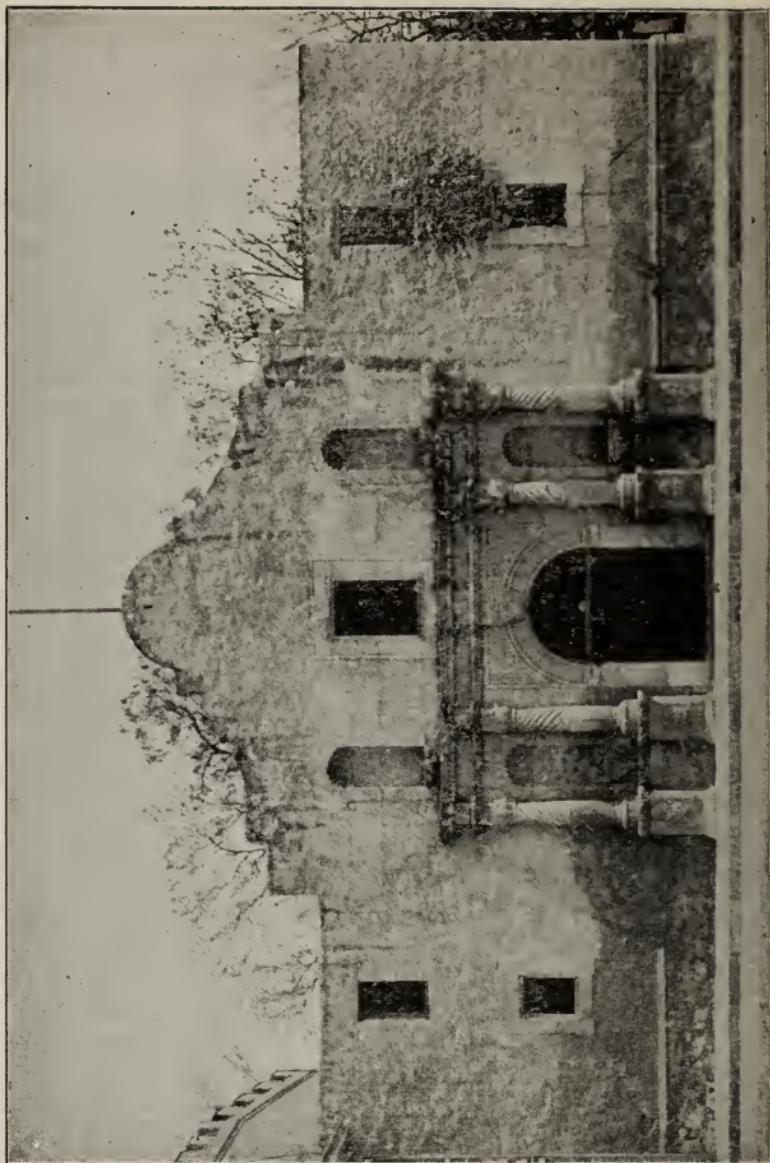
On the 20th of January the victorious army entered New Orleans amid the plaudits of the grateful citizens. Women kneeled in Jackson's path as he rode at the head of the troops, maidens strewed flowers on his way, and gray-haired men with streaming eyes called down blessings on his head. On the twenty-third the conqueror, leading the way for a long procession that followed, proceeded to the cathedral, where public thanks were rendered as due to the Giver of all victories. With His help Andrew Jackson had saved the city; he had shielded the inhabitants from robbery and dishonor, and, above all, he had convinced the world that foreign tyrants can never conquer free America.

In Tennessee and some other States in the Union we perpetuate the memory of his achievements by annually celebrating the 8th of January, the day on which the battle was fought and won.

XXI.

THE FALL OF THE ALAMO.

It was in the spring of 1836. The Texas prairies surged in continuous billows of bloom under ceaseless Texas winds, while three men were nearing the end of their journey across the plains. They were typical frontiersmen in appearance, fully armed with guns and pistols as well as long Bowie knives thrust in the belt of their hunting shirts. Though differing in many respects, each of the rough borderers carried in his bosom a patriotic heart that burned with zeal to uphold the cause of American independence in Texas. They had ridden together hundreds of miles through perils from wild beasts and hostile Indians, for the sole purpose of going to the assistance of those Texans who were resisting the Mexican despot Santa Anna. Together they had braved storms and floods on the way to reach the town of Bexar (since called San Antonio), where Col. Barrett Travis, from North Carolina, had collected one hundred and forty-five Americans to withstand the advance of the whole Mexican army. The case of the Americans was known to be desperate. Unless relief, in force, should speedily reach them they were doomed to destruction. Three thousand Mexicans under the red banner that meant "no quarter" were marching upon the place. Nevertheless the frontiersmen eagerly pressed on to-



THE ALAMO AS IT IS TO-DAY.

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ward the flag of freedom which floated its stripes and single star of Texas over Bexar.

The youngest of the three, who acted as guide for the party, was but a simple bee hunter from the woods of Arkansas. He had beguiled the time with many a jest and anecdote on the way, and at the moment was singing the last lines of an old song:

“But home came the saddle, all bloody to see,
And home came the steed, but home never came he.”

The singer here turned to his companions, explaining modestly that there was a girl on Red River waiting for his return who had sung that song to him when he left home.

“No girl is waiting for me,” said the man on his right, with an accent that betokened a better education than that of the bee hunter. “I have come out to Texas to stay and live an honest life, or else die in fighting to uphold free government against the tyranny of Santa Anna. I have promised our friend here to give up gambling as a calling and turn my back on an evil life.”

To this the third man tersely replied, “Be sure you are right, ‘Thimblerig,’ then go ahead;” then, after a reflective pause, added, “By giving your life to freedom you may yet win an honorable name. Most men are remembered as they died, and not as they lived. One of you,” he continued, “has forsaken his sweetheart to fight for Texas, the other has given up his way of life, and, not to be behind you, I have left my family alone in my cabin down in the cane of Tennessee, forty miles from town. As soon as I heard that the Texans were up, I felt that I must join them. My wife

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begged me to stay; but if every man waited for his wife to tell him to go to war, we would all stay in our homes."

The last speaker was a man of striking appearance. His swarthy skin and dark, bright eyes showing below a fox skin hat gave his face the look of a wild creature of the forest. Born and bred a backwoodsman, he had chiefly depended on mother wit and contact with the world to supply what had been left out of his education. He was in the habit of boasting humorously that he could "spell with any of them as far as 'crucifix' in the speller," where he had left off at school, and declared that he wanted "no college degree, but a degree of common sense."

Strongly built and muscular, he was a hunter of big game in the forest, his exploits in the wildernesses of his native Tennessee being favorite themes for fire-side tales throughout the State. In truth he was famous as the best shot in the United States with his antiquated gun "Betsy;" for this was the notorious "Old Davy Crockett, of Tennessee," whose quaint sayings and speeches on the hustings and in the halls of Congress had become household words in many States besides his own. Such was the trio who were hastening to join Colonel Travis, with a fixed resolve to become members of his devoted band. They watched their chance, eluded the Mexican outposts, and slipped into the death trap from which less brave men would only have wished to escape. As they entered the American lines cheer after cheer went up from Travis's men. "Old Davy" with "Betsy" on his shoulder was worth, as they believed, a dozen common men, and the other two were welcomed as his friends.

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Travis and Bowie and all the reckless men of the border they commanded recognized Crockett as the match for the hardiest among them in courage and endurance. His unfailing good humor and his odd turns of speech made him the center of interest among his comrades. It was his droll wit and unlimited store of anecdote that kept them all in heart while they were awaiting the approach of the enemy. And when the Mexicans eventually surrounded Bexar, and it became necessary for the American patriots to retire to the Alamo, an old mission house near the town, which they converted into a fort, Crockett was conspicuous among those who set about making it secure. He and his friend, the bee hunter, were active in planting the American flag on its battlements, and the latter burst forth into patriotic song as its folds floated in the air. In a clear, full tone of voice that made the blood tingle in the veins of all who heard him the Arkansan sang, "Up with your banner, Freedom, thy champions cling to thee; They'll follow where you lead 'em, to death or victory," etc.—an effort which was greeted by three cheers from all within the fort.

Still later when the Mexicans, having entered the town of Bexar, began a furious cannonade against the Alamo, it was David Crockett who was most skillful among the sharpshooters in picking off their artillerists. "Betsy" never told me a lie," he would say, taking aim at a gunner. "She always sends a bullet just where I tell her," and immediately a Mexican would fall. In this fashion, with Betsy's help, he killed no less than five men at one cannon. Though other men in the fort were almost equally skillful, the Mexicans they slew were quickly replaced with new men

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from the reënforcements which poured into Bexar at Santa Anna's call.

It was useless to expect a handful of men, however brave, to hold out against his overwhelming numbers of trained soldiers. If help should not come immediately from Goliad and Refugio, whither messengers had been secretly sent, the Alamo was lost. And if it should fall, the defenders would have small chance of their lives, for no mercy need be expected from Gen. Santa Anna.

Realizing their desperate situation, Travis exhorted his men to fight to the last extremity. The shout that answered him showed that the men understood the full meaning of his words. They were resolved to sell their lives dearly. But to make sure of their steadfastness, Travis drew a line on the ground with his sword and said: "Those who want to fight it out with me come inside this line. Those who have had enough, and think they can escape, go outside." Every man of them stepped inside the line, except one—a Mexican—who went, no one knew whither.

On the very next day the messenger to Goliad was spied coming back across the plain on the run. Half a dozen Mexicans were after him. No time must be lost if he was to be saved. "Go ahead!" shouted David Crockett to a small party, including the bee hunter, who hurried out with him to the rescue. "Be sure you are right, then go ahead!" The sudden onslaught scattered the pursuers, but in the excitement of the chase after them which followed, the Americans went so far that they were cut off by a new squad of the enemy who got between them and the fort. Thus they were forced to fight their way back through ten times

The Fall of the Alamo.

their own number. In trying to reach the gate the bee hunter was mortally wounded. With Crockett's help he managed to get inside the fort, but did not live long afterwards. At midnight, as the breath was leaving his body, the poor bee hunter was heard softly singing :

"But home came the saddle, all bloody to see,
And home came the steed, but home never came he."

The sharpshooters were still doing all they could to hold the enemy in check until help should arrive. But on March 3 David Crockett wrote in the daily record of events which he kept throughout the siege, as follows: "We have given over all hopes of receiving assistance from Goliad or Refugio." The entry for March 4 was: "Shells have been falling into the fort like hail during the day." And on March 5 it was: "Pop, pop, pop! Boom, boom, boom, throughout the day. No time for memorandum now. Go ahead! Liberty and independence forever!" This was the last entry. In spite of all their efforts a great gap had been battered in the wall, and there was nothing to keep the Mexicans from entering.

The fort was stormed before dawn on Sunday morning, March 6. Rank after rank, battalion after battalion, the enemy moved forward under cover of darkness, and poured through the breach in four columns, aided by scaling ladders, axes, and crowbars. Though the case was hopeless, the border men met them boldly. There was no question of yielding, for the Spanish bands were playing "Deguelo" (cutthroat) as a signal that no quarter was to be shown. And above the church of Bexar the red flag had not ceased to wave for fifteen days in token of "vengeance against reb-

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els." The Mexicans dashed in on a run, and soon drove the Texans to close quarters. Then followed a hand-to-hand fight with pistols, Bowie knives, and guns that were clubbed. The watchword of the American patriots was "God and Texas," and their cry was "Victory or death."

One who witnessed their heroic struggle and lived to tell of it was a woman who was acting as nurse to Col. James Bowie, the second in command, a brave officer from North Carolina. Though Bowie was prostrated with typhoid fever, he had his couch placed where he could see the fray, and at times take part in it from his bed. In the course of the fight a Mexican ball grazed the nurse's chin and gave Colonel Bowie his death wound. All around was tumult and destruction. Every American was fighting to the death. The dead and dying strewed the stone floors of the fort, and in places were heaped up as if the spot were a veritable slaughter pen. Many, many more Mexicans were killed than Americans, yet there were but few defenders of the Alamo left at the end of half an hour. The dying Colonel Bowie unfortunately fell into the hands of the Mexicans alive. Lying mortally wounded, he was discovered by two of the officers, one of whom asked the other: "Do you know him?"

"I think," was the reply, "that it is the notorious Colonel Bowie, who invented the Bowie knife," whereupon they dispatched him in a particularly cruel manner.

Colonel Travis had also been mortally hurt by a bullet wound. As he staggered under the shock, a Mexican officer rushed upon him with a drawn sword.

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The sword of Travis leaped to meet it in the air, and each sunk his weapon in the breast of the other.

At daybreak David Crockett still held out. The old hero was almost alone. With a few comrades he had retreated to the inner citadel. There in an angle of the fort he stood with his back planted against the wall with his shattered rifle in his hand, and a ring of dead foes piled around him. At his feet lay "Thimblerig," the gambler, who had died fighting for freedom, and redeemed his ill-spent life.

Trained battalions had fallen back aghast before Crockett's obedient weapon, until finally Gen. Castrillion himself had to come in person with fresh troops before the undaunted backwoodsman was taken alive. He and five others surrendered under promise of protection. Now Santa Anna had issued instructions that no quarter should be shown in any case, but Castrillion was not cruel by nature, and, seeing that all the other Americans were dead, he decided to lead the prisoners to headquarters. Saluting his commanding general, he said: "Your Excellency, here are six prisoners I have taken alive. What shall I do with them?"

Santa Anna's brow darkened. Casting a fierce glance at Castrillion, he answered: "Why do you bring them to me? Have I not told you how to dispose of prisoners?" Acting on the hint, several officers plunged their swords into the bosoms of Crockett's companions. The old hunter, left alone, fixed his keen eyes on Santa Anna. As though he were closing with one of his forest adversaries, he sprang at the Mexican commander's throat. But before he reached his prey a dozen carbines were emptied into his body. There was a smile on the sturdy Tennessean's lips

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when he fell—a martyr to liberty. He was the last of all the defenders of the Alamo to die. Every person in the fort had been put to death with the exception of a woman, an infant, and a negro slave, who were only spared to be sent to General Houston, commander of the American forces, with an offer of peace based on the condition that the Texans should submit to Mexican rule.

To this offer Houston, who was another indomitable Tennessean, made answer to Santa Anna, saying: "True, sir, you have succeeded in killing some of our bravest men, but the Texans are not yet conquered."

Later events proved the correctness of Houston's assertion. "The Texans were up" to stay until their independence was achieved. In the month of April, 1836, at the battle of San Jacinto, their battle cry was: "Remember the Alamo!" With this slogan they fell upon the Mexicans, and at sundown Texas was free.

XXII.

A TENNESSEEAN IN TEXAS.

FROM being a poor country boy Sam Houston had by dint of hard work made a competent fortune and risen to the position of Governor of Tennessee at the early age of thirty-four years. Imagine, then, what a shock it was to the entire State when, soon after his inauguration, Governor Houston resigned his office and stepped down from his place as ruler of the commonwealth. Without a word of explanation, he gave up his political hopes; and at the same time, without a word of explanation, he abandoned his young bride, to whom he had been married only a few months before, and left his native State as a self-made exile.

A sad secret which has never yet been fully told lay behind his strange conduct. A disappointment or a sorrow, the nature of which the young statesman would not tell even to his nearest friends, had wrecked his life, as it appeared, forever. Turning his back on home and friends alike, Sam Houston forsook civilized parts and took refuge in the wigwams of the Cherokee Indians, who had lately been removed by the government from the Hiwassee country to Arkansas.

But wherever he might be placed, Houston was destined to be a leader. Whether in the legislative assemblies of Tennessee or in the councils of a savage tribe, it seemed that he was to be head man. He gained great influence over the Cherokees, and soon rose to be

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the principal chief of the nation. From holding this singular position he was called on a few years later to become the head of still another government.

The Texans were at that time struggling to throw off the yoke of Mexican despotism. Believing that they could find no more fit leader for their cause than the brave, honest Sam Houston, they urged him to come to them and take charge of their tangled government affairs. Though a man of simple ways and one who had received little military training, he was chosen as the commander in chief of the Texas army. As such he must cope with the skillful Spanish-Mexican general, Santa Anna, whom his followers styled the "Mighty and Glorious." Nothing had heretofore checked the success of the ambitious President-General of Mexico. The Alamo had recently fallen into his hands, and soon afterwards a number of Texans under General Fannin, leaving Goliad to join Houston, had been forced to surrender to one of Santa Anna's officers and return to Goliad as captives. By the terms of surrender the Texans were to be treated honorably as prisoners of war, and were to be sent in a few days to the United States. On the evening of March 22, 1836, the prisoners were solacing themselves with music and songs. The thoughts of many were turned to "the States" by the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" upon the flute, when a courier from Santa Anna rode into the gate of Goliad. The mysterious manner and sinister glances of the messenger, together with the secret dispatches given by him into the hands of the commanding officer, boded no good in the opinion of Dr. Shackleford, a Texas surgeon who was quartered with the Mexican colonel in command. Suspecting

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that treachery was intended, he looked appealingly at his host for an explanation. But the question in Shackleford's eyes was not answered.

At dawn next day the surgeon's uneasiness was still greater on being aroused from sleep by an unusual stir in camp. The Texas soldiers were being separated into two divisions. One half were marched off toward the south, and the other half were conducted eastward a little way from the camp. Now came the loud noise of many guns firing from the south, then volleys were heard from the east. Shackleford exchanged startled glances with the Mexican colonel. Shouts of "Hurrah for Texas!" mingled with cries of pain rose above the uproar of the guns. "Can it be possible," asked the surgeon, "that they are murdering our men?" The Mexican officer bent his head in shame as he reluctantly replied: "It is true, but I did not give the order nor execute it."

What is known in history as the massacre of Goliad had taken place. At Santa Anna's order three hundred and thirty prisoners of war had been put to death. On hearing of this inexcusable violation of the rules of civilized warfare General Houston resolved to conquer the commander who was responsible for it or die in the attempt. He considered that the treacherous policy of the opposing general must be met by vigorous, firm action on his own part. There must be no uncertainty, no delays. He determined in carrying out his plans to rely solely on his own judgment and to conduct his campaign without consultation with any one else. "I hold no councils of war," he said; "if I err, the blame is mine." Accordingly, on his own responsibility, he began on March 26 the

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memorable retreat which drew the Mexicans after him across a great part of Texas. Starting from Gonzales, his little army traveled many weeks, followed by the large force under Santa Anna. It was disheartening to the handful of men to be led, as it appeared to them, aimlessly over weary stretches of prairie where there was but little food and less water to sustain life. Yet, however hungry or thirsty or tired they might be, they were not allowed to stop. Dragging with them their only two pieces of artillery (the gift of the city of Cincinnati to Texas) which the soldiers called the "Twin Sisters," they moved forward steadily, following Houston, they knew not whither nor to what end. Rather than continue in this state of doubt, starvation, and fatigue, they would have been glad at any time to meet the Mexicans in pitched battle. But Sam Houston had other views for his army. To their entreaties for a fight he replied: "Texas cannot survive two battles. You cannot afford to merely check the enemy. He must be completely whipped, and the work must be done in one fight." Knowing that the time had not come to make a stand, Houston retreated, with the Mexicans at his heels, until the 20th of April, when both armies were encamped near the San Jacinto River. Then, his plans being matured, Houston said to his men: "Be ready for action at any moment. You shall soon have fighting to your satisfaction."

At noon of the 21st, at the request of his officers, a council was held. Houston thought an attack should be made at once, but the majority of his officers feared the strength of the enemy's position. Santa Anna was reported to be there in person, and it was believed that his eighteen hundred veteran troops would be

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more than a match for the seven hundred raw recruits of the Americans. Notwithstanding these reasonable objections, Houston resolved, on his own responsibility, to make the attack. He had chosen his ground carefully and had made up his mind that here was the place and now was the time to give battle. He believed firmly that he could defeat the Mexicans, and he made all his arrangements for victory alone. With this end in view he resolved to cut off the retreat of the enemy across the Brazos River, though in doing so he would make it impossible for his own army to escape in case they were not successful. Calling two of his soldiers to him, he placed an ax in the hands of each and said: "Now, my friends, take these axes and make your way to Vince's bridge; cut it down and burn it up, and come back like eagles, or you will be too late for the day."

At dawn the next morning Houston, lying in his tent, gave three loud taps on the drum that stood beside his bed, then calmly turned over to take the rest that had been denied him during the anxious night. Instantly the camp was astir. With much commotion horses were being saddled, arms put in order, and everything was being made ready for the attack. During all the clatter of preparation Houston slept quietly. Not until the earliest sunbeams pierced his closed eyelids did he spring from his cot, exclaiming buoyantly: "The sun of Austerlitz has risen again!" At his order the "Twin Sisters" were wheeled to within two hundred yards of the Mexican breastworks, and the troops were drawn up in line of battle. Addressing them, their commander said: "Fellow-soldiers, do you wish to fight? There is the enemy before you." "We do!"

was the answering shout. "Well, then," said the general, "remember it is for liberty or death. Remember the Alamo. Remember Goliad." "We shall remember," rang along the lines in a mighty volume of sound. At that moment the messengers who had been sent to destroy the bridge across the Brazos came riding furiously among the troops, each crying aloud: "I have cut down Vince's bridge. Now fight for your lives and the Alamo!"

The Texans realized that retreat was cut off for them as well as for the Mexicans. They must win the fight or perish. An advance movement began all along the line. The Americans pressed forward, shouting as they ran: "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!" Without a halt, they went directly against the breastworks of the enemy and, poking their guns across them, poured their bullets straight into the columns of the Mexicans at close range. At the same time the "Twin Sisters" were pounding away at the solidly massed eighteen hundred Mexicans. With enthusiasm the Texans drove their astonished foes before them. The cavalry on the right and the infantry on the left were equally successful in herding the enemy before them like startled sheep, while the center won its full share of glory on the field of San Jacinto by capturing the whole of the Mexican artillery and turning their own guns on the flying foe. On the right, on the left, in the center, General Houston was one moment here, the next moment there, ever in the thickest of the fight, regardless of bullets, heedless of the danger of being often in front of his own firing line. Within twenty minutes the battle was won. The Mexicans were in confused retreat.

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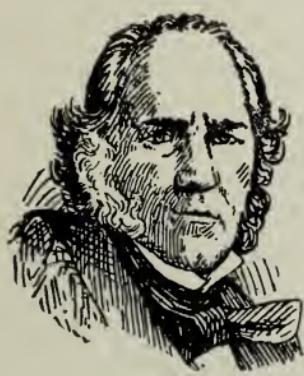
The Texans were after them in hot pursuit. It mattered not that the way led through a deep morass—the dead bodies of Mexican men and horses soon formed a bridge over the swamps upon which the Americans safely crossed. Though few of the Texans were hurt, their commander had two or three horses shot from under him, and was himself severely wounded in the ankle. Still he did not falter. At the head of his men he followed the fugitives. The slaughter of the Mexicans was enormous. Six hundred and thirty were killed, and seven hundred and thirty were taken prisoners. Houston, on the other hand, lost but eight men. A large quantity of arms, numbers of horses and mules, and all the enemy's camp equipage, including an army chest containing twelve hundred dollars in silver, fell into the hands of the Americans.

The chase was stopped only by nightfall. Early next morning it began anew. Detachments were sent in every direction to hunt for fugitives. A party of five, searching along the edge of a morass, spied a Mexican, who ran from them and stumbled into the quagmire. They closed in around the man, and found him sunken almost to the armpits. With hard work the Americans lifted him out. When the mud which bedaubed him had been partially scraped off, an officer's fine uniform began to show through the remaining mire. "Who are you?" inquired the rough Westerners of the soiled exquisite. "A private soldier," was the mendacious reply. With loud, derisive laughter the Texans pointed to the jeweled studs in the muddy shirt, and called for a more reasonable answer. "If you must know," said the pitiable creature, "I am an aid-de-camp to Santa Anna."

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Feeling that they had a prize, the soldiers placed their captive on horseback (as he was quite unable to walk) and conducted him in his forlorn plight to the Texan camp. On their way they passed a group of Mexican prisoners being guarded near the road. "El Presidente! El General Santa Anna!" came in a subdued expression of surprise from the Mexicans. It was indeed the "mighty and glorious" dictator of Mexico. In a few moments the humiliated tyrant, smeared with slime from head to foot, was in the tent of the commander in chief of the Texan army. Houston lay in bed suffering from his wound, but he raised himself sufficiently to receive the important prisoner in proper form. And presently his pain was forgotten in deeper feelings as he began to tax the Mexican with his crimes at Goliad and the Alamo. In answer to Houston's charges Santa Anna had the effrontery to declare that he had not been responsible for those massacres. He said that his government had ordered him to execute the Texans, and that he was bound to obey his government. Houston was indignant. He raised himself upright in bed and looked the Mexican full in the eye while in his stern, deep, bass voice he said: "General Santa Anna, *you* are the *government*. A dictator has no superior."

Many plain truths were told the fallen despot by his conqueror, and he was assured that the brutal methods of warfare he used must always fail in the end. He was made to understand that liberty-loving people are only made more determined by cruel, unjust treatment. Houston further informed him that the American soldiers were prepared by his atrocities to starve rather than yield their right of self-govern-



SAM HOUSTON.

A Tennesseean in Texas.

ment. "See!" said the heroic Tennessean, holding up an ear of dried corn he had taken from his pocket, "do you ever expect to conquer men who fight for freedom when their general can march four days with one ear of corn for his rations?"

The shame of that hour was the chief punishment that fell upon Santa Anna; for although a few members of the Texas cabinet thought that he should be immediately executed, the government finally concluded that its wisest policy was to deal generously with the vanquished general. Thereupon a treaty was made by which Santa Anna agreed to take every Mexican soldier out of Texas, and never again to molest the Texan settlers. Thus peace was fully restored, further bloodshed was avoided, and the great country of Texas was thrown open to Americans, all through the "military miracle" performed at San Jacinto by a man who was originally an obscure boy in the backwoods of Tennessee.

XXIII.

SAM DAVIS.*

BEFORE the War between the States there was a comfortable country home in Rutherford County, Tenn., near the small town of Smyrna, which is to-day of interest to all humanity because under its roof a world's hero was born.

Those who honor the memory of Sam Davis, the hero whose birthplace it was, will not be surprised to learn that his father was known far and wide as a man who feared nothing on earth. Noted equally for honesty of character and unswerving principle, he was also remarkable in personal appearance for his greatness of stature, being six feet two inches in height. As a direct contrast in size, Sam Davis's mother was an unusually small, gentle woman, with soft, sorrow-haunted black eyes that seemed ever moistened with unshed tears, as if nature had forecasted in her features the tragic fate of the son she idolized.

Beneath the oaks and elms that spread above the ample farmhouse, her dark-eyed boy Sam had grown up to the age of nineteen years in loving companionship with the mother he closely resembled in refinement of tastes and quietness of manner. The tall, rather stern-looking father of the nine Davis children

*The data for this sketch is from the *Confederate Veteran*, by courtesy of Mr. S. A. Cunningham.

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thought it best for the boy at this age to be sent elsewhere to complete his education. Taking counsel, as was his custom, with his wise, though tiny, wife, together they selected the Military Academy at Nashville, then under the able management of Bushrod Johnson and Kirby Smith,* as the school to which they would send their second son.

It might well be thought that the prospect of spending several years in the capital city of the State would have been alluring to the country-bred youth. And was there ever a boy who could withstand the temptation to shoulder a musket and march in brand-new uniform to the sound of fife and drum? Yet it was doubted at the time, by those who knew him best, if Sam would be willing to stay through one session so far from home, even for the sake of the advantages afforded by the military school. For although his character was distinctly firm, Sam Davis was above all else a "mother's boy." He had always clung to his little mother with peculiar devotion, and had seldom been separated from her longer than a day at a time. He loved home and all that pertained to home life, and was tenderly attached to his younger brothers and sisters. Altogether similar to his mother in modesty and purity of thought and speech, he was, on the other hand, like his herculean father in being an ever-ready champion of all who were weak or unfortunate. Also like his father in unflinching courage, Sam Davis did not know the meaning of fear. Induced, perhaps, by this combination of traits, the lad consented to receive the military training which as a man would

*Both Confederate generals later.

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fit him to protect the oppressed and right the wrong in his country's cause.

However that may be, he left home for Nashville in September, 1860, and during all his stay there stood the separation from his family with quiet fortitude. It was only natural for one of his kindly temperament quickly to become a favorite at the Academy. His dealings with his companions, as well as his relations with his professors, were characterized by the same directness of purpose and fine sense of honor for which his father was conspicuous at home, where the worthy man, on account of his upright principles, was better known to his neighbors as "Old Straight" than as Mr. Davis. With his schoolfellows Sam Davis's "word was as good as his bond," and his preceptors could well afford to trust him implicitly.

It was while he was at the Military Academy, in the spring of 1861, when he was not yet twenty years of age, that the war drums, rolling ominously throughout the land, interrupted his studies with a call to arms in defense of the South. The situation of the impulsive yet unprepared Southern States, confronted by the strong, well-equipped North, appealed to all that was chivalrous in Sam Davis's nature. Being among the earliest to volunteer for service, he joined the Rutherford Rifles of the First Tennessee Infantry at the very beginning of the conflict. With the blessing of his father and a few memorable words from his mother, Sam Davis was off for the war.

From time to time good reports of the brave boy reached his home. In the autumn of 1863 word came that Sam had been selected because of his proven courage and discretion to become a member of a

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company of mounted scouts under Capt. H. B. Shaw, which General Bragg had organized for the protection of the Army of Tennessee. The duty of the scouts was to keep the general minutely informed of the movements of the Federal army in Middle Tennessee. In order to do so more successfully, they must be daring, active, and keen-witted beyond the ordinary soldier. They were expected to penetrate into the enemy's lines when necessary to get information. Yet their mission being of a dangerous and secret nature, they were obliged to be seen as seldom as possible in public. Consequently, they traveled chiefly by unfrequented paths and byways in pursuit of their aims, and seldom indeed was it that they slept in a more luxurious place than a thicket or a cornfield where their chance for a full meal depended largely on the kindness and courage of those brave Confederate women who dared to take them food by stealth.

In order to conceal his identity, and thus obtain more readily the information desired concerning the enemy's movements, Captain Shaw disguised himself as a wandering herb doctor, and under the assumed name of E. Coleman went unsuspected through the country surrounding Nashville, Franklin, Columbia, Smyrna, Pulaski, and other Tennessee towns then in possession of the Federals. But the private scouts, including Sam Davis, wore "the gray" with daring pride even when inside the Federal lines.

During the autumn Davis and five other scouts were detailed to get positive information as to the plan of action of General Grant's army in Tennessee. They were not to fail; the information must be had at any

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cost. The enterprise was full of peril. To be seen in a gray jacket was to risk being attacked by overwhelming numbers. Yet young Davis entered on the service without fear or hesitation. While engaged in the dangerous work he found himself in the vicinity of Smyrna; and being overcome with a desire to see the dear home folks, he resolved to slip into the house at the first opportunity, no matter how great the risk. To be captured with the paper he carried on his person was, he well knew, to be at the mercy of his foes; for his pass read as follows:

HEADQUARTERS GENERAL BRAGG'S SCOUTS,
MIDDLE TENNESSEE, Sept. 25, 1863.

Samuel Davis has permission to pass on scouting duty anywhere in Middle Tennessee or north of the Tennessee River he may think proper.

By order of General Bragg.

E. COLEMAN, *Commanding Scouts.*

Therefore it was with the utmost caution that Sam Davis approached his home one night in November, 1863, and gently tapped on the window. The signal was understood. The door was softly opened, and once more the soldier boy's arms were around his mother's neck. Again his head rested contentedly on her bosom, in the old family room, so dear to memory, while they talked in low tones, not to awaken the two little sisters lying asleep (or supposed to be asleep) in the familiar trundle-bed. Truth to tell, the younger one lay listening to every word, though she understood little of what was said until Sam, rising to leave, turned and bent above the low bed as he said impulsively: "Mother, I *must* look at the children." "Sh-sh! Be careful," whispered Mrs. Davis, in terror

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lest the little ones should learn of their brother's return and by incautious words to the servants be the means of betraying him to the Federals. She was nervously alarmed, therefore, when Sam's dark head bent still lower to snatch a kiss from the lips of each childish slumberer. The one who feigned sleep, battling with her longing to throw her arms around her soldier brother's neck, managed still to keep quiet while he was hurried from the room by the apprehensive mother, who sped him on his errand of danger once more with a fervid "God bless my boy."

It was the final parting of mother and son, who were never to meet again on earth. Only a few weeks later news came by "grapevine"** that a scout named Davis had been "caught by the Yankees" and hanged as a spy at Pulaski on Friday, the 27th of November.

Judging from the direction Sam had taken, and knowing his probable whereabouts at that date, his parents at once feared it was their boy who had been executed. The agony of suspense was not to be borne without an effort to learn the truth. Some one must go to Pulaski to ascertain the facts. Some good friend was needed to aid them in their extremity. Such a one was at hand in the person of Mr. John C. Kennedy, whom they knew to be both bold and prudent as well as trustworthy in every respect. In his pathetic appeal to him the distressed father said: "Go, John; see if it is our son. If it is Sam, do your best to get his body and bring it to us."

It was decided that little Oscar, the youngest son, should accompany Mr. Kennedy. As soon as Mrs.

* "Grapevine" news was intelligence conveyed privately by other means than telegrams or official reports.

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Davis could supply food for both and clothing for the child sufficient for the journey, they were ready to mount the farm wagon and start on their melancholy errand. But before they departed, Mrs. Davis took their kind friend aside and, placing a scrap of plaid linsey in his hand, falteringly said: "It is a piece of the cloth with which I lined my boy's jacket. You will know certainly it is Sam if his jacket is lined with the same."

It was necessary for the travelers to go by way of Nashville to procure a pass from General Rousseau, who, as it happened, was under obligations to Mr. Kennedy for kindness received from him before the opening of the war. Rousseau remembered the benefit gratefully, and readily granted the request for safe conduct through the lines. The pass, however, included only territory as far south as Columbia, General Rousseau declaring that he had no power to give one beyond that point. Compelled to be satisfied with the document as it stood, Mr. Kennedy proceeded to Columbia, trusting to chance and his own ingenuity to take him farther on his way. He drove through Columbia without interruption, and was not halted until he neared Pulaski, where he was challenged by a soldier in blue. The soldier, who happened to be a Dutchman, was unable to decipher all the words of the lengthy pass. Glancing over the paper, which looked somewhat like a fifty-dollar bill and was quite awe-inspiring to the foreigner, the Dutch guard saw plainly the name of General Rousseau attached, and promptly motioned for the wagon to pass. Another picket was hoodwinked in the same way, and Mr.

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Kennedy was soon in the presence of the provost marshal. "How did you get in here?" questioned the Federal officer sternly.

"On a pass from General Rousseau," was the reply.

"Let me see it," demanded the provost. When he had carefully examined the paper, he turned on Kennedy, exclaiming: "You know that pass isn't any account."

"Yes, I know," was the quiet retort; "but I am in here now."

"Well, what do you want?" asked the irritated Federal.

"I have been sent," explained Mr. Kennedy, "by the parents of a boy named Sam Davis to take up the body of a Confederate soldier who was hanged here on the 27th of November, to see if it is their son."

The whole manner of the provost changed. He sprang forward eagerly, as he grasped Kennedy's hand in both his own, and said with genuine emotion: "Tell that boy's father that he died with the honor and respect of every man and officer in this command. You are at liberty to take up his body. If you need protection, I will give you a company, sir; if necessary, you shall have a regiment."

The offer of troops was courteously declined, as they were not thought needful, and Mr. Kennedy proceeded to the grave, accompanied by Oscar and Maj. A. R. Richardson, who was at that time Clerk of the County Court of Giles County. As they neared the spot they were joined by a number of Federal soldiers, who, far from molesting them, doffed their caps and offered to assist in opening the grave. But the two Southern men preferred to perform the task in privacy.

Accordingly, with the help of a negro man they had employed, they threw out the dirt and brought to the surface the rough case in which the hero had been buried. The lid was removed, and there was disclosed the mortal form from which a pure, patriotic, brave, and faithful soul had been suddenly wrenched through the cruel exigencies of war.

The height, about five feet seven or eight inches, the apparent age, near twenty-one years, and the slender build all corresponded to that of Sam Davis. To more fully prove his identity, Mr. Kennedy turned back the coat and compared the lining of the gray jacket with the piece of linsey given him by Mrs. Davis. They were alike. To make assurance doubly sure, he unwound from about the neck the cords of the hangman's cap (a badge of shame which in this case has long since been transformed by the public heart into a crown of honor and glory), and, turning back the cap far enough to disclose the upper lip, marked faintly with the dark, silky growth of the young man's first mustache, he was fully convinced that the body was that of Sam Davis.

Before turning homeward Mr. Kennedy tried to gain all the information possible concerning the tragedy of Sam Davis's death. Upon careful inquiry he learned the following facts:

On the 20th of November Captain Shaw and several of his scouts, having obtained all necessary knowledge of the plans of the Federals, were on their way back to Confederate headquarters, when they were captured by a band of "Kansas Jayhawkers." Shaw's identity was not discovered, through his having been known as "Coleman," and he was lodged with the

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others in jail in Pulaski. About the same time Sam Davis was also taken prisoner, but at what point or under what circumstances could not be learned, though diligent inquiry was made of all persons likely to know the particulars of the capture. In his efforts to find out the truth, Mr. Kennedy went to Captain Armstrong, the sympathetic provost marshal, and said, "The boy's father will want to know where and how he was taken;" to which Captain Armstrong replied, "I don't know."

"Provost Marshal, and don't know?" exclaimed Kennedy incredulously.

"No," replied the officer, "it is a secret not mentioned in the report of the arrest. Here are my books," he continued, opening out the army records to prove his sincerity, and allowing Mr. Kennedy to see for himself that there was no account of the details of Sam Davis's capture set down in the army records. He was informed, however, that when Davis was caught he was rigidly searched, and that accurate maps of the fortifications around Grant's front were found in the seat of his saddle. The soles of his boots, on being split open, were found to contain other important papers which proved him to be beyond a doubt a Confederate scout. This necessitated his being carried to the headquarters of General G. M. Dodge, commanding the Sixteenth Army Corps at Pulaski. While the prisoner stood before him, General Dodge sat at his desk looking over the captured papers, his face growing more grave with every line he read. Finally, looking up, he remarked that the accurate information they contained concerning the Federal army must have been obtained from some one in a

position to have special opportunities for knowing the facts. He then appealed to the young Confederate to tell him who had given him the papers, making him an offer of life and liberty if he would speak the offender's name. As the prisoner remained silent, he was gently reminded that as he was a young man it would be a pity for him to lose his life, yet that unless he told what he knew it would be the General's duty to call a court-martial and try him as a spy, and it was demonstrated to him that from the proofs at hand he would surely be condemned to death. Then the boy spoke, saying: "General Dodge, I know the danger of my situation, and I am willing to take the consequences."

Though the General pleaded with him long and earnestly, trying to persuade him to take the course that would save his own life, the honest soul of Sam Davis did not falter. In his opinion it would have been treachery to tell, and he preferred death to dishonor. To all persuasions his one reply was: "I will not betray the trust imposed in me."

The court-martial met. Davis was condemned, and sentenced to be hanged on the following Friday, the 27th of November. Promptly at ten o'clock A.M. drums were beating time to the dead march, while a full regiment of infantry marched down to the jail. A wagon with a coffin in it was driven up, and the provost marshal went into the jail and brought Davis out.

Messengers from General Dodge had been again and again to the prisoner, begging him to tell his informer's name and he would yet be spared. Confederate comrades in the jail had also implored him

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not to sacrifice himself for the sake of another. He met their entreaties with the invariable reply: "The man who gave me the information is more important to the Confederacy than I am." To the Federal officers he persisted in saying: "I will not tell."

Having calmly made up his mind to die, he wrote the night before the execution a simple note of farewell to his mother, and committed his soul to God in earnest prayer. Later he joined with the chaplain of the Eighty-First Ohio Infantry in singing, "On Jordan's stormy bank I stand," the old hymn which had nerved many a soul before his to cross the mysterious river of death trustingly. The good chaplain, Rev. James Young, rode with him to the place of execution and at the foot of the gallows awaited with him the final preparations for death. The bristling bayonets of a regiment of troops walled in the gallows place within a hollow square. In the center sat Sam Davis on his coffin, his head drooped low, his eyes fastened on the ground. Beside him sat the chaplain. The moment of execution was very near when a mounted officer of General Dodge's staff dashed through an opening quickly made in the hollow square for his passage. He rode up and dismounted near the prisoner, and, addressing him with great earnestness, said: "I suppose you have not forgotten the offer of General Dodge?"

Without looking up, Sam Davis replied: "What is that?"

"Your horse, your side arms, and an escort into the Confederate lines, if you will tell who gave you those papers."

Without raising his head the prisoner replied: "I

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will die a thousand deaths before I will betray a friend."

The staff officer, Captain Chickasaw, was deeply concerned that he was not able to move the resolution of the condemned man. Before leaving him to his fate he said : "I've one more question to ask you."

"What's that?" asked the prisoner, without lifting his head.

"I want to know if you are the man our scouts chased so close on the Hyde's Ferry pike last Tuesday that you beat their horses in the face with your cap and got away?"

Taken by surprise, Davis suddenly threw back his head, crying : "How do you know that?"

"It is sufficient that I know it," replied the officer. "Are you the man?"

"I've nothing to say," was the only answer, as Davis again dropped his head.

It was generally believed that he was the man, and would not make an admission which might incriminate some one else. Keeping faithful silence on this subject and refusing to the last to tell who gave him the maps and plans found in his saddle, the young man ascended the scaffold and was hanged.

To learn the truth concerning Sam Davis's capture, Mr. Kennedy used every means of getting reliable information, but found the mystery surrounding the circumstances to be impenetrable. In discussing the matter afterwards, the boy's father significantly said to his friend : "Don't you know, John, that if Sam was brave enough to beat the Yankees' horses in the face with his cap he would never have been taken alive—except through treachery?" Yet no evidence of

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treachery has ever been discovered. The veil of mystery has never been lifted from the truth concerning the capture. Suffice it to know that Sam Davis "suffered death on the gibbet rather than betray his friends and his country."

The day after the body was exhumed Mr. Kennedy proceeded with it to Columbia on the homeward journey. There he found the river too high to be safely forded, and the ferryboat was in charge of the Federal troops, who were thick about the landing. As it was necessary to apply for permission to cross, he gave the lines to Oscar, warning the child not to do any talking if he should be questioned. Then, approaching the officer in command, he said: "I have the body of a dead man in the wagon. If you will allow your men to take us across, I shall be thankful."

"Whose body is it?" asked the Federal.

There was no evading the reply: "Sam Davis, who was hanged at Pulaski last Friday."

The officer bared his head at the name whose uplifting influence stirs every honest heart with tender reverence for the young Confederate hero, and instantly gave orders for the wagon to be ferried across.

Mr. Kennedy, on his return, found Oscar surrounded by "bluecoats." Evidently the boy had been induced to tell whose body was in the coffin, for an air of sympathy pervaded the crowd of soldiers. With roughly expressed kindness, one of them insisted that Mr. Kennedy should not attempt to lead the team down the steep river bank to the ferryboat, saying to him: "Get up in that wagon, Mister; we'll attend to the horses." The soldiers crowded around the wagon and eased it down the incline, some grasping the

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horses' bits while others held back the vehicle to give it a gentle descent to the water's edge. When the river had been crossed they literally "put their shoulders to the wheels" and by main strength aided the horses to climb the almost perpendicular bank on the other side. When the top was reached the soldiers paused, in respectful silence, while Mr. Kennedy expressed his appreciation of their generous service. As the funeral wagon drove slowly away, the blue-coated men lifted their caps with one impulse, and stood uncovered so long as they could see a trace of the soldier boy who had perished in "the gray."

A
GLOSSARY
AND
A KEY TO THE PRONUNCIATION
OF
WORDS USED IN
OLD TALES RETOLD
FROM TENNESSEE HISTORY

BAIRD - WARD PRINTING COMPANY
NASHVILLE, TENN.

KEY TO THE PRONUNCIATION

VOWELS

À long, as in	Fâte, Lâce, Plâyer.
À short, as in	Fât, Män, Läd, Cärry.
Ã grave, as in	Fär, Färther, Fäther.
Ã intermediate, as in	Fâst, Brâncb, Grâsp.
Â broad, as in	Fâll, Hâul, Wârm.
Â slight, as in	Liâr, Palâce, Abbâcy.
È long, as in	Mête, Fêar, Kêep.
Ë short, as in	Mët, Sëll, Férry.
Ê like à, as in	Hêir, Thêre, Whêre.
Ë short, as in	Hér, Hérd, Férvid.
Ë slight, as in	Briër, Fuël, Celëry.
Ï long, as in	Pïne, File, Find.
Ï short, as in	Pïn, Fill, Mïrror.
Î like long è, as in	Mien, Field, Marïne.
Î short and dull, as in	Sîr, Fir, Bîrd, Virtue.
Î slight, as in	Elixîr, Ruïn, Ability.
Ö long, as in	Nöte, Fôal, Tôw.
Ö short, as in	Nöt, Döñ, Börrow.
Ô long and close, as in	Môve, Prôve, Pôôr.
Ô broad, like broad à, as in	Nör, Fôrm, Sört.
Ô like short ï, as in	Sôn, Dône, Côme.
Ô slight, as in	Actôr, Cöfess.
Ü long, as in	Tübe, Tûne, Püre.
Ü short, as in	Tüb, Tün, Hürry.
Û middle or dull, as in	Püll, Füll, Pûsh.
Û short and dull, as in	Für, Tûrn, Mûrmûr.
Û like ô in môve, as in	Rûle, Rûde, Brûte.
Û slight, as in	Sûlphur, Famous.
Û with a sound of y, as in	Üse, Sinûous.
Ý long, as in	Týpe, Stýle, LÝre.
Ý short, as in	Sýlvan, Sýmbol.
Ý short and dull, as in	Mýrrh, Mýrtle.
Ý slight or dull, as in	Truly, Martyr.
öi and öÿ, as in	Böïl, Töïl, Böÿ, Töÿ.
öu and öû, as in	Böünd, Töûn, Nöû.
Ëw, like long ü, as in	Feŵ, Neŵ, Deŵ.

CONSONANTS

ç, ç, soft, like s, as in	Açid, Plaçid.
ç, ç, hard, like k, as in	Sæptiç.
çh, çh, hard, like k, as in	çhorus, çhasm.
çh, çh, soft, like sh, as in	çhaise, çhagrin.
Ch (unmarked), like tsh, as in	Charm, Church.
g, g, hard, as in	gæt, giv, Forgiv.
g, g, soft, like j, as in	Gender, Imagine.
s, s, soft, like z, as in	Muşe, Dişmal.
th, th, soft, as in	This, Either, Then.
th, th (unmarked), sharp, as in	Thin, Think.

GLOSSARY

A.

A-bashed', *pp.* Confused ; ashamed.

A-býss', *n.* Great depth. Deep hole.

A-e-föunt'ed (ä-kownt'ed), *pp.* Regarded.

A-eou'ter-ménts (ä-kou'ter-ménts), *n.* Trappings ; ornaments.

A-dáir' (ä-dare')—Jmes. Author of "American Indians."

A-dáir' (ä-dare'). Colonel in the battle of New Orleans.

Ad-el-ăñ-tă'dō. Spanish title for a commander.

Ad-vént'üre (ad-vént'yür), *n.* A risk ; a dangerous enterprise.

A-ğhást', *a.* Confused with fear.

A-ğui-quä' (äg-ğe-kwär'). Name given a part of the French Broad River by the Cherokees.

Aide-de-camp (äde-de-kawng), *n.* An officer who attends a general.

Äl'a-mänçé (äl'er-mänse). The first battle of the American Revolution.

Ä'lä-mö (är'lär-mö). Catholic mission church in San Antonio, Texas.

Äl'le-ğhä'nies (äl-ly-ğä'neys). Mountain range, also called Appalachians.

Al-lé'gi-ance (äl-léë'jy-ense), *n.* The duty of faithfulness.

Äl-lies' (äl-lize'), *n.* Peoples or States united by treaties of friendship.

Al-lür'ing (äl-loor'ing), *a.* Tempting ; enticing.

Äl-mä mä'ter (äl'mä mäy'ter), *n.* The school in which one's mind has been trained.

Am'bûsh, *n.* A place where enemies lie hidden.

Am'mù-ní'tion (ä'mú-nish'un). Balls and other loads for guns.

An'çës-träl, *a.* Received from one's forefathers.

An-i-mös'i-ty, *n.* Hatred.

An'ti-quä-ted (än'ty-kwä-ted), *a.* Old-fashioned ; out of use.

Ap-pâl'ing (ap-pawl'ing). Terrifying ; frightful.

Ap-pár'ent (ap-pair'ent). Plain ; easily seen.

Ap-pa-ri'tion (ap-pa-rish'un), *n.* A ghost ; a spirit ; a spook.

Ap-pëase' (äp-pëze'), *v.* To pacify ; to soothe.

Ap-pre-hë'n'sion (ap-pre-hë'n'shün), *n.* Fear ; dread.

Ap-prô-pri-ä'tion (ap-prô-pri-ä'shün).

Är'ğyle (är'ğile). A Scottish family name of high rank.

Är'is-to-crät'je (är'is-to-krät'ik), *a.* Not of the common people ; of high rank.

Är'mis-tîce (är'mis-tis), *n.* A truce ; an agreement to stop firing.

Är'mo-ry, *n.* A place for storing firearms.

Ärm'ströng.

Är'nold—Bén'e-dict. A traitor to the Revolutionary cause.

Är'ro-ğançé (är'ro-ğinse), *n.* Scornfulness ; haughtiness.

As-säil'ants (äs-säle'nts), *n.* Those who make the assault ; the attacking party.

As-sûr'ançes (ä-shûr'yan-ses), *n.* Words spoken to give confidence or to make sure.

Ath-lét'je (äth-lét'ik), *a.* Having well-trained muscles.

A-trōç'í-ties, *n.* Very cruel acts.

Ättä'gülla-gülla (ärt'v-külla-külla). Called "The Little Carpenter."

Äus'ter-litz (äws'ter-lits). Battle won by Napoleon I. in 1805.

Ä-věn'ging, ppr. Returning evil for evil; punishing.

Äy'rä-ti (ä'rät-y). Cherokees of the middle towns.

B.

Bäck'wâ'ter-men, *n.* Virginians who lived far from the coast.

Bäck'woods-men (bäck'wûdz-men), *n.* Dwellers in the forest.

Bäf'le, *v.* To confound; to elude; to artfully defeat.

Bän-dit'ti, *n.* A band of robbers; ruffians.

Bär'bë-gue (bär-b-küe), *v.* To roast an animal over a fire in a pit.

Bär'racks. Buildings to lodge soldiers in.

Bär-ri-käde (bär-ri-käde), *n.* A wall hastily built to block up the way.

Bär'tram—William. A botanist who traveled among the Cherokees.

Bät-täl'ion (bät-täl'yun), *n.* About six hundred foot soldiers.

Bät'tlë-mënt, *n.* A wall; a breastwork.

Bäy, *v.* To bark, as a dog at his game.

Bäy (at bay), *n.* A pause in flight to face the pursuer.

Béan (been)—William. A captain of Watauga soldiers.

Bë-dräg'gled (b-dräg'gld), *a.* Soiled with mud.

Bë-güil'ing (b-güil'ing), *ppr.* Deceiving; misleading.

Bë-löv'ed Square (bë-lüv'ed skware), *n.* The playground in Echota.

Bënc'h-wär'rant (wor'nt), *n.* Order from a judge while court is in session.

Bën-ë-diç'tion (bën-ë-dick'shün), *n.* Blessing; prayer for success.

Bën-ë-fäç'tor (bën-ë-fäç'tr), *n.* One who helps another.

Bë-nëv'ø-lënce (bë-nëv'ø-lënsé), *n.* Kindness; good will.

Bën'ton—Thomas H. United States Senator for thirty years; died in 1858.

Bë-tö'ken (bë-tö'kn), *v.* To show by signs; to signify.

Bêx'ar (bä'hr). Spanish name for San Antonio.

Bï-ög'rä-phér (bï-ög'rä-fér), *n.* One who writes the life of another.

Bläs'phë-moüs (bläs'fë-müs), *a.* Containing insults to God.

Bläze, *v.* To mark a path by gashing the trees on the wayside.

Blëd'soe's Lick. A spring where Colonel Anthony Bledsoe was killed in 1792.

Blën-nër-hä'sët. His life was ruined by joining Burr in his schemes.

Blöck-höüse (blöck-howse), *n.* A fort built of logs.

Blöd'y Fël'löw (blöd'dy-fél'löw). Cherokee chief (Indian, Nëë-ne-töö'yäh).

Blöunt (blöunt)—William. Born in North Carolina in 1749; died in 1800.

Blüe Ríd'ge (blü rij). A range of the Alleghany Mountains.

Blün'der-büss, *n.* A short, old-style gun with a large bore.

Bôône—Dän'iel. The earliest white settler in Kentucky.

Bôô'ty, *n.* Things seized in war by might, not right; plunder.

Bôw'je (boo'wy)—James. A native of Georgia.

Bräves, *n.* Indian soldiers.

Brä'zös (bräw'zs) River. Its mouth is in Brazoria County, Texas.

Bréach (breech), *n.* A gap; a break.

Brögue (brögë), *n.* Speech with a strange pronunciation.

Bröwn (bröùn)—Joseph. Wrote the story of his captivity.

Bü-shän'yan (bü-kän'n)—John.

Bül'wark, *n.* A fortification.

Burr—Ää'rön (ä'rön). Third Vice-President United States; died, neglected, in 1836.

C.

cā-cique' (cā-zeek'), *n.* An Indian title for king or emperor.

Cæ'sar (see'zr).
Cæ-läm'i-ty, *n.* A great misfortune ; disaster.

Căm'ę-ron (kăm'ę-n)—Alexander.

Căm-paign' (kăm-pān'). The time an army is out of quarters.

Cămp'bell (kăm'l). Family name belonging to the Argyles.

Cămp'bell (kăm'l)—William. Colonel of Virginia troops.

Căne-brăke, *n.* A thicket of canes.

Că-nōe' (kă-noo'), *n.* A boat made of bark, of hides, or of a tree trunk.

Căn-tă'tiōn (kăn-tă'shūn), *n.* A song of magic.

Căp'ti-vă-ting (kăp'ti-vă-ting), *a.* Charming.

Căp'tōn (kăp'tr), *n.* One who takes a prisoner.

Căr'bine (kăr'bīnē), *n.* A short gun for light-horsemen.

Căr'le'velle (kăr'l'vel). Lived at the Bluff about the year 1714.

Căr'năgę (kăr'nj), *n.* The killing of many people at one time.

Căr'rōll (kăr'r'l)—William. Major General in United States army ; Governor of Tennessee.

Căr'ter's (kăr'tr's) **Val'ley.** In present Hawkins County, Tennessee.

Cărt'wright—Thom'as.

Căste (kăst), *n.* A class of people—either high or low.

Căs'tle-măñ (kăs'tl-mn). A famous hunter on the Cumberland.

Căt'a-pălt (kăt'a-pălt), *n.* A war machine for throwing weights.

Căv-a-liēr' (kav-a-leer'), *n.* A knight on horseback.

Cēde (seed), *v.* To give up land.

Chă-grin' (shă-green'), *n.* Ill humor ; disappointment.

Chăp'lain (chap'lān), *n.* A minister who preaches to soldiers.

Chăr'ac-ter-ize (kăr'ak-tér-izē). To belong to one's character.

Chăr'les I.—King of Spain ; was also Charles V., Emperor of Germany.

Chăt-tă-noo'ga (Indian, Goo-wees-goo'wy). Formerly Ross's Landing.

Chĕr'ish, *v.* To care for tenderly.

Chĕr'ę-kēę (Indian, Tsă'ră-gi). The cleverest of all Indian tribes.

Chia-chatt'ăllă (kēa-chăt'ăllär). Sometimes written Kia-chătt'ăllă.

Chick'ą-mău'gă (chick'ą-măw'gă). Cherokees near Lookout Mountain.

Chic'ą-săw (chick'ą-săw). Indian tribe on east bank of the Mississippi.

Chin-ă'by (chin-ăw'by). A Creek chief of the Peace Party in Alabama.

Chink'ing, *n.* Sticks and clay to stop the holes in a log house.

Chis'ęą (chis'kă). Indian town where Memphis now stands.

Chiv'ęl-roüs (shiv'l-rüs), *a.* Brave ; gallant ; like a knight.

Choc'taw (chök'taw). Indian tribe on the Gulf Coast.

Illid'ed' (kill'd'), *pp.* Bad spelling for killed.

Cir-fū'i-tōus (sir-kū'i-tüs), *a.* Not straight ; indirect.

Cit'ą-dēl (sit'ą-dēl), *n.* A fortress in or near a city.

Clärk (klärk)—William. Governor of the Territory of Missouri.

Clärke (klärk). Colonel of Georgians in the war of the Revolution.

Clăy'mōre (klăy'mōrē), *n.* A sword used by Scotch Highlanders.

Clăy'tōn (klăy'tn)—Se'ward (Sōo'wārd).

Clēve'lānd (klēve'lānd). Colonel of North Carolinians at King's Mountain.

Clüe (klü), *n.* A hint ; a guide.

Cof'fee (kōf'fy)—John. Born in 1772 ; died in 1834. Major General.

Cög-i-tă'tiōn (kōj-i-tă'shun), *n.* Deep thought.

Co·lō'ni·al (kō-lō'ni-al), *a.* Relating to the American colonies.
Co·lōs'sal (kō-lōs'sal), *a.* Of great size.
Co·lūm'bja (kō-lūmb'ya). The county seat of Maury County, Tennessee.
Cōm'mis-sā-ry (kom'mis-sā-ry), *n.* Department of army supplies.
Cōm'mon-wēalth (kom'mon-wēlth), *n.* A free State.
Cōm-mūne', *v.* To talk with ; to ask guidance from.
Cōm-pas'sion-āte-ly (kōm-pāshun-āte-ly), *adv.* With pity.
Cōm'pe-tēnt (kōm'pe-tēnt). Able ; fit ; well qualified.
Cōm-pōs'ite (kōm-pōz'it), *a.* Made up of parts ; mixed.
Cōm-pō'sure (kōm-pō'zhūr), *n.* Calmness ; quietness.
Cōm'prō-miše (kōm'prō-mize), *n.* An agreement between parties for each to yield something to the other.
Cōn-cēs'siōn (kōn-sēs'shun), *n.* The act of yielding or granting ; something granted.
Cōn-dē-scend' (kōn-dē-send'), *v.* To stoop ; to put aside one's superiority.
Cōn'grēvē rōck'et (kōn'grēvē), *n.* A ball which bursts and burns in the air.
Cōn'scious-ly (kōn'shus-ly), *adv.* Knowingly.
Cōn'se-qūent-ly, *adv.* Because of ; as a result.
Cōn-sid-ēr-ā'tion, *n.* Act of thinking ; a showing of respect.
Cōn-spīk'ū-ous (kōn-spīk'ū-ous), *a.* Plain to the sight ; easily seen.
Cōn'sul-ta'tion, *n.* The act of seeking advice.
Cōn-sūme', *v.* To devour ; to use.
Cōn-tēmpt'ū-ous-ly, *adv.* Scornfully ; with contempt.
Cōn-ti-nent'āl cōat, *n.* The kind of coat worn by Revolutionary soldiers.
Cōn-vūl'sions (kōn-vūl'shuns), *n.* Violent motions ; disturbances.
Coo'sa-wāt'tee (koo'sa-wāt'tee).
Cōr-diāl'i-ty (kōr-jāl'i-ty), *n.* Appearance of affection ; heartiness.
Cōr'dōn (kōr'dōn), *n.* A line of troops or stations to prevent passing.
Cōrn-wāl'līs—Lord Charles. Surrendered to General Washington in 1781.
Cōrps (kōre), *n.* A division of an army ; a number of brigades.
Cōs'b'y (koz'b'y)—James.
Count'er, *adv.* Contrary to ; against.

D.

Dēck'ērd rī'fle, *n.* An old-style gun with a flintlock.
Dē-pōy' (dē-kāw'ey), *v.* To snare ; to draw into danger by deceit.
Dē-frāud' (de-frāwd'), *v.* To cheat , to swindle.
Dē-guē'llō (de-gwē'l'yō). The act of cutting a throat (Spanish).
Dē-līb-ēr-ā'tion, *n.* Careful thought ; the act of pondering.
Dē-līr'i-um, *n.* Wandering of the mind ; thoughts without reason.
Dēl'ūge, *v.* To overwhelm with water ; to pour upon.
Dē-lū'sion, *n.* Deception ; false belief ; error.
Dēm-q-erāt'īc, *a.* Relating to government by the people.
Dē-mōn'bren (de-mūn'brn). Died about the year 1825.
Dēm-on-strā'tion, *n.* Proof ; outward sign.
Dē Pey'stēr (de pāy'ster).
Dē-plōr'a-ble, *a.* To be regretted ; unfortunate.
Dēp-rī-vā'tion, *n.* Poverty ; loss.
De Rogue (de rōhg). Sometimes spelled Du Räht.
Des'ē-crāt, *v.* To use in an unholy way ; to treat disrespectfully.
De Sō'tō—Fer-nān'do.
Dē-spōnd', *v.* To lose hope.

Dě's'pöt, *n.* A ruler who abuses the people ; a lawless ruler.

De-tăch'ment, *n.* Troops sent off from the main body of soldiers.

De'tour' (dă-toor'), *n.* A way around.

Dię-tā'tor, *n.* A ruler who has full power.

Dị-lém'ma (dī-lém'ma), *n.* The state of being puzzled ; perplexity.

Dịp'lō-mat, *n.* One sent by his country to deal with another government.

Dis-af-fec'tion, *n.* Unfriendly change in feeling.

Dis-äs'troüs (dis-äs/trüs), *a.* Unfortunate ; calamitous.

Dis'çi-plin-ä'ri- än, *n.* One who governs by strict rules.

Dis-crēd'it, *v.* To put out of favor ; to give a bad name to.

Dis-lödge (dīs-löj), *v.* To drive out ; to force from a place.

Dis-patch, *n.* A letter sent in haste.

Dis-patch, *v.* To kill quickly.

Dis-pōse (dis-pōze), *v.* To arrange ; to place, at will.

Dis-tinc'tion (dīs-tink'shūn), *n.* Difference from others.

Dī-vér'siön (dī-vur-shun), *n.* Sport ; a turning aside.

Dī-vīne, *n.* A minister of the gospel.

Dōak (Dōke)—Rev. Samuel. Presbyterian divine ; born in 1794, died in 1829.

Dōdge (Dōj)—G. M. Major general in United States army.

Dōe-skīn, *n.* Leather made of the female deer's skin.

Dōn'el-sōn—Colonel John. His diary is preserved at Nashville.

Drā'g'ing Cä-nōe (Indian, Tsī-yū-gūn-sī'nī).

Drā-goон', *n.* A mounted soldier who often dismounts to fight.

Duck River. Flows into the Tennessee in Hnmpreys County, Tennessee.

Dūgout, *n.* A boat made of a tree trunk.

Dūpe, *v.* To deceive.

Dy-pliç'i-ty (du-plis'i-ty), *n.* Deceit.

E.

Ē'a'ton (ē'ton)—General John H. Finished the "Life of Jackson," begun by Reid.

Ē'chō-tä (Indian, It-sâ-tî). In present Monroe County, Tennessee.

E-fłipse' (ę-kłips'), *n.* A darkening.

Ef-fect'u-ał, *a.* Having effect ; able to act.

Ef-front'e-ry (ęf-frunt'e-ry), *n.* Impudence ; insolence.

Ef-fū'şion (ęf-fū'zhun), *n.* A waste ; a pouring out needlessly.

Ēl Ge-ne-ral (ēl häy-nā-räl). The General, in Spanish.

E-liz'a-beth-ton. In present Carter County, Tennessee.

Ēl'q-quěnt-ly, *adv.* With beautiful and strong speech.

Ēl Pre-si-děn-te (ēl pray-se-děn-te). The President.

E-lüde', *v.* To escape artfully ; to hide from.

E-mā'ci-ä-ted (e-mā'shi-ä-ted), *a.* Lean ; thin.

Ēm-a-nāte, *v.* To flow from ; to come forth.

Ēm'i-grant, *n.* One who moves from a country.

Ēm-u-lā'tion, *n.* Rivalry ; contest.

Ēn-đom'päss (ēn-kūm'päś), *v.* To surround ; to shut in

Ēn-đum'bēr (ēn-kūm'bēr), *v.* To burden ; to load.

Ēn'sign (ēn'sine), *n.* A badge ; a sign ; a flag.

Ēn'vey (ēn'vāwey), *n.* A messenger from one power to another.

Ēq'u-i-page (ěk'wē-pej). Furniture or outfit ; a carriage of state.

Ēs'cört (ěs'kört), *n.* A guard ; a protection from place to place.

Es-pōūš'āls (es-powz'ls), *n.* Marriage ceremony.

E-vāde', *v.* To slip by.

Ēv'ans—Na-thān'iel.

E-vā'sīve, *a.* In an indirect way ; not straightforward.

Ē'vīl-famed (ē'vel-fāmd), *a.* Noted for bad things.

Ēx'ē-küte (ēx'ē-küté), *v.* To put to death ; to make an end of.

Ēx-hört' (egz-hört'), *v.* To advise to any good action ; to urge.

Ēx-hūme' (egz-hūme'), *v.* To dig up ; to unearth.

Ēx'jī-gēn-sy (ēx'jē-jēn-sy), *n.* Urgent need ; emergency.

Ex-plöit', *n.* A deed of adventure ; a great action.

Ex-trēm'jī-ty, *n.* Utmost need ; dangerous condition.

Ex-ūlt'ānt (egz-ūlt'ānt), *a.* Greatly rejoicing.

Ēy'rię (āry), *n.* The nest of a bird of prey.

F.

Fā'bled (fā'bld), *a.* Not real ; existing only in the mind.

Fā-nāt'jī-sal (fā-nāt'jī-kl), *a.* Wild in opinion.

Fān'nin—General James W.

Fās'či-nā-tīng (fās'sē-nā-tīng), *a.* Charming ; enchanting.

Fāst'nēss, *n.* A safe place of defense ; a natural fortress.

Fāy'ette-vīlle. In Lincoln County, Tennessee. Named for General Lafayette.

Fēr'gu-sōn—Pāt'rīck.

Fēr'vīd, *a.* Warm ; eager ; zealous.

Fields (feeldz)—George.

Fīn-āl-sōn (Fin-l-sun)—George.

Flāg'shīp, *n.* The ship of the commander of a fleet.

Flāg'stōnes, *n.* Broad flat stones for hearths or pavements.

Flīnt'lōck rī'fle, *n.* A gun with a flint in the lock in place of a cap to fire the powder.

Flītch (flīch), *n.* A side of bacon.

Fō'eus (fō'ks), *v.* To center the aim on one place.

Fōlk'lōre, *n.* Unwritten stories ; legends.

Fōre-bōd'īng (fōre-bōad'īng), *n.* Inward knowledge beforehand.

Fōre-čāst' (fōre-kāst'), *v.* To tell beforehand what will happen.

Fōrt Bā-rān'čas (ba-rān'kā). At entrance of Pensacola Bay.

Fōrt De-pōš'it (de-pōz'it). In present Lowndes County, Alabama.

Fōrt Du-quēsne' (du-kāne'). On present site of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

Fōrt Lee—afterwards Fort Watauga. In present Carter County, Tennessee.

Fōrt Lōū'dōn (löw'dn). Near present Maryville, in Blount County, Tennessee.

Fōrt Mimms or Mims. On Tensaw Lake, forty miles above present Mobile.

Fōrt Pāt'rīok Hēn'ry. On Holston River, in present Hawkins County, Tennessee.

Fōrt Prince Geōrge. Near present Augusta, Georgia.

Fōrt Sāint Mi'čhaęl (mi'kl). Near Pensacola, Florida.

Frānk'līn. State formed in 1785 ; came to an end in 1788.

Frānk'līn. County seat of Williamson county, Tennessee.

Free'lānd—George. Freeland's Station was near the Bluff.

Frēnch Salt Lick. Salt springs were called "licks" by pioneers.

Frēt'ted, *a.* Carved in small cross lines.

Frōn-tiers'man (frōn-teers'man), *n.* One who lives on the border.

Fū'gī-tīve (fū'je-tīve), *n.* One who runs from danger.

Fū'tile (fū'til), *a.* Useless ; unsuccessful.

G.

Gaines—Edmund Pendleton.

Gee—John'g-thōn.

Gibbs. Colonel of a Tory regiment in the Revolutionary War.

Gil'l-e-lānd (*gil'l-e-lānd*).
Gill-lēs'pie (*gil-lēs'pye*).

Gil'mer—Enoch.
Gil'mōre—James R. Wrote “John Sevier, the Commonwealth Builder.”

Glađ'stōne—William E. English statesman and author.
Gō'lī-ad. In Goliad County, Texas.

Gō'lī'ath. The giant slain by David; told of in the Bible.
Gōn-zā'lēs (*gōn-thā'lēs*). In Gonzales County, Texas.

Gōr'dōn—John. Born in Virginia in 1765; died in Tennessee in 1819.
Gōw'er—Nān'cy.

Grāin'ger (*grān'jer*)—Mary. Wife of Governor William Blount.
Grēase lāmp, *n.* An open, shallow vessel holding oil and a wick.

Grēat Ēagle of the Pāle Fāces (Indian, Shā'dā-gē-a). John Sevier.
Grēat Spir'it. The ruler of all things; God.

Grēier (*greer*)—John.

Grī-mācē' (*grī-māsē'*), *n.* A twisting of the features.

Grīnd'er—William.
Guīld (*gīld*)—Judge Joseph. Wrote “Old Times in Tennessee.”

Gū't'tur-āl, *a.* Deep; throat tones.

H.

Hälf'brēed (*hāf*), *n.* One whose parents are of different races.

Hämp'ton—Andrew. Of North Carolina.

Händ'ly—James.

Häp'py Hunt'ing Grōund. The Indian's idea of heaven.

Här'ass-měnt, *n.* Continued annoyance; worry.

Hā-vān'a. Capital city of the island of Cuba.

Häy'wood—Judge John. Wrote two histories of Tennessee. Died in 1826.

Hēlm, *n.* The part of a ship by which it is steered.

Hēn'dēr-son—Colonel Richard. A maker of treaties with the Indians.

Hē-rēd'i-tā-ry, *a.* Descending from ancestors.

Hēr'mit-äge (*hēr'mit-aje*). Home of Andrew Jackson, near Nashville.

Hērn'dōn—Jōseph.

Hī-lār'i-ty, *n.* Gayety; jollity.

Hīs-tōr'i-cal, *a.* Contained in history.

Hī-wāss'ēe River. Joins the Tennessee in Meigs County, Tennessee.

Hōb'ble, *v.* To tie the feet so as to prevent running.

Hō-gō-hō'gee River. Indian name for a part of the Tennessee River.

Hōl'ston River. Joins the French Broad at Knoxville, Tennessee.

Hōl'y Grōund (Indian, E'sān-a-chā'ea).

Hon'ey-cūt.

Hood'wīnk (*hūd'wīnk*), *v.* To fool; to blind to the truth.

Hōs'tel-ry, *n.* An inn.

Hōüs'ton (*hūs'ton*)—Sam. Born in Virginia in 1793; died in Texas in 1863.

Hū-mīl'i-ā-tīng, *a.* Humbling; mortifying.

Hüst'ings, *n.* Places where elections are held.

I.

I'da-hō. Entered the Union as a State in 1890.

I-dēn'ti-ty, *n.* Sameness.

I'dol-ize, *v.* To love to excess.

I'l-lū'sion (il-lū'zhun), *n.* An unreal image; a deception of the eyes.

I'm-büe', *v.* To dye; to stain.

I'm-lay—Gil'bert. Wrote a description of the western country.

I'm-mi-grānt, *n.* One who moves into a country.

I'm-pās'sioned, *a.* Strongly moved; with deep feeling.

I'm-peāch', *v.* To accuse one before a public body of people.

I'm-pe-tüs, *n.* The force of a body in motion.

I'm-prēss', *v.* To fix in the mind.

I'm-prō-vīsé (vīzē), *v.* To make offhand.

I'm-pūl'sive-ly, *adv.* Without thought beforehand.

I-n-qēn'di-a-ry (sēn), *n.* One who sets fire to a house.

I-n-qīte' (in-site'), *v.* To urge others to act; to stir up feeling.

I-n-prīm'i-nātē, *v.* To accuse; to connect one with a crime.

I-n-cūr'sion (in-kūr'zhun), *n.* A sudden invasion of a country.

I-n'dian (ind'yān) *file,* *n.* One following another in single line.

I-n-dōm'i-ta-ble, *a.* Not to be conquered.

I-n-dūcē'mēnt, *n.* Something to persuade; good reasons offered.

I-n-ēv'i-ta-bly, *adv.* Not to be prevented.

I-n'fan-trý, *n.* Foot soldiers in an army.

I-n-flēx'i-ble, *a.* Unbending; stiff.

I-n-hälde' (in-häld'), *a.* Drawn in with the breath.

I-n-spīre', *v.* To put into the mind; to animate.

I-n-tēn'si-ty, *n.* The state of being strained.

I-n'ter-lüde, *n.* Something happening between two acts.

I-n'ter-view (in'ter-vū), *n.* A meeting; a talk.

I-n-trēnched, *a.* In a safe place; behind barriers.

I-r-re-sist'i-ble (zist), *a.* Not to be put aside nor overcome.

I-r-rēs-q-lü'tion, *n.* Lack of firmness; unsteadiness of mind.

I-q'q-lāte (iz'q-lātē), *v.* To set apart; to place alone.

J.

Jäck'son—An'drew. Called by the Indians Long Knife; seventh President of the United States; born in South Carolina in 1767; died in Tennessee in 1845.

Jāmes—Jes'se. A robber in Tennessee about the years 1872–1880.

Jēf'fer-son—Thomas. Third President of the United States; born in Virginia in 1742; died in 1826.

Jērked (jurkt) **beef,** *n.* Beef cut in thin slices and dried.

Jōhn'son—Būshrod R. Brigadier general in Confederate States army.

Jōnes—Där'ljung. His gun, "Sweet Lips," is still preserved.

Jōnes'bōr-q. (bür-rō). In Washington County, Tennessee; first town in the State.

Jūng'türe (jūngkt'yūr), *n.* A particular point of time.

K.

Kä-lä-mū'chee (k"r lär). Cherokee name for the Tennessee River.

Käs-käs'kia. A trading post in Illinois.

Kěn'nę-dy—Geörge.

Kēn'nē-dy—Jōhn.

Kīng's mēn, *n.* Those who were loyal to the King of England.

Kīng's Möūn'tain. In Lincoln County, North Carolina.

Knāp'säck (näp'säck), *n.* A soldier's sack to hold food or clothing.

Knight (nītē), *n.* A mounted soldier approved by the king personally.

Knōx'ville. In Knox County, Tenn. Founded in 1792; capital of State till 1813.

Kū-not-kīl'fīg (John Watts). A Cherokee leader in war and council.

L.

Lāir (lāre), *n.* The bed of a wild beast.

Lām'bērt—Rev. Jēr-e-mī'ah. First preacher in Middle Tennessee.

Lā Sālle—Rōbert de. Killed by Indians in Texas in 1687.

Lēase, *v.* To rent for a term of years.

Lēav'en (lēv'ven), *n.* Something which starts a ferment.

Lee—Rīch'ārd Hēn'ry (Light-horse Harry). Father of General R. E. Lee.

Lē'giōn, *n.* A division of a regiment of soldiers.

Lēg-is-lā'tōr, *n.* One who makes laws.

Lēip'er (leep'er). Captain of pioneer soldiers.

Lew'is (lū'is)—Mer'iweth-er. Born in Virginia in 1774.

Lī'chēn (lī'kēn), *n.* A grayish-green moss.

Līght-hōrsemēn, *n.* Lightly armed cavalry who move swiftly.

Līn-cöy'er (lin-kāw'yer).

Līttle Jōhn (Indian, Tsān Us'dā). Name for John Sevier.

Lōdge, *n.* A small hut; a wigwam.

Look-out Moun'tain. On the Tennessee River at Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Louū-is-i-ān'i-ans (loo-ē-zē-ān'-ē-āns). Natives of Louisiana.

Low'er Towns. Five Cherokee towns on the Tennessee River.

Löy'āl, *a.* Faithful to the government.

Lū'cas (lū'kas)—I'saac.

M.

Māch-i-nā'tions (mack-i-nā'shūns), *n.* Wicked plans.

Mäg-a-zīne' (zeen), *n.* A storehouse for arms and ammunition.

Mäg-nēt'īc (mäg-nēt'ick), *a.* Attractive; having power to attach.

Mag-nān'i-moūs-ly, *adv.* Nobly; with greatness of mind.

Mäl'cōn-tēnts, *n.* Those who are dissatisfied; those not contented.

Mäl-lētte'—Pōl'līy.

Män-cä'rez (män-kā'rēth).

Män'i-fee—James.

Mäns'kō (mäns'kēr)—Cas'pär. Explored the Cumberland in 1771.

Mär'tiāl (mär'shāl), *a.* Warlike.

Mär'tyr, *n.* One who willingly suffers for the truth.

Mäs'sa-cre (kēr), *n.* Butchery; the murder of unarmed people.

McGreā'dy (mack-krā'dy)—Rev. Jāmes.

McCrä'y (mack-krō'y)—Thōmas.

McDō'w'el—Charles and Arthur. North Carolina leaders.

McGīl'li-vrāy—Alexander. Emperor of the Greeks; died in 1793.

Mēd'i-çine man. The Indian prophet, conjurer, and doctor.

Mel-ān-chō'liā (kō'lya), *n.* The disease of sadness.

Měm'öir (měm'wör), *n.* Written recollections.

Měm-q-rän'dums, *n.* Written notes to help the memory.

Měm'phís. The spot was called by the whites Chickasaw Bluffs and by the Cherokees, Tsūdā'täles-ü'n'zī.

Měn'-aq-ing-ly (měn'as-ing-ly), *adv.* In a threatening manner.

Měn-dä'cioüs (men-dä'shüs), *a.* Untruthful.

Mi-chē-së'pë (mē-cha-sa'pa). Cherokee for Mississippi River.

Mi-lí'tia-měn, *n.* Men who drill as soldiers in time of peace.

Mǐn'is-ter-ing, *ppr.* Serving.

Mǐs'sion house, *n.* A house for priests who preach to the heathen.

Mǐss-is-sip'i River. Called by the Chickasaws Chis'ea-quä'.

Mǐs-sôu'ri (mjs-soo'ry) River. Flows into the Mississippi.

Mō-bile' (mō-beel'). On Mobile Bay, in Alabama.

Mōg'ę-sin (mock'a-sn). *n.* A soft shoe made without a separate sole.

Mō-měn'toüs, *a.* Important.

Mō-nět'te. Wrote "The Valley of the Mississippi."

Mōn'ö-hö'e (māw'nāw-hāw'q).

Mō-nön'ę-hē'lą River. Joins the Alleghany at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

Mōnt-gōm'er-y—Colonel John. Killed by Indians in 1794.

Mōn-ti-çel'lō (mon-ty-sēl-lō). Home of Thomas Jefferson in Virginia.

Mōr'ęan-ton. In Burke County, North Carolina.

Mōñnt, *n.* Riding horse.

Müm'mied (müm'med), *a.* Dried like a mummy in appearance.

Mür'frees-bo-rę. County seat of Rutherford County, Tennessee. For a short while it was the capital of the State.

Müs-çle shōals (müs'sl shōles). Noted shallows in the Tennessee River.

Müs'kët-ry, *n.* A number of muskets or guns.

Mü'ti-neers, *n.* Those who rebel against their leaders.

Mys'ter-y-mǎn, *n.* Same as medicine man.

N.

När-vä'ez (när-vä'eth). A Spanish explorer.

Năsh'villé (Indian, Dägū'nawé'lăhi). First called Nashboro for General Francis Nash, of North Carolina.

Nätch'ez (nötch'y) Träce. Road from Nashville to the South.

Ne-çës'si-täte (ne-sës'si-täte), *v.* To make necessary.

Neü-träl'i-ty (nū), *n.* The state of being on neither side.

New ör'lęans (nū ör'leyans). Capital city of Louisiana.

Nick'ę-jäck.

Nö'l-li-chück-y River. Joins the French Broad in Greene County, Tennessee.

No-tō'ri-ous, *a.* Publicly known.

Növ'ęl-ty, *n.* Nëwness.

O.

Qb-lit'ęr-äte, *v.* To wipe out; to destroy; to efface.

Qb-sure' (ob-sküre'), *v.* To make dim; to darken.

Qc'cü-pänt (ök'yu-pänt), *n.* One who holds possession.

O'ęön'ńęr (o'köön'ńęr)—James.

Ö'ęon-ęs-tö'tă (âw-kus-tâw'tă). Born about the year 1700.

Ö-hi'ō River. Joins the Mississippi at Cairo, Illinois.

Öld Hick'ø-ry. A name given to General Andrew Jackson in the war of 1812, in the winter of 1813 on the march back to Tennessee from Natchez, Mississippi, and repeated in the Creek war.

Öld Höp, also "Old Abraham." Nicknames of Oconostota.

Öm-nív'ø-roüs-ly, *adv.* Devouring all kinds without choice.

Ön'sët, *n.* A fierce, sudden attack.

Ör'ø-ğon. Became a State in 1859.

Ör'gän-ized, *pp.* Having a form of life; changed to a living being.

Ör-řig-i-näl'i-ty (*ø-ridge-i-näl'i-ty*), *n.* The power of creating.

Öt'tä-rî (*åw'tä-rë*). Cherokees of the Over-hill towns.

Öut'läw, *v.* To deny one the protection of law.

Öut-pösts, *n.* Soldiers posted at a distance from the army.

Övā'tion, *n.* A public welcome.

Ö'ver-hill towns. On the Tellico and Little Tennessee Rivers.

Ö'ver-möün'tain mën. Settlers west of the Alleghanies.

P.

Päck'en-häm (*päck'u-hm*)—General, Sir Edward.

Päck'hörse, *n.* A horse used for carrying heavy loads.

Päl-i-säde', *n.* A place inclosed with stakes.

Päl'sied (*päwl'zid*), *a.* Unable to move.

Pän'je-strick-en (*pän'ik-strick-n*), *a.* Overcome with fright.

Päp-poose'fase, *n.* A box made of bark to hold an Indian baby.

Pär'ø-pét, *n.* A breastwork built of solid stuff.

Pärk of är-til'ler-y, *n.* A number of cannon in an inclosed place.

Pär'ley, *n.* A talk; a treaty.

Pär'ø-quët (*pär'ø-kët*), *n.* A small parrot.

Pär-tic'ù-lär-ly *adv.* Distinctly; chiefly; especially.

Pär'ton—James. Wrote "Life of Jackson."

Päs'chall (*päs'kal*)—Edwin. Wrote "Old Times."

Pä-tri-ot'ie, *a.* Having love for one's country.

Payne (*päyn*).

Peaçe pipe (*pësé pípë*). Called by the French the *gal'ü-mët*.

Pël-lis-sip'pî (*the Clinch*) **River.** Joins the Tennessee in Roane County.

Pël'tries, *n.* Furs.

Pëlts, *n.* Raw hides.

Pën'dú-loüs (*pënd'yü-lüs*), *a.* Swinging; hanging.

Pënn—William. Founder of the State of Pennsylvania.

Pën-sa-cö'lä (*kö'lä*). On the Gulf of Mexico, in Florida.

Pér-pët'-ù-äte (*yü-äte*), *v.* To make lasting. To keep in existence.

Pér-son-äl'i-ty, *n.* Traits and qualities of any one person.

Per-täin', *v.* To belong.

Pës-sj-mës'tie, *a.* Seeing only the worst side.

Phë'lan—James. Wrote two histories of Tennessee.

Puçø'be (*fë'bë*).

Fick'ëts, *n.* Guards in advance of an army.

Pict-ù-rësque' (*pikt-yur-ësk*), *a.* Like a picture.

Pil'lage (*pil'ëje*), *v.* To rob; to take by force.

Pil'löw—Gid'e-on. Major general in Mexican War. Brigadier general Confederate States of America.

Pïn'ø-före, *n.* Apron.

Pîō-min'go (pēō-míng'gō). Chickasaw chief.

Pî-q-neer', *n.* A settler in a new country ; one who goes first.

Pîv'ot, *n.* A pin on which anything turns.

Plâu'dîts (plâw'dîts), *n.* Praise ; applause.

Plý, *v.* To work upon.

Pô-câ-höñ'tas (Snowfeather). Saved Jamestown from massacre.

Pôn'cê dê Lé-ön (pōn'thâ dû lâ-ön). Explored Florida in 1512.

Pôs'se, *n.* Citizens called to help an officer enforce the law.

Pôw'der hörn, *n.* A cow horn to hold powder.

Pré-câu'tion, *n.* Care beforehand.

Pré-cep'tor (pré-sép'tor), *n.* Teacher.

Pré-dic'tion (pré-dîck'shün), *n.* Prophecy ; the telling beforehand.

Pré-hîs-tör'ic (pree-his-tôr'ick). *n.* Before the time history tells of.

Pré-șide' (pré-zidé'), *v.* To have control of ; to be chief officer of.

Pré-vail' (pré-vâle'), *v.* To win consent ; to succeed.

Pri-mé'val, *a.* Belonging to the earliest times ; the first.

Prîm'ing (prîme'ing), *n.* Powder in the pan of a gun.

Prin-çi-pal'i-ty, *n.* A prince's country.

Pro-jëc'tion (jëck'shün), *n.* A part that juts out.

Pro-pôr'tion, *n.* Share ; a certain part.

Prop-o-ší'tion (zish'lün), *n.* An offer ; terms proposed.

Pro'te-ge (prô'tü-zhü'), *n.* One under the kind care of another.

Pro-vôst' mär'shal (prô-vô' mär'shl), *n.* A military officer who preserves order in camp.

Prû'dent, *a.* Wise ; careful.

Prû'd'homme (prood'om). La Salle's fort ; destroyed by Indians in 1736.

Pû-lăs'ki. County seat of Giles County, Tennessee. Named for Count Pulaski.

Pûn'ger (pün'jur) **gourd**. Very large gourds ; used as jars.

Pûnk, *n.* Rotten wood used as tinder to start a fire.

Q.

Quad'rû-ple (kwôd'rû-pl). Fourfold.

Quâg'mire, *n.* Wet land that shakes under the feet.

Quar'ry (kwôr're), *a.* Prey ; that which is being hunted.

Quâr'ter, *n.* Mercy granted.

Quê-běc' (kwê-běck'), battle of. Fought in 1759.

Quill-work (kwîl-wûrk). Embroidery with finely split quills.

R.

Râid, *n.* A sudden dash into a country by cavalry.

Rains—Captain John. Explored the Cumberland in 1779.

Räm'part, *n.* A bank around a fortified place.

Räm'sey—J. G. M. Wrote "Annals of Tennessee" ; died in 1884.

Ranks, *n.* Lines of soldiers who are not officers.

Râ'tiōn-al (rash'bün-äl), *a.* Having full control of the mind.

Râ'ven (râ'vn). A Cherokee head chief (Indian, Kä'lă-nü).

Rê-âs-sûre' (rê-âs-shûre'), *v.* To free from fear or doubt.

Rê-pöö'l' (rê-köy'l'), *n.* A backward spring.

Rê-qn-nöï'tre (rék-qn-âwy'tur), *v.* To go out to examine the enemy's position.

Rê-crûit' (rê-krôôt'), *n.* A newly enlisted soldier.

Rē'ṭi-tūde (reck'ti-tewd), *n.* Uprightness; honesty.

Rēd'cōats, *n.* British soldiers, who wear scarlet uniforms.

Rē-en-forc'e'ments, *n.* New help; more troops.

Rē-flect'ive (rē-flēkt'iv), *a.* Thoughtful; musing.

Rēf'ūge, *n.* A shelter from danger.

Rē-fū'gio (rē-few'jyo). In Refugio County, Texas.

Rē-fū'sal (rē-few'zl), *n.* A denial.

Rēg'i-mēnt, *n.* A body of soldiers; about one thousand men.

Rēg'u-lars, *n.* Soldiers of the regular standing army.

Reid—Major John. A member of General Jackson's staff who began writing his "Life of Andrew Jackson," but died before it was finished.

Rē-läx', *v.* To slacken; to become less harsh.

Rē-lent', *v.* To become more gentle; to yield.

Rē-mōn'strānce, *n.* Earnest advice.

Rēn'dez-vous (rēn'dēz-voo), *n.* A place of meeting.

Rē-pēl', *v.* To drive back.

Rēp-re-sen-tātions, *n.* Things stated.

Rē-pulse', *v.* To drive off.

Rē-sērve' (rē-zur've'), *v.* To hold back; to keep.

Re-sign' (rē-zīne'), *v.* To give up.

Rē-sist'ānce (zīst'), *n.* The act of opposing; action against.

Rē-splēn'dent, *a.* Very fine; bright; splendid-looking.

Rē-täl'i-āte, *v.* To return evil for evil; to repay.

Rēt'rō-grāde, *v.* To go backward.

Rēv'er-ēnce, *v.* To honor with respect.

Rēv'er-ēnd, *n.* A title given to ministers of the gospel.

Rē-view' (rē-vū'e'), *v.* To examine carefully; to look at closely.

Rē-volt', *v.* To rebel; to desert.

Rēv-ə-lū'tion, *n.* A sudden change of government.

Rēch'land Creek. Joins the Cumberland River in Davidson County, Tennessee.

Rōb'ert-sōn—Chärlötte Reeves. Wife of James Robertson; born in North Carolina in 1751; died in Nashville in 1843.

Rōb'ert-sōn—Jämes. Born in Virginia, June 18, 1742; died in the Choctaw Nation, September 1, 1814.

Rōb'ert-sōn—Felix. Became an eminent physician.

Roos'e-vēlt (rōze'ē-velt)—Theodore. Twenty-fifth President of the United States; wrote "Winning of the West."

Roūgh-rid'ers (rūff), *n.* Cavalry soldiers who undertake the hardest service.

Rōus-seau' (roo-sō). General in United States army.

Rōut, *v.* To drive away in disorder.

Rōth'less (rooth'less), *a.* Without pity; merciless; cruel.

S.

Sāca-jā-wē'a (ska-jaw-wē'ə). A Shoshone Indian woman.

Sāc-rj-lē'giōus (sack-rē-lē'jūs), *a.* Offensive to God; unholy.

Sāge, *n.* Wise man.

Sāint Chārles. At the mouth of the Missouri River, in Missouri.

Sāl'ly, *n.* A sudden rush of troops from a fort.

Sān An-tō'nī-q. On the San Antonio River, in Bexar County, Texas.

Sān Jā-çin'tō (jā-sīn'tō). Battlefield in Harris County, Texas.

Sān-ta Ān'nā. Born in 1789; died old, poor, and neglected.

Săt-*ış-făc'tō-ry*, *a.* Pleasing ; satisfying ; sufficient.

Saun'*ders*—När-çis'să (när-sís'să).

Sköür (sköw'er), *v.* To go over the ground carefully and often.

Scōüt (sküwt), *n.* One sent secretly to get news from the enemy.

Sę̄ulp't'üred (skülp't'yürd), *a.* Carved ; cut with a chisel.

Sēa'soned (see'znd), *a.* Well tried ; skillful through practice.

Sē'eret-ly (see'krët-ly), *adv.* Privately ; not openly.

Sę̄-sū'rī-ty (sę̄-kū'rī-ty). Safety.

Sę̄-dī'tious (sę̄-di'shüs), *a.* Disturbing to public peace.

Sém'i-trōp'iç-äl, *a.* Belonging near the tropics ; native to the South.

Sē-nör'-ı'tă (sén-yōre-ee'tă). Spanish title for a lady.

Sēn-tēn'tious-ly, *a.* In few words.

Sēn'ti-mēnt, *n.* Feeling ; thought ; opinion.

Sę̄-quätch'ie (sę̄-kwätch'y) valley.

Ser'geant (sär'jént) at arms. Officer of the United States Senate.

Sę̄-vier' (se-veer')—John. Born in Virginia in 1745 ; died near Old Decatur, Alabama, in 1815. Governor of Franklin ; first Governor of Tennessee. General of the provisional army of Tennessee. Buried at Knoxville.

Sew'ard (sū'wārd)—Clāyton.

Shäck'le-ford—Doctor. In Texas army.

Shärp-shoot'er, *n.* One skilled in the use of a gun.

Shäw—Captain H. B., alias E. Coleman.

Sheik (sheek). An Arab chief.

Shél'by—Ishaæ (i'zack). Colonel at King's Mountain ; first Governor of Kentucky.

Shéll, *n.* A hollow iron ball filled with explosives.

Shér-rill—Cäth'erine (käth'ë-rin). Second wife of John Sevier ; died in 1836, aged about eighty-two years.

Siēge (seej), *n.* The act of surrounding a fortified place.

Sig'nal, *n.* A sign to give notice.

Sig-nif'i-sänt, *a.* Having deep meaning ; pointing out something.

Sin'gu-lär (sín'gu-lär), *a.* Rare ; odd.

Sin'is-ter, *a.* Bad.

Site, *n.* Situation ; place on which a thing is built.

Six Nā'tions. Six Iroquois tribes near the Great Lakes.

Smith—Edward Kirby. Lieutenant general in Confederate States army.

Smýr'nä (smér'nä). In Rutherford County, Tennessee.

Slō'ğan, *n.* War-cry ; battle cry.

Söd'den (söd'dn), *pp.* Soaked in hot water ; simmered.

Söł'açe (söł'es), *v.* To give comfort to ; to soothe.

Söph'is-try, *n.* Unsound reasoning ; false arguments.

Spä'çious (spä'shus), *a.* Roomy ; large.

Spell, *n.* A charm.

Spell-bound, *a.* Held as if under a spell of enchantment.

Spén'cer (spén'ser)—Thomas Sharpe.

Squad (skwöd), *n.* A small number of men.

Squâw (skwâ), *n.* An Indian woman.

Stäm-pëde', *n.* The running away of a number at once.

Ständ'ard, *n.* A banner.

Stëalth'i-ly (stëlth'e-ly), *adv.* Secretly ; slyly.

Stern (sturn), *n.* The hind part of a boat.

Stim'u-late, *v.* To arouse ; to excite.

Stock-äde' *n.* A fort inclosed with a tall fence of stakes.

Stone's River. Joins the Cumberland in Davidson County, Tennessee.
Strōng'höld, *n.* A fortress ; a place of safety.
Sū-pér'lā-tīve (*pur'la*), *a.* In the highest degree ; very best.
Sū-pér-sti'tion (*su-per-stiš'yun*), *n.* Belief in things that are not real.
Sur-möūnt' (*sur-möwnt'*), *v.* To overcome ; to conquer.
Sur-vey'or (*sur-vāy'or*), *n.* One who measures land.
Swän'son—Edward. Came to the Bluff in 1781.
Syc'a-mōre Shoals. Shallows in the Watauga River.
Sým-pä-thët'is, *a.* Having feeling for another.

T.

Täl-lä-dë'gä. In Talladega County, Alabama.
Täl-lüs-hätc'h'ee. Battlefield near present Jacksonville, Alabama.
Tärle'ton. British colonel. Noted for heartless cruelty.
Täv'ern, *n.* A public lodging and eating house.
Tē-cä'l-lä-see (*tee-käl-la-see*). Nickajack cave.
Tē-cüm'seh (*tē-küm'sy*). Killed in the battle of the Thames, 1813.
Täl'l'i-sō (*tēl'le-kō*) **River.** Joins the Little Tennessee in Blount County.
Täm'per-a-mënt, *n.* The natural disposition.
Ten-nes-see'. Became a State in 1796. Named by Andrew Jackson.
Tës'ti-fy, *v.* To bear witness ; to prove.
The Breath (*brëth*). Cherokee chief. (*Indian, Un-li'ta.*)
Thëme, *n.* A subject for thought or speech.
Thöng, *n.* A strap of leather.
Thrüs'ton (*Throos'ton*)—Gätes P. Brevet Brigadier general U. S. Volunteers.
Täm'q-roüs, *a.* Fearful.
Töast (*töste*), *v.* To express a good wish for one while lifting the cup to drink.
Tö-hö-pë'kä (*taw'håw-peé'kä*). In present Tallapoosa County, Alabama.
Töm'q-håwk. An Indian war hatchet.
Tö'ry. An American who wanted a king to rule America.
Tö'tem-pöle, *n.* A post carved with pictures of birds, fish, fowls, serpents, or beasts, as emblems.
Toür'nä-ment, *n.* A sham fight on horseback.
Trä-dï'tion (*trä-dish'un*), *n.* Things not written ; told from age to age.
Träil, *n.* A track ; a way.
Träv'is—William Barrett. Native of North Carolina.
Trää's'on.
Trää'ty (*tree'te*) **of Hopewell.** First treaty between the Cherokees and the United States.
Trää'ty of Stän'wix. Between the British and the Iroquois.
Trë'mor, *n.* A state of trembling ; quivering of the muscles.
Trïbes'men, *n.* Members of the same tribe.
Trïn'këts (*tring'këts*), *n.* Ornaments ; small wares.
Tri'ö, *n.* Three together.
Trou's'dale (*tröws'del*)—William. Governor of Tennessee ; minister to Brazil from the United States. Born in North Carolina in 1790.
Trün'dle-bëd, *n.* A small, low bed that may be rolled under a larger bed.
Try'qn. Governor of North Carolina for the King of England.
Tün'bridge—Töm.
Tüs-ki-gä'gee (*tüs-ke-gär'gee*). Running Water town.

U.

Ugh (yū), *n.* An interjection ; common exclamation.

Ū-nä-kä (yū'nē-kä). A part of the Great Smoky Mountains.

Ū-nän'ī-mous-ly (yū-nän'ī-mūs-ly), *adv.* All agreeing.

Ūn-chäl'lengēd (ün-chäl'lengd), *pp.* Not questioned.

Ūn-däunt'ed (un-dänt'ed), *pp.* Not hindered by danger ; fearless.

Ūn-dis'či-plin-ed (un-dis'sé-plind), *a.* Uncontrolled ; untaught.

Ūn-dis-tiir'b'ed, *pp.* At peace ; not troubled.

V.

Vīn'ce's (vīn'thay's) **Bridge.** Bridge over the Brazos River.

Vī'täl, *a.* Necessary to life.

Völ'ley, *n.* The firing of many guns at once.

Völ-un-teers', *n.* Soldiers who offer themselves for war.

Vol-un-teer' State. A name given Tennessee because of the many volunteers she has sent to every United States war.

W.

Wâm'pum, *n.* Strings of shells used by Indians as money.

Wân'ton-ly, *adv.* Mischievously ; sportively ; recklessly.

Wârd—Nân'cy. The Beloved Woman. Lived to old age ; was buried near Citico, Tennessee, in Monroe County, on top of a high mountain.

Wär-i-ō'tō (wär-ē-āw'taw) **River.** The Cumberland.

Wâr-trâil, *n.* A path or course to war.

Wâsh'īng-ton—George. First President of the United States. Born in 1732 : died in 1799.

Wâsh'īng-ton—State. Entered the Union in 1889.

Wâ-tâu'ga (wâ-tâw'ger).

Wây'far-en (way'fair-er), *n.* A traveler.

Wêap'on (wěp'pn), *n.* An instrument to fight with.

Wéath'er-frôd (wěth'er-frd)—William (Red Eagle).

Wheed'ling, *a.* Coaxing ; flattering.

Whit'ley. Colonel of Kentucky troops.

Wig'wâm (wig'waum), *n.* A tent-shaped house made of poles covered with hides.

Wil'liams-bürg. In James County, Virginia. Capital of the old royal colony of Virginia.

Wîn'ches-ter. General in Revolutionary War.

Wîn'nôw (wîn'nō), *v.* To fan out that which is not wanted.

Wolf Hills. Settlement near present Abingdon, Virginia.

Y.

Yâd'kîn River. In North Carolina.

Yörk'town. On the York River, in Virginia.

Young (yung)—Rev. James. Died in 1897.

Z.

Zéal'ous-ly (zěl'lüs-ly), *adv.* Eagerly ; passionately.

Zö-q-lög'i-päi (zö-q-lög'īck-l), *a.* Describing animals ; about beasts.



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